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RESPONSIBILITY OF THE BALLOT BOX; WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

BEFORE our present number can be disseminated, and its contents fairly digested, a very important election is to be made by the people of the State of New York, between the old and the new Constitution.

The question of a new Constitution for the State of New-York is a question that concerns the Union. The action of a leading member of the confederacy naturally influences the conduct of all the rest, both by affording example and provoking to imitation. The political spirit of the Empire State may invigorate or enfeeble, purify or contaminate, the temper of the nation. And if, where there is a comparatively settled and sober state of feeling, where the landmarks are not new and the attachments not recent, where the prudence and phlegm of comparative age and experience operate as an invisible restraint—if in a State like New York there is a revolutionary, fickle and radical spirit in politics, if law is there held light and variable, if change is regarded with indifference or with relish, what may be expected from the younger, more buoyant and excitable children of the family? Should grave old Massachusetts forget her staid propriety in the least degree, or for a moment, a fit of reckless levity might be looked for and be pardoned in daughters of the Union yet in their teens! If broad-shouldered, heavy-sided New York is seen capering in the air, and flinging her Constitution

about as a plaything, what mad pranks may we not expect from the light limbs and nimble blood of the younger children of the confederacy, who naturally take their manners from their matronly sisters? We trust the jealousy of state rights and the independent sovereignty doctrine are not to be carried into the region of moral obligation. If we are not responsible to each other's legislatures, we are to each other's public sentiment. We each owe to each other and to the Union, to consider in our State politics, what is profitable for the whole country, and for the sister States. New York has no moral right to ignore the consequences of her policy to other members of this confederacy, and to the common country! As an organ of the Whig party of the Union, and of the national conservatism, we demand that New York shall consider whether or no her example is to be followed and can be recommended to the other States of this Union!

We are pledged to "stand by the Constitution," the sacred instrument of our National Liberties. We hold the Constitutions of the separate States, so far as they are in the spirit of the American Magna Charta, to be part and parcel of it. And when, in any particular State, there is an invasion of the principles, or a grieving of the spirit, of the National Constitution, although only in a local form and degree, we hold ourselves pledged by our motto to strike then and there

for the Constitution. If our National Constitution decays, it will perish by the withering of the branches, not of worms at the root. If, over-loaded with political fruit, and civil and social blessings, the branches proudly refuse to lean upon the props which experience has placed beneath their perilous luxuriance, and so break with the weight of their unguarded greatness, the parent trunk must die of the bleeding wounds in her limbs, however sound her own stock, or deep struck her roots. We feel, therefore, that we stand by the Union, when we stand by her children; that as a mother pines with the sickness of her children, and convalesces with their recovery, we save the Parent Constitution, when we heal or protect the Constitution of her daughters. And let us not forget, as lovers of the Union, as sticklers for the federal existence and rights of the country, that an example safe for a State like New York to give, may be fatal to other States to follow, and so fatal to the Union. Whatever may be the *Constitution* of the Empire State, there exists there a public sentiment which is comparatively conservative. We are relatively an established and settled community, with some saving prescriptive customs, feelings, and objects of veneration. The northern Atlantic States are near enough to the shores of the Old World to catch the breath of her venerable experience, disinfected by the great ocean over which it sweeps, and invaluable to them in its viewless influence—an influence the more legitimate, because owing everything to its intrinsic worth, and nothing to bare authority. They possess a literature, a pulpit, seats of learning, and social customs and usages, which are all highly conservative. They can bear much latitude in their political manners, and much vicissitude in their written laws, because both are interpreted and applied by an unwritten law, which does not partake their licentiousness or variableness. But it is not so with others, and many of the States. Their Constitutions and laws are meant for, and construed as, business papers; referred to as practical and precise guides of conduct. Every article in them tells upon the character of the people. If radicalism and ancient unrepresentative democracy are theoretically recognized in their instruments of government, they will get practically embodied in their state conduct

and civil, social, and domestic institutions and customs. We shall have downright, dishonest, and practical repudiation in Mississippi, when we have only delay and culpable want of pecuniary punctiliousness, with loss of credit, but not of honor, in Pennsylvania! What is repressed and gently frowned upon by the State government of New York, as anti-rentism, will be openly avowed and gloried in in Illinois as anti-Mormonism. What is mere mischievous theory with the older States, will be thorough, destructive practice with the new ones. Thus, for aught we know, there may be private purity and general rectitude enough, and a sufficiently established reverence for the courts in New York, to make the experiment now proposed, of judges elected by the people, not as fatal to their character and usefulness as we fear it will be, and according to all ordinary calculations *must* be; but however that shall prove, what could be said in favor of popularly chosen judges in some of the States that might be named, who even now prefer Lynch law to any other, and who would probably put in the chairs of justice the very men who after mock trials had hung offensive citizens at any time upon the nearest tree? Is the State of New York willing to take the responsibility of setting her sisters the example (and of being forever quoted as authority for it) of a radicalism which it would require all her own moral strength and social conservatism to endure, but which must ruin the tender Constitutions of the younger States? We doubt if she has put the question to herself with any soberness, or full sense of its meaning?

Bearing these thoughts in mind, we propose to offer a few discursive remarks upon the new Constitution, incidental to, and illustrative of, the real matter in our thoughts, which is the necessity of an increased fidelity to our political duties and privileges—especially the great duty of making whatever of virtue and intelligence we may possess felt in the only place where it can be decisively exerted—at the polls. But first of the new Constitution.

We regret that the labors of the Convention have been protracted so nearly up to the time of the election, that a very inadequate period is left for that careful study and deliberate consideration which so important a document deserves, before it is accepted as the supreme law of the land. We are not,

however, among those who are disposed to blame the Convention for the length of time they have given to the duty committed to them. Either they should have begun earlier, or the election should have been deferred. We are not of those who think Constitutions can be made or changed in a hurry. It is with fear and trembling that we see any agitation of the question of constitutional emendation, but if it is stirred, we wish it to be thoroughly, anxiously, and scrupulously pondered.

It is not our present purpose formally to discuss the Constitution now offered to the people of this State. We are not prepared upon so short notice to express decided opinions upon so grave a subject. Whatever pertains to the most sacred instrument of this State and people we would ever handle with reverence and caution. The result of the deliberations of a Convention, solemnly (?) appointed by the people of New York to amend the Constitution, ought to be very soberly and thoughtfully considered by him who attempts to criticise it. But we must exceedingly regret that the people are to be called to pass upon the labors of the Convention with so little time for personal reflection, or consideration of the commentary, which the proper guides of public sentiment would doubtless make upon it after calm meditation of its provisions. A full year would not be too long a time to agitate the merits of the new Constitution.

If we speak our full sentiments, we must say, that, without any regard to the merits of the new Constitution, we should be better pleased to bear with the faults of the old, (if that is a fit epithet for a document of twenty-five years' standing,) than disturb the reverence just beginning to gather around it. There is no pretence that the present Constitution is a bad one. It has defects like all human works; but under it we have lived a quarter of a century, a happy, free, and prosperous people. One of the most respectable assemblies of men ever convened for any political purpose, exhausted their wisdom, patience, and patriotism in devising it. The lustre which their names have gathered since, throws back a mellow light upon the work of their earlier lives. The brilliant reputation of such men as Tompkins,

Kent, Jay, Platt, Livingston, Van Vechten, Wheaton, Tallmadge, Van Buren, many of whom are still with us, blends with the glory of the present Constitution, and we behold its displacement from the inmost shrine of our archives, with much the same sorrow with which we see the venerable authors and amenders of it surrendering their places on earth to their degenerate sons. We hardly dare to consider with what emotions the surviving members of the Convention of '21 have followed the proceedings of the recent Convention! It was, for the most part, with extreme reluctance that that intelligent and patriotic body consented to any important change in the instrument they found at the basis of our laws; and when they separated, it was with a feeling of much anxiety and sober question, whether on the whole their labors had been for good or evil, and with an earnest hope and belief that at any rate, our laws would not again for ages be subjected to the peril of a constitutional revision. We can hardly doubt that the majority of that very Convention had voted against the proposition for calling their own body into existence. For no men are so conscious of the evil of instability in the fundamental law of a people as those who have the acutest perception of its particular defects, and are most like to be commissioned with its emendation. This is indeed a great security for the caution and conservatism of such a body, and would generally be a perfect one, if there were not a stringency in public sentiment which compels every representative body to do not what it thinks best, but what it knows to be expected. The Convention does in the main what it is sent to do, and not what its independent judgment might lead it to do. Prudence and experience have, under these circumstances, for their only field, the problem, how in yielding their own inclinations and judgments, they may give in the least that is possible to the popular caprice and love of change. Thus the Constitution having come out of the hands of one Convention in comparative safety, and with as few changes as could possibly be expected, was deemed by the most sagacious men in the body to have had a providential escape, from a peril not likely soon to recur.* But some of the noblest and

* We extract from the introduction to the report of the Debates in the Convention of '21,

wisest of them are yet alive to see a more radical revision attempted, perhaps accomplished, with a provision in the Constitution itself, that every twenty years the people shall be invited to amend the fundamental law of the State! We doubt not the surviving members of the last Convention deplore, with peculiar sensibility, what now seems destined to be a constitutional instability of the Constitution.

And what improvement in a free and even moderately good Constitution can repay that loss of confidence in the fixedness of the Law of Laws, which must attend even the most unfrequent and cautious changes! There are wrongs, errors, and perversities wrought into the Constitutions of many foreign States, which justify revolution, terrible price of justice and freedom as it is! and when men are ready to risk their lives and fortunes for political reform, it is time they should have it; for it proves that life and fortune are not worth possessing without it. But for common grievances, much more for slight imperfections or uncertain improvements, or perhaps only to render the instrument nearer to theoretical perfection, to disturb the inviolable character which ought to belong to the supreme law; to accustom the people to think it can be changed whenever it suits their caprice; to make it the subject of party discussion and the theme of newspaper criticism; is to strike without provocation or reason at the root of patriotism, of order and of prosperity.

The time has not come in this new country and in these recent States, when the value of the reserved power hoarded in a traditionary reverence for the Constitution is capable of being estimated. Change is a comparatively small evil to us now, when the elements of prosperity are so large, that no possible instability of the Laws can repress them. Our Institutions are so superabundantly beneficent in their general character, that no abuse of them can, for the present, make them otherwise than benignant. Our People, for the most part, feel their inde-

pendence of political operations and interests. The laws press so lightly, taxes are so small, the avenues to enterprise and success so numerous, the propitiousness of soil and climate, the extent and cheapness of territory so great, that the People care very little in their hearts for a Constitution which ostensibly does little for them, and whose principal charm is, that it meddles so little with them in any way. The law is not a visible guardian presence in our country as yet. We do not seem to need its protection. There has been, as yet, little to call out the most dangerous passions of the people. The means of living are too easily acquired for great and alarming jealousy to exist between the rich and poor. Land is too cheap and abundant for agrarian animosities to wax dangerous. Taxes are too light to be deemed burdensome, or to provoke any disposition to revolution. While this state of things lasts, it matters little what hold the Constitution has upon the love and veneration of the people. But this condition of things cannot be permanent. Nay, while we celebrate it, it is going and gone. Already the first outbreaks of conspiracy against the highest law of the state have been witnessed. Already we have felt the need of that settled respect for the Constitution, which no shifting, changeable Charter of rights can secure! And, as our population becomes denser, the inequalities of fortune more marked, the difficulties of success greater, the more common and alarming will be the explosions of the ordinary political passions of our nature, and the greater the necessity for strong and energetic laws based upon a sacred and inviolable Constitution. It is against the inevitable future, that we ought to be laying up a reserved fund of veneration for Law.

The time is rapidly coming, when the politics of our general and our state governments will have an interest derived from a new sense of their instant connection with our individual well-being. There is no such feeling now, except in the minds of the

the following sentences, which illustrate the feeling with which those who were best acquainted with the spirit of that body regarded the probable permanency of the instrument they had devised.

"The question which is about to be taken will be final; and the Constitution which shall be adopted on the last Tuesday of January next, will probably endure for ages. Before a decision of such magnitude and so momentous in its consequences, shall be made, it is important that authentic and correct information should be extensively diffused through the community."—*Proceedings and Debates of the Convention of 1821.*

commercial or manufacturing classes, who are not like to look beyond their immediate concerns. Indeed, we must needs ascribe much of the apathy to changes in the Constitution to the same source from which springs a wide and general *indifference to political interests* among our citizens. There is no country on the face of the earth where politics makes more noise, and at the same time excites less real interest, than in our own. There is, of course, a considerable class among us who live on the excitement they are able to stir up at election times. The exercise of the elective franchise still possesses a novelty and importance for the middling interest, for newly adopted citizens, and for recent graduates in freedom at home, which gives our elections a factitious excitement, in which the grave and more deeply interested portion of the community do not participate, because it does not grow out of the questions at issue. There is reason to doubt whether the wisest and most honest portion of the country makes itself felt at the ballot box, except on rare and extraordinary occasions. Everybody knows that the vote by which the present Convention was called was an exceedingly light one. The occasion seemed not sufficiently grave to call forth the judgment and will of the reflecting! The people wanted to mend the Constitution—that was all! It was already a cracked vessel! It had been repaired before—it might be again! Who cared about the Constitution? Who had read it—who had suffered from it, or been benefited by it? Was it worth a walk of half a mile, in an unusual direction, to say a churlish No! to so indifferent a request? And thus, by default as much as anything, a Convention is permitted! And now, is it of much more consequence who constitute the Convention, than the question whether we will have one? Very little surely.—It cannot be concealed that a gross indifference characterized the choice of delegates to revise the Constitution. We doubt not the general respectability and honesty of that body. But we think, without the slightest bias from party feelings, that it would be absurd to

compare it with the Convention of '21. We look in vain for the names of our wisest, best known and most trusted citizens. We find ourselves, for the most part, in a company of strangers, and men who, if distinguished, have achieved their notoriety chiefly in the proceedings of the Convention. This, surely, is not the fault of the body. We sent them there, and they have doubtless done their duty to the best of their knowledge and ability. True, they have seen fit to make our judges elective by the people, and instead of simplifying and condensing the Constitution, have entered into details which must create constant necessity for revision—for which they have made most liberal provision! But we have no right to complain of the conduct of agents selected with so little anxiety or care—nor is it probably of much use to enter any objection to the chief innovations upon the Constitution. We do not call a Convention to make trifling changes. It must do something to distinguish its labors, and meet the expectations of the people. We have many fears that the New Constitution is as good as accepted, and doubt not it would be, if it were ten times as defective as it is. We do not deny that it is, in some respects, superior to the old. But that it has vital mistakes and most miserable innovations, is, we doubt not, the conviction of all those who *ought* to direct the *public* sentiment.

It is enough for us that the judges are made directly elective by the people—and for a limited and comparatively short period of time!

We had thought ourselves badly enough off, that our highest judges all left office at the very period of their greatest usefulness,* when their passions had cooled and their judgment ripened, and just as the experience of the courts had brought their wisdom to the highest pitch; in short, at the time when other nations and other states are accustomed to think their judges at the very height of their usefulness! We had thought it bad enough to see men who had devoted the energies of their maturity to the judicial office, turned off upon their own resources—which no

* Proceedings of the Convention of '21. Art. V. Sec. 3d.—“The Chancellor and Justices of the Supreme Court shall hold their offices during good behavior, or until they shall attain the age of sixty years.” Thus already are full ten years, on an average, of the ripe and golden judgment of our Chief Justices cut off and flung away, for no essential reason. Fifteen years of Chancellor Kent's profound judicial knowledge and mature experience have, in this way, been lost to the country!

swollen salary or rich perquisites had nourished—too late in life to return to the bar, too early to retire to private life, even if able to do it; but destined to languish out ten or fifteen years in poverty and ennui, which might have been the most useful, respectable, and satisfactory portion of their lives! This we thought quite too bad, and likely to bring unnecessary instability and disrespect to the office. But this we could bear. Our judges were firm, able, independent and experienced men—raised above the influence of political party, and wholly beyond the caprice or resentment of the people they judged. But now, alas! a new element of insecurity and suspicion and instability is to be introduced into our Judiciary! Our judges are to be chosen directly by the people! and that serene and elevated region, which the winds and waves of political excitement have, till this time, respected, is to be thrown open to their utmost violence. Hitherto, the people, justly suspicious of themselves and their own hasty and impulsive action, have voluntarily put it out of their power to disturb the sacred scale of justice with their excited hands. They had thrown an inviolable veil of sanctity about the form of that protecting goddess, and forbidden themselves from raising its folds to break the calmness of her meditations or influence the independence of her decrees. This noble self-restraint was one of the most beautiful illustrations of the temperance that may belong to freedom, and, while it continued, answered a thousand sneers which the foes of liberty directed at our licentious institutions. But alas! the time has come for treating resolution! Why should justice be more reserved than the other powers of the State? This proud stateliness and serene independence—this calm seclusion of hers—is hardly respectful to the Sovereign People! They desire to know what the haughty Themis is doing in her shrine. They will pull her out and make her sociable! She shall feel her equality or entire dependence! Justice shall no longer grow old, distant and venerable. She shall be young and lively and companionable! Justice, so far from being blind, needs a new pair of eyes once in eight years, to see to her business! And so, henceforth, our judges are to be the creatures of party; are to be tempted above the resistance of human nature, into unfairness and selfish biases, because the people are afraid to hold in re-

serve a particle of their power—though by voluntary restraint—and have got to think that they have somehow been juggled out of their rights by the Constitution. We have no heart to say how sadly unwise—how madly indiscreet—we think this reckless throwing overboard of the best bower in the Constitution is. If the vessel of State does not speedily see the lee-shore where she would give all the new tackle this late refitting has furnished to get her main anchor back, we shall thankfully own ourselves croakers where we fear we are prophets.

We have already said much more than we designed, in reference to the "new Constitution." After all! the main grievance is that it is *new*, and by its own provisions can never be *old*. Every twenty years is to see it plucked up by its still tender roots, and our liberties and rights and state attachments are never to know the shelter of anything better than a thrifty sapling! We had hoped to see a growing reluctance in our fellow-citizens to change in the laws. In the reaction now visible in the public sentiment of the world, upon the licentiousness of thought which has characterized the last half century, we had hoped our own community would partake sufficiently to make it cling to anything established that was not intolerably bad. But we counted too much upon the wisdom and reverence of our people. They have not yet attained to any just sense of the value of institutions and laws which share the reverence that belongs to the fathers and founders of the families that inherit them; which are woven in with the pride and affections—the instinctive, or earliest and latest emotions of the human heart; which have grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of the people, and possess a place in their regards, shared only by the religious faith they profess and the domestic affections they cherish!

In our judgment, the political watchfulness and jealousy which guards our institutions and laws is taking a very unfortunate direction. We are satisfied that the welfare, freedom, and happiness of our people depend much more upon the administration of our laws than upon the theoretical perfection of them; and that the Constitution and laws have been, at any time within fifty years, capable of an application entirely satisfactory. But with our extreme solicitude

for a perfect Constitution, we are wonderfully indifferent to the exercise of those rights and privileges we enjoy under it, and very unfaithful to our duties as citizens. The change, emendation, or additions which the Constitution really required, lay rather in the feelings which the people were bound to bring around it than anywhere else! If it had been sacred enough in our eyes to make its principles binding and imperative; if the laws founded on it had been thoroughly carried out; if the rights and privileges under it had been fully availed of and cherished; if its duties had been faithfully done; there would, by this time, have grown up around it a feeling of confidence, respect, and attachment, which would have been infinitely more valuable to the character, happiness, and prosperity of our people, than any theoretical, or even practical, amendments of which it admits. We earnestly desire to see a growing jealousy of our rulers, and of politicians and public servants. We wish, with all our hearts, that a more general and fixed attention should be paid to the proceedings of our General Assembly and to the executive department of the government. We would divert curiosity from the Constitution to the Administration. If there be any general truth in the well-endorsed maxim, that "that government is best which is best administered," then how much more important is it to insist upon energy, rectitude, and scrupulous adherence to the Constitution on the part of our legislative and executive functionaries, than to be perpetually tinkering at the fundamental law, and trying experiments on the Constitution of the State? The State must have a more than feline vitality to survive these repeated draughts upon her principle of life.

One of the worst effects of disturbing the highest law of the State, is the tendency it has to alienate the loyalty, interest, and activity of the best part of the people. It cheapens legislation, debases public life, disgusts the conservative feeling of the educated and serious mind of the community, and gradually deprives us of the experience, wisdom, and rectitude of our best citizens in our halls of legislation, and even robs us of their votes at the polls. Can it be denied that a regular degeneracy may be noticed in the character demanded of our public men? With the exception of the Senate of the United States, there is no political

body that commands the respect of our people as being a representation of the highest intelligence, the loftiest patriotism, the purest wisdom of the nation, or any part of it. The sober sense, the high morality, the sound, practical conservatism of our community is not represented in our political assemblies, nor felt in its strength at the ballot box. There is a feeling, that it is idle to attempt to stem the current of a wild democracy; that do what the wise and prudent may, the rash and foolish will prevail, and that the sooner they reap the fruits of their inexperience and intemperance, the better it will be for the conservative portion of the community. There is another and a better feeling which operates to the same result—namely, a wide conviction among the intelligent and observing, that the real interests and substantial well-being of the country are independent of its politics—that it is impossible to suffer much harm under our institutions, in our territorial circumstances, for many years to come, either by bad legislation or poor government; and under this conviction, good and true men wash their hands of politics, and neglect the first duties of citizens.

We can understand, and we instinctively sympathize to some degree, with both these feelings. But we are confident that they are alike mistaken and dangerous. It is doubtless impossible, and may continue so for a long time, for the sobriety, virtue, and experience—the educated and disciplined mind of this community—to control the legislation of the misguided, impulsive, and short-sighted people. There has been so much ignorant, unprincipled, and ridiculous glorification of the wisdom and power of us, the people, among both political parties, that it is no wonder we are intoxicated with self-importance, and think ourselves able to make, interpret, and execute laws without the aid of our best citizens, by the mere putting of our own heads together. The doctrine of political equality has been so perverted into a teaching of literal equality in endowments, competency, and political wisdom, that it is not easily understood how one head can be wiser than another, or more fit to govern. It is clear enough to some that ten poor heads put together ever so cunningly, do not equal one good one. But it is not strange that the people should believe the charlatans and knaves who take such pains to persuade them

that they are as wise as they are free, as sagacious as they are privileged! Far be it from us to throw doubts upon the safety or wisdom of our Free Institutions. We believe in them fully, and trust in them heartily. Universal suffrage has our entire concurrence and grateful affection. But it is because it compares so favorably with all other modes of political existence, not because it has not great evils connected with it. We esteem the advantages of the democratic republican system vastly greater than any other form of government ever devised by man, and do not doubt its approach to the most perfect supposable system. But we hold all possible systems to be subject to inevitable perils, and we do not confound our preference for our own with a blind insensibility to its dangers. It is a great source of alarm and of evil to us, that so much ignorance, passion, and short-sightedness should be at the polls. We see not why the people should not manifest their weakness, blindness, and folly, in their political as much as in their other relations. We do not look for consummate wisdom among them on other subjects; why on this? But we can easily confess that we would sooner encounter and suffer the consequences of all this ignorance and folly than disfranchise a single citizen. We believe in the education which Freedom gives its children. We are looking forward to the end of the experiment with confidence. We regret nothing in the past. We are hopeful of the future. But we will not flatter and fawn upon the people, and endeavor to blind them to their own deficiencies, and need of better guidance.

Under these circumstances, we hold those inexcusable and false to republican sentiments, who think and act upon the thought, that the people will have their way, and that it is of no use to attempt to direct or elevate public sentiment. Our people need plain and honest dealing. They know at present little of the misgivings, anxieties and conservative tendencies of the sagacious and experienced observers of public affairs. The politicians stand between the sense and honesty, and morals, and religion of the best class in the country, and the mass of the voters; and both parties seem intent rather upon persuading the people of their superior democracy, than of anything else. What is now needed more than anything, is for the good and great

men—the high-minded, honest, sensible and experienced men—to take hold of the politics of the country, and place themselves where they belong, at the head of the masses, to guide, teach and save them. But if the good and wise shrink from politics as from a pollution, let them not complain, that the people are deceived and betrayed! If the intelligence and culture of the state allows itself to be repelled from the oversight and guidance of its political interests, because there is so little that is respectable or attractive in the present politics of the country, or because the chances of influence are so lean and remote, it forsakes a duty, the more sacred from its arduous and unpaid character, and imperative in precise proportion to its repulsiveness! We rejoice to see that the perils of the country, the dangers of a democracy forsaken of its natural heads, are attracting the attention of those, who hitherto have allowed themselves to labor chiefly in the field of sectional politics, to the duty of combining to direct the national sentiment. It is clear, that a party is springing up of strong, wise and honest men, who feel that we are a Nation and must have a national sentiment, and that this sentiment must go from the best downward—from the wise few, to the busy many—from the experienced and large-minded and patriotic, to the body of the people. The cordial combination and coöperation in the Senate, at the last session, of men, hitherto wide as heaven apart, for great national purposes, and in defence of American ideas and American principles; the principles of a representative government—not to be guided or betrayed by the hasty passions of the people, or their short-sighted policy—was the most cheering sight the patriot has witnessed since the origin of our government. And we are rejoiced to notice, in Massachusetts particularly, the first shoot of a party “of the best”—in short a union for political purposes, of men who feel they have a country to serve and save, and who are determined not to allow the whole guidance of the people to be in the hands of the selfish, the superficial and the unpatriotic.

We contend earnestly, that the thinking and good men in our community shall not subtract their wisdom, experience, attention and activity from our politics, local, state, or general—that our politics shall not be abandoned to a class known as politicians, (men who live upon their

calling,) that public office shall not be held cheap or go a-begging, and that the obligations of citizenship shall not be esteemed among the least serious and important we acknowledge. There must be, throughout the country, a revival of political interest on new and patriotic grounds. It must no longer be a stereotyped pretence that men take office for the sake of the country, nor deemed an impossible virtue. Never did more glorious opportunities of usefulness, and of distinction, wait for high-minded and wide-sighted patriots. A new destiny has been opened upon us during the last fifteen years. We have just begun to realize our national greatness and importance, and to feel the astonishing concurrence of circumstances, which is rapidly hurrying us into a foremost place among the nations of the earth. The immense diversion of the best thought of the land to other enterprises and interests, leaves our politics in the hands of the unworthy. Just at a time when we need the greatest sagacity, prudence and principle, to shape our fluent or plastic destiny, we are under the hands of the weak and incompetent! Our offices of highest importance are filled with second and third-rate men; our House of Representatives, made up (with honorable exceptions) of party hacks, or of "whoever would go;" our press and political organs, rarely guided by firm, reliable and high-minded men; and our ballot box often empty of the votes of the best class of our people! What but the invisible guidance of Heaven can pilot us safely through the perils attendant upon our rapid growth, our rising ambition, our lust of conquest, our impatience of law, our sectional jealousies and divided interests, when the deck of our vessel of state is left in the charge of those who ought at best to be passengers only, while the real crew, in desperation or indifference, have all gone below!

We almost despair of bringing the intelligence and virtue of this nation, or of this State and community, to the ballot box. And if we despair of this, what hope shall we not abandon? The number of valuable citizens, who never or rarely vote, is enough, probably, to turn the scale of most elections. If the sober, conservative, virtuous and patriotic portion of this nation knew its own strength and numbers, and if every good and true man cast his vote as a sacred duty at every election, we should experience at

once a mighty and glorious reform in our politics, and have little reason to dread the rashness and folly of our own people, or of our newly adopted citizens. The ignorant and misguided are sure to vote. All those who are creatures of imitation, of superficial excitement and gregarious tendencies, will of course vote, and vote as the wire-pullers of party shall direct. Both sides are like to get a proportion of these, although the Democratic or Destructive Party will inevitably get the lion's share, as it knows so much better how to enlist popular feeling, and not from any want of pains or inclination on the other side. But it so happens that the sober sense and real policy of the country is *Whig*. The Whig party is the Conservative party, and Conservatism is the *first necessity* of our National Politics at the present crisis, as it has been at any given time since the adoption of the National Constitution. Free Institutions ought always to be administered on conservative principles, just as absolute or aristocratic Institutions ought to be administered on anti-conservative principles. The triumphs of conservatism here, are as important as the victories of reform abroad. And this is the instinctive conviction of the intelligence, virtue and honesty of the country. But this wisdom and virtue will not vote! Is too indifferent, careless, occupied, disgusted to vote! Its vote might, perhaps, give the ascendancy to conservative principles; but it will not vote! At the worst it would create a great minority, too manifestly powerful to be despised, which would keep the other party in check. But it will not vote! It is dissatisfied with the course of the Whig party; with its divisions, with its candidates, with its inconsistencies! What then? Is not the general policy of that party still superior to the other? Is not its main direction and general tendency the national and patriotic one? And are wise and good men to see the country ruined, because they do not like everything about the measures or candidates of the party, whose cardinal principles they espouse? We detest the milk and water morality, which sacrifices to a scruple interests that have every general principle of duty and policy in their support! We have no patience with men who throw away their votes upon favorite candidates, while they suffer great principles of public policy to be stifled.

And here we might stop; but while we

are upon the subject of the moral obligation of the citizen to vote, we have a more special word to say of the folly of those who reserve their exercise of this right for what are called serious or great occasions. In truth we lose all great occasions, because we have willingly lost all small ones. Our votes do not prevail when important issues are at stake ; because, being wholly unaccustomed to regular and concerted action methodically and uninterruptedly kept up through all smaller issues, we cannot combine our full force, however urgent the necessity, or great the pending interest. Suppose our military establishment reserved itself against an invasion of the country, and that we depended wholly upon volunteers, without regular officers, without drill or discipline, to resist aggression or defend our territory ? Whatever patriotic rage and personal valor might accomplish, we should be inevitably beaten, until whipped into discipline. We doubt not that upon a question of union or disunion the volunteer strength of the conservatives would be overwhelming ; but upon anything less than this it is almost sure to be beaten ; and all for want of regular voting, of a constant knowledge of the precise strength of the conservative party, of an exact measurement of the difficulty to be overcome at the polls. If we knew our precise force, and could depend upon it at every election, we should certainly be *in* at least half the time. But without concert, method, drill, or recognized obligation to vote, we lose measures even when we are really in the majority. In a political party, *every election is a crisis*, however unimportant the question raised. The heart which is gained by success in a small issue animates and leads to victory in the next struggle, which may be for a great principle. There is no such thing as an unimportant election. It is important to the party integrity and habit of triumph, if not to the interests of the country. The party which is most faithful to the ballot-box will govern the country ; and therefore, if we wish to prevail in the councils of the nation, or the local government, we must *vote*—vote on great and on small occasions—vote spring and fall, in sunshine and rain, at the end of a five-mile ride or a ten-rods walk—we must stay at home to vote, or we must journey home to vote—we must vote or succumb—carry the elections, little and big, or lose them, small and great, according as we feel the

importance and practice the duty of voting. We may do everything else for our country and do nothing, because we do not vote. The vote is the only *MAN* the country knows and feels. Will we vote or will we abandon the institutions, laws and liberties of the country, whose proudest monument in the face of all nations is its right of universal suffrage ?

And here let us speak one word more to those whose personal purity and candor and principle exhibit themselves in what is doubtless a wholly honest, but we must think not very wise, contempt and censure and neglect of *party* politics. There are thousands of good and wise men who will not perform their political duties, because the country, forsooth, is divided into *parties*, and they do not choose to have it said, we vote with the party. They are too honest, independent, virtuous ; to accept the nominations of caucuses and conventions, and vote for men they never saw and do not know, and whose views or character, in some respects, they cannot approve.

Now, Heaven forbid that we should speak a word to weaken moral scruples in any direction, or render the exercise of citizenship and its most solemn act any less anxious and deliberate than the best and most punctilious can make it. Indeed, it is against the latent and unintentional immorality involved in the obstinacy or impracticableness of those who will fight wholly on their own hook in political struggles, or not at all, that we are directing our observations.

There seems to be a vague notion in the minds of a portion of the better part of the community that the country can be governed without parties ; that they were not contemplated by the founders of our institutions ; that they are not a legitimate part of the political machinery ; and that the spread of virtue, intelligence and candor would abolish them. But this is mere indiscriminating sentiment. The very foundation of our government, its universal suffrage, its rotation in office, its free press, its frequent elections—all are fitted to create, and even designed to create, parties. There can be no parties under an absolute government, comparatively speaking. But every representative and every constitutional government has parties ; in other words, combinations of men for the sake of promoting their own views of public policy in questions where there exists room for honest difference of opinion, or where necessary collisions

arise, and compromise is to be made between separate interests. The only question is, what shall the character of these parties be, and who shall control them? Shall the people divide only upon very fundamental questions, or upon superficial ones? This must depend upon circumstances. There are of course different party lines, according as you consider the country in its general extent or its particular districts, or with reference to one or another kind of interest. But there must be parties—that is, there must be a union of those who will compromise their minor interests to save their major ones—who will sacrifice *some* of their preferences or interests for the sake of other and more important of their wishes and principles. And these parties will have leaders. Shall they be the foolish or the wise, the sober or the reckless?

There are fundamental differences of opinion in respect to the general policy of this nation. There are strict constructionists, and there are liberal interpreters of the Constitution—those who die by the letter and those who live in the spirit of it. There are those who lean to a strong government and would protect the federal interests of the country, who are more devoted to the nation than to the State, and are more proud of being American citizens than Northerners or Southerners, Virginians or Vermontese; and there are State's Rights men and sticklers for the Independent Sovereignities. There is a Conservative party, which venerates the wisdom of experience and loves the virtue and purity, the customs and associations of the past, and feels its connection with the race, and would not strike boldly out of the track, or forsake the direction or quicken the prudent pace at which the world has arrived at its present position;—and there is Young America, (America is too young to be the mother of any child yet,) which despises the old-womanish maxims of the Past; which will not be tied to the apron-string of the best mother that ever was made; which would set the world upon wholly new feet, and at once reduce an ideal theory (a very superficial ideal, we think) to practice, at any cost and in the face of any difficulties. There is a law and order, a slow and sure, a distrustful and cautious party—a conservative, a Whig party; and there is a radical, innovating, hopeful, boastful, improvident and go-ahead party—a Democratic, a Loco-Foco party!

Now these two parties, both in the main honest, and holding representatives of all orders and classes of society, are real, necessary expressions of two contrasted policies, of two great conflicting ideas, which go to the root and extend to the utmost branches of the national life. Whichever of these policies or ideas prevails in the country, decides the practical operation of our institutions, interprets the Constitution, and possesses a full right to govern. The party is only the instrument by which the idea gets stated, is the only means under heaven in which it can get itself spoken out and acted out. But these ideas are fundamental! no so important political ideas in the country! none so practical, so decisive for good or evil! Have the people then no right to organize upon them, and is it not their duty to compromise all other views, opinions, and attachment to men or measures for them? We will not, of course, vote for dishonest and wicked men to support our own measures or policy; for such men hurt the measures and policy they undertake to support—nay, cannot be trusted even to support it at all. But anything short of immorality or untrustworthiness should be no bar to our voting for the party candidates. We should sacrifice preferences to principles, favorite candidates to important measures, men to policy, personal, local, or temporary interests, to national, general, and permanent interests. We should *vote with the party, exerting all our influence to make and keep it what it ought to be*. It is a nonsensical folly to identify low and unworthy ideas with party movements, as if they were inseparable. While the ideas or lines of policy are worth sustaining, the party is; and we forsake our principles when we abandon our party before it abandons its *general* aim and purposes, and notwithstanding any regrets we may have at its particular deficiencies, or disapproval of its incidental measures. Let us remember that this country must be governed by a *party—always—forever*; and that to sneer at or forsake party because it partakes of the passions, and immorality, and folly of the people who partly compose it, is to abandon the wheat because of the tares, and eat no bread, because we cannot have it as white as snow. *The party* is a phrase that polite and virtuous and pious mouths must learn to use without making faces! It must become a respecta-

ble, a sober, a vital duty, to support a party—and if there be no party in the country which is not radically false to its true principles, if there be no party formed on great national ideas, if the Whig party be not a party with which earnest, sober, and Christian men can vote, then we must have another party with which they can. For the intelligence, virtue, wisdom, honesty of the country must make itself felt at the polls, or be basely treacherous to the nation! and if virtue and sense, goodness and knowledge of the world, or of the adjustment of means to ends, go together, it must appear to this body that without organization, method, discipline, agreement, in short *without party*, the wisdom and virtue, and honesty of the country can do nothing for it. The only question to decide then is, not whether we will have parties, or belong to a Party—we *must* do this or prove false to our first duty as citizens—but will we vote with the Whig party or Democratic party? or will we lay the foundation of a new party, whose aim shall be to possess itself of the power of the country? For our part, we are content with the general policy, the fundamental idea of the Whig party, and as friends of the nation, of virtue, of religion, shall give it a regular,

principled, serious, and hearty support, by that mightiest and most sacred, though often belittled and desecrated instrument—a vote.

We beg the most serious attention to this appeal to the intelligence and conscience of the non-voting portion of our fellow-citizens, men who belong, by every instinct of education, virtue and sagacity, to the Whig Party, the great Conservative party, the party of law, order, reverence and nationality! We implore these self-disfranchized citizens, not to do themselves, the State and the Country, this unnatural wrong! Civil suicide is a new crime, which ought to be attended with public disgrace. Let it not be said, in future, that those who held the saving power of this nation in their hands, were too slothful, careless, cowardly to use it before it became too late. "Died by its own hands," is too opprobrious an epitaph for History to write upon the grave-stone of a Party, which possesses the sympathy and loses the votes of enough virtuous and intelligent men to turn the trembling scale of Political Power, and fix it forever where it belongs, on the side of stable laws, a strictly representative Democracy, and a Conservative Administration.

TO THE NIGHT-WIND IN AUTUMN.

BY EARLDEN.

WHENCE comest thou, O Wind,
That fill'st with thy low voice the ear of Night—
Thrilling and low—and through the wakeful mind
Breath'st a strange solemnness of sad delight!

We know the heavens are deep,
And vast and many are the fields of air:—
Sprung'st thou where Saturn's fiery circles sweep,
Or great Orion binds his burning hair?

Or nearer to our world
Where glowing Venus charms the eternal space,
Where mailed Mars on his red orb is whirled,
Or virgin Vesta veils her silent face?

Or in some terrene realm,
Exhaled to life where flowery Persia smiles,
Or where the brooding mariner turns his helm
By Aztlan shores or old Ionian isles?

Thou tell'st not of thy birth,
O viewless wanderer from land to land !
But gathering secrets of the ancient earth
Where'er unseen thy airy wings expand,

At this hushed holy hour
When Time seems part of vast Eternity,
Thou dost reveal them with a Spirit power,
Saddening the soul with thy weird minstrelsy.

All Nature seems to hear,
The woods, the waters, and each silent star ;—
What that can thus enchain their earnest ear
Bring'st thou of untold tidings from afar ?

Is it of new fair lands ?
Of fresh-lit worlds that in the welkin burn ?
Do new Oases gem Sahara's sands ?
Doth the lost Pleiad to the skies return ?

Nay ! 'tis a voice of grief—
Of grief subdued but deepened through long years—
The soul of Sorrow, which hath no relief
From gathering mortal knowledge—sin and tears !

For thou, since earth was young
And rose green Eden purpled with the morn,
Its solemn wastes and homes of men among,
Circling all zones thy mourning flight hast borne.

Empires have risen in might,
And peopled cities through the outspread earth ;
And thou hast passed them at the hour of night,
Listing the sounds of revelry and mirth.

Again thou hast gone by—
City and empire were alike o'erthrown,
Temple and palace, fall'n confusedly,
In marble ruin on the desert strewn.

In time-long solitudes,
Where dark old mountains pierced the silent air,
Bright rivers roamed, and stretched untraversed woods,
Thou joy'dst to hope that *these* were changeless there.

Lo ! as the ages passed,
Thou found'st them struck with alteration dire :
The streams new-channeled, forests earthward cast,
The crumbling mountains scathed with storm and fire.

Gone but a few short hours,
Beauty and bloom beguiled thy wanderings ;
And thou mad'st love unto the fresh-eyed flowers,
Through green trees sighing and by mossy springs.

Now faded, scentless, dead,
From all the forms of nature passed away,
Forgotten as bright thoughts forever fled,
The falling leaves are shrouding their decay.

Vain is the breath of morn ;
Vainly the fragrant night-dews on them weep ;
In vain thou call'st them at thy soft return,
No more awaking from their gloomy sleep.

Oh hush ! oh hush, sweet wind !
Thou melancholy soul ! be still, I pray :
Nor pierce this heart, so long in grief resigned,
With 'plainings for the loved but lifeless clay !

Ah ! now by thee I hear
The earnest gentle voices, as of old ;
They speak—in accents tremulously clear—
The young, the beautiful, the noble-souled.

The beautiful, the young,
The form of light, the wise and honored head—
Thou bring'st the music of a lyre unstrung !
Oh cease !—with tears I ask it—they are dead !

Thou wilt not cease for me !
Thou art the burden of all things gone by !
The "still small voice" of God through air and sea
To the great universe of all that die !

NEW YORK, Oct 15th, 1846.

G. H. COLTON.

AFFECTATION—MELANCHOLY.

AFFECTATION of any kind evinces a great want of truthfulness, and a greater want of common sense. They who cannot make show of a good natural character, may be sure they cannot sustain without discovery one that is artificial. At some time or other the mask will fall off, and the plain features of nature be exposed to view. The quickest observers of affectation are the affected themselves ; and as there are few who are simple, natural, and unaffected in their manners, there are fewer still who have not, at some time or other, endeavored to make nature subservient to art in this way. In attempting to impose a false character upon them, as they are older, they will discover that we are only disguised in a habit which they had themselves worn and thrown off.

There is nothing more really amusing than the impression prevailing among the very young of both sexes, that melancholy must be cultivated as an accom-

plishment ; that a taste for the dismal is as necessary as a taste for music ; and that an air of sadness worn on the brow has more charms for the youth of the opposite sex than roses blooming on the cheek, or the light of a glad soul beaming from its beautiful window, the eye. Under this delusion, a young man seeks no other pleasure than the indulgence of his morbid fancies, and he is never in better spirits than at the close of an affecting discourse upon "the ills of life and the vanity of human wishes." Like the owl, he loves darkness better than light :—he avoids the sunshine, and buries himself in the shades of gloomy cogitation, or finds a cricket kind of amusement in croaking response to notes of some congenial raven. A young lady, too, may be both gifted and amiable, but she is not the less likely to affect an interesting melancholy, to profess a fondness for Young's Night Thoughts, or a passionate admiration of that most unhappy of poets—Lord Byron.

NOTES BY THE ROAD.

NO. III.

A GLIMPSE OF THE APPENINES.

THE Carnival had passed : Holy Week had not begun. The Vetturini who had crowded with their loads of French, German, and English, out of the Porta Maggiore, the Porta San Giovanni, and the Porta del Popolo, had come back empty and dusty to Rome. The streets were quiet : the Piazza d' Espagne had grown dull. Two months had made me half tired of the Capitol—its lions of basalt, and the blind beggar on his cross-legged chair, half up the steps. I was tired of the jokes of lame Pietro at the Lepré ; and tired (dare I say it ?) of standing with the gay crowd on the Pincian hill, to see the sun go down behind St. Peter's, and stream in a crimson glory through the windows of its giant dome. I had tired of the mischievous pranks of little Cesare at home and tired (forgive me, Enrica) of looking into the pretty Italian eyes of my landlady's daughter. And I had looked longingly, many a day, from the top of the Capitol, from the top of St. Peter's, and from the top of the Janiculum hill, over the long line of Appenines, where the villas of Frascati shine. I had gone up, and lounged, in a Roman winter's sun, about the foot of the Pauline fountain, with Shakspeare in my hand, and read Coriolanus in the sight of Corioli. And in the yard of the Convent of Monte Verde, above the Tiber and the city, with the Æneid before me, and the hills of Albano and Alba Longa in my eye, I have repeated—with a half glance at the narrow windows, that the monks were not pressing on my crazy love—

—“ Quam tutâ possis urbem componere terrâ.

Signa tibi dicam ; tu condita mente teneto.
Cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam
Litoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus,
Triginta caputum fœtus enixa jacebit,
ALBA, solo recubans, albi circum uberi
nati :

Is locus urbis erit.”

Who wonders that I wanted to leap over that brown Campagna lying between,

and dabble my hands in the waters of the Lake, and stand on the hill top whence Juno surveyed the combat, (Laurentum Troumque acies,) and wander down the “ long white streets of Tusculum ?”

My landlord, a tall, sallow-faced lean man, with a bony hand, shrugged his shoulders, when I told him I was going to the mountains and wanted a guide. His wife said it would be cold on the hills, for the winter was not ended ; Enrica said it would be warm in the valleys, for the spring was coming ; the old man drummed with his fingers on the table, and shrugged his shoulders again, but said nothing. My landlady said I could not ride ; Cesare said it would be hard walking ; Enrica asked Papa if there would be any danger ; and again the old man shrugged his shoulders. Again, I asked him, if he knew a man who would serve me as guide among the Appenines : and finding me determined, he shrugged his shoulders, and said he would find one the next day.

The next day came, and the landlady showed into my room a stout fellow in a brown jacket and white hat, with a broad grin upon his face, who sidled up to the table and stood looking at me, as if I were king, and he waiting for the slap of knighthood.

“ *Bon uomo*” said I, “ do you know the country about Subiaco, and the mountain paths ?”

“ Si, Signore.”

“ Can you take me over them safely, and show me their wildest parts ?”

“ Si, Signore.”

“ And you will serve me well ?”

“ Benissimo, Signore.”

And I bargained with him for five pauls a day, and we were to start on Monday. I bought a map of the Campagna, and its heights around, at Monaldinis, and put a spy-glass, and guide book, and change of linen, in a little carpet bag, and doffed my Roman, and put on my Swiss dress, and bade them all at home good-by, and was at the Piazza near the Monte Citorio, from which the

vetture men go out to Tivoli early on Monday afternoon,

— ready for the mountains.

My guide, Filippo, made his appearance punctually and smiling. He had a big wine flask swung over his neck, and my little carpet-bag in his hand. I had taken the two seats of the cabriolet for Tivoli, but a young Venetian artist, who wanted the views over the Campagna as we passed along, asked the favor of the seat beside me; and Filippo, with a shrug, went inside, where he sat, with a demure face, between a couple of Dominican Friars. By the forum of Trajan, through the narrow and dirty streets—the vetturino shouting amid the clatter of the wheels—now, to some drowsy driver of the wine carts—now, to some group of playing children, or talking peasantry in slouch hats—we whirled under the deep shadow of San Maggiore. On we passed up the straight Strada beyond, and out upon the spreading Campagna, through the Porta di San Lorenzo.

"*Noi siamo tutti schiave*," said the Venetian, as I fell into conversation with him, and asked him of the Austrian rule; and he spoke bitterly of what they were, and glowingly of what they had been; and he listened with an incredulous stare to what I told him of liberty in America, and he gave my earnest declarations—so earnest that the postillion turned half round to look at me—the most touching of all comments, a sigh. He was as much a stranger as myself to the country about Rome, and we looked together, though with different emotions, upon the great blocks of travertine over which we sometimes rode, and which the *cochiere* assured us were remnants of the old Via Tiburtina. We clattered over the Ponte Mammolo, under which is the Anio—all the while through the rolling surface of the Campagna—all the while in sight of Soracte to the left and the Appenines in front, on one of whose ledges, just over the plain, the white villas of Tivoli became every moment nearer and clearer. We pass the Lake of Solfatara with its Tartarean smell, and the picturesque Ponte Lucano. I had secured a ducal permit for the Villa of Adrian, and my Venetian friend availed himself of my offer to join our party. It lies upon the first *steppe* of the mountains above the Campagna; Tivoli is above it. We left the vettura upon the plain; Filippo took

off his hat to the friars; the vetturino wished us *buon viaggio*, and we clambered through a ruinous gateway, and took a green foot-path that led to the Roman Emperor's villa. Theatres, and barracks, and baths, and temples, and Grecian valleys made up the wonderful company of glories that made the Villa of Adrian. The grandest remains of Roman art have been plundered from the ruins; and the ruins, covered as they are with acres of bright green turf, and century old trees cleaving to the crevices of the wall, are grandest of all. We wandered in and out, above and below, through the city of the ruins, until the sun had gone fairly down.

The Venetian was in ecstasy at the view:

"Eccola, eccola, Signore, what color in that sky! what greenness in these trees!"

I folded my arms, and looked, but could not speak. Filippo took off his hat, and came and stood beside us. The vesper bells were sounding at Tivoli, and the echoes were floating among the hills, and the broken arches of the ruin behind us, and there, there before us, was the sweeping Campagna—stretching out all the way to the horizon! And in the middle of its great waves, turned violet colored by the hues of twilight, rose the grouped towers of the Eternal City, and lording it among them all, like a giant, the black dome of St. Peters!

The vesper bell had hardly ceased sounding when we started away, but the twilight had deepened; and it was dark when we had reached the top of the hill and were going under the gateway of Santa Croce, into the dirty streets of Tivoli. Still it was up hill, and the stones under foot were round and slippery; the houses piled up darkly and high each side, and there was but a narrow strip of the sky that showed between. An occasional lamp hung suspended across the street, and the boys thronged about us clamorous to show the best locanda of the city. Half way up, we turned aside down a dark lane to seek some view of the waters that roared below; there was a low parapet wall at the end, and over it, in the black gulf, we saw, far down, a white glistening streak.

Filippo went to lodge with a friend. The Venetian and myself had two chambers upon the edge of the Cliff of the Great Fall. We talked of San Marco and the Bosphorus over the sour wine

and biscuits, until bedtime, and we were lulled to sleep by the war of the waters under our heads.

I am dreaming of Elmgrove, and shady oaks, and trout brooks, and Christmas dinners, and a troop of little cousins, when the Venetian next door, shouts "*Eccola Signore, sei ore, e fa freddo.*"

I rub my eyes open, and they look out upon the hills the other side of the Anio, back of Adrian's villa; and the water is roaring, and the spray rising, and mingling with the cold, gray mists of morning. Filippo has come, and puts his face, with a full grin upon it, through the door, and bids me *buon giorno*. We breakfast together, and go through the little gate together, that opens by the temple of Vesta, and admits to a near view of the caverns and the waterfall. Down we go strangely crooked and frightfully narrow paths, with a street urchin to guide us. In rock and out, above and below—looking into dry mouldy grottoes, and horrid caverns, through which the water seems thrust up from below, we wander until on a sudden he brings us to where the body of the river leaps its hundred feet of sparkling way into the gulf below.

In the thunder of its roar, I bade my Venetian friend adieu, and left him sitting to his sketch-book under the spray. Arrived outside the gate again, in the dirty streets, I gave the bright eyed boy-guide a paul, and told Filippo to lead on the shortest way to Subiaco; for the clock of San Andrea was striking nine, and near eight-and-twenty miles lay between us and the resting-place of the night. Filippo hesitated; he advised the road up the valley of the Anio; it was long since he had been at Tivoli, and he knew no other. I insisted upon the mountain path, and sent him away to make inquiry of a group of idle fellows behind us. He came back looking doubtfully; and I overheard him asking in an undertone if there were *gente pericoloso* (robbers) along the way.

"Filippo" said I, nettled by his impudence and cowardice, "you have deceived me, and now you are afraid."

"It is long since I was at Tivoli, Signore, but I am brave—andiamo."

And so we pushed up the straggling street, and out of the town's gate, and were soon breathing the fresh cool air of the mountains. Two miles on, we pass remnants of an ancient aqueduct—one arch still spanning the road, and hanging

festoons of ivy over it. Crowds of peasants picturesquely, though dirtily clad, are on their way to the Roman market, with their burthens and donkeys. Occasionally we pass a ploughman toiling in the side valleys, with instrument as uncouth as the Roman. We turn out of the car-road, and break boldly up a wild path that leaves all tokens of cultivation behind. Rock, and stones huge and ragged, lie strewn over the surface at every hand; and laying aside the air of thrift pertaining to our side, and the huge arches of travestine pertaining to the Apennines, I could almost imagine myself in some quiet valley of New England. Greater wildness, however, quick succeeds to quiet, and mountains loom up thousands of feet, and old castellated towns like bird's nests are perched at the top of them; and here and there, showing itself higher up, some glistening wall of a monastery:—just the spot to lie by for an hour under some one of the blasted oak trees, in sight of the banditti habited peasantry, and read Horace Walpole's Death and Love romance. More and more bald grow the mountains,—rarer and rarer the Contadini,—scraggier and thicker the stunted trees, and more and more tired we, as we went on. At an osteria on the way, my guide had bought the flask full of wine, at the exorbitant price of five baiocchi, and with this I rested a while on my carpet-bag, and mumbled a bit of poor bread I had stolen from the inn in the morning.

Then, up and on; Filippo giving me the names of the plants and trees on the way,—extravagating upon the richness of the marches of Ancona, and asking every passer-by the price of wine at the next osteria. Thus winding up, and winding down, amid scenery that would not make even a Switzer blush, we came upon the little town of Gennajo, perched upon the rock of the name. It was high up, and hard work to attain it; but the view of the hoary mountains, stretching in their wild confusion on every side, repaid the toil. I had anticipated a stop here for lunch, for it was high noon, and the sun hot; but the osterias were too filthy, and after going into the kitchen of an old hag who claimed the best of the place, where a suspicious looking fellow was eating garlic soup, we went on—still higher than the rock of the town. The path grew rougher and rougher, until I was fain to have recourse again to the *cinque baiocchi* wine and my carpet-

bag. I sent Filippo into the valley for fresh water, and sat under a heavy armed chestnut, musing over the splendid prospect, spreading like a map pinned to the peaks of the Appenines.

They are not like American mountains;—not like Scotch mountains;—not like Swiss mountains. They seem, like everything Italian, to have been mown down by time—to have been scathed, like the people, by war, and desolation, and, perhaps, the judgment of Heaven. The Swiss mountains, on the contrary, seem, with all their wildness and their jagged peaks, to retain just such shapes as the Creator at first laid over them. The Appenines are broken, and blasted, and scarred:—here, a forest, but not continuous, and struggling for a livelihood, as if the brimstone fire that consumed Nineveh had withered its energies:—there, again, a great white scar of the broken calcareous rock, on which the moss cannot grow, and the lizards dare not creep: Again, a cliff beetling into the skies, complete in wildness, and seeming as if the pious brotherhood, whose glistening monastery flanks its skirt, had guarded it from the desolation that has swept like a whirlwind over all beside. The wayside brooks, all seem, not the gentle offspring of bountiful hills, but the remnants of something greater, whose greatness had expired;—they are turbid rills, rolling in the bottom of yawning chasms. Even the shrubs have a look, as if the Volscian warhorse had trampled them down to death, and the primroses and violets by the mountain paths, look only modestly beautiful, amid the ruin.

This may not be all an idea of the imagination, distempered by actual memories of what scenes have transpired in those hills, but fairly deducible from the fact, that all the geological formations of this vicinity bear marks of eminent volcanic changes, and seem to be such altogether as Vesuvius might be, if straggling fir trees and wayside myrtles grew up to the edge of the crater, and ivy vines hung their leaves and their dried berries down in the hole where the fire comes up. Beside this, the ruined arches and blocks of travestine, unmistakable mementoes of those, whose memory they will not soon let die, show themselves everywhere, in valley and shadow, adding yet more to the scathed appearance of the mountains; and this apparent sympathy of the two adds insensibly to ven-

eration for the Latins, as if that besom of destruction, which alone could make their works tremble, could also shake to their foundations the everlasting hills.

Filippo came with the water; I fancy he had lowered the wine-flask a little at the spring, but it was large enough for two. Every angle of the walk we followed turned up rich views of far-off mountain towns, clustered upon rocks, and their tall shadows, as the sun sank, stretched by miles through the valleys. Sometimes we met a priest astride a donkey, picking his way among the broken stones, and he would give us the "*servitore*," and roll the name of some of the peaks out of his fat cheeks, into a melodious flow of sound, and bless us, and (his donkey never stopping) pass on. Some old woman in green turban, would cudgel along two moving straps of faggots with an ass between, and shriek a curse at him, as he bites at the shrubs by the way, and disappear as suddenly as she had come.

Once we went widely wrong, our path was blotted by a brook; Filippo was ignorant, and a shower was threatening, which, if it came, would cover the valleys with darkness. He shouted to some charcoal burners upon a shelf of the hills; I laughed at him, for hoping to make them hear, for they seemed no bigger than our fingers where they stood. Wonderfully clear and distinct the voice came back across the clear air of the mountain valley:

"*In dietro—in dietro—Signore, una miglia e mezza, e poi il mano drito sempre.*"

The clouds lifted, only sprinkling us; and we struggled on, amid scenery, which, if it had been other than most beautiful, could not, in the languid state of my limbs, have excited a thought. In its most beautiful part, came to my ear the sweet music of one of the pastoral pipes of the Appenines. Two shepherds in rough skin coats, were tending a flock of kids on a cliff, near a mile distant, on the other side of the valley. From them came the sound. I am no musician, but have listened to the sweetest voices of the Italian opera, and to Strauss' band on the Glacis at Vienna; but never, never do I remember listening to such bewitching melody as floated, that summer-like afternoon, across that valley of the Appenines. Filippo was as earnest as I; he had laid down his budget; his good-humored grin had changed to

something half passionate, as he strained his eyes through the soft sunshine, as if watching would quicken hearing. The shadows slanted more and more as we lingered, and the kids had begun to group together. As we went on through the valley that had its little vineyards, the sound flowed after us, and filled the air over our heads. There was not another noise to disturb it; and until the kids scrambling on the cliffs had vanished, and even the black shadows of the cliffs themselves had disappeared, the melodious echoes floated sweetly over us.

The path grew wild again, and night was coming. Hungry and tired we toiled another hour: at length, after climbing, and wishing, and looking back, and looking, still more earnestly, forward, came a sight through a cleft of the hills of the old town of Subiaco—its high castle looming above it, its olive orchards round it, its river glittering in the meadow under it, its bald, brown hills behind it.

Quick we descended the four miles that yet lay between, and crossed the Roman bridge, and looked through the smoky chambers of the first little osteria; it was too filthy, even tired as I was. The *padrone* scowled at me as I went out. All the way through the dirty street, to the church at the end, we went, stared at by all. I sent Filippo to inquire of an honest looking priest at the church door, and took lodgings in the house of his advice. A neat woman is always a recommendation to a stopping-place, and one received me there. Surely, I thought, the inn is dirty enough for Filippo, and I shall feel safer if he is near me. But Filippo thought differently, and left my bag, and went out into the town, promising to be with me by sunrise. A stupid mountain girl served me presently a true Italian dinner of boiled meat, lamb's brains fried in oil and salad, with wine that was as sour as the vinegar. Afterward, I took a turn in the dark through the town;—there are dirty and narrow streets, children and women shouting and quarreling, and sedate-looking priests glide about in their black robes. Above all the houses, the Cardinal's palace, a fortress of old times, stood proudly with lights twinkling at its windows. I wandered into the church, of huge, heavy arches; it was deeper night there than in the air; shuffling old women were groping in and out, and some kneeling yet at a side altar where only the dim lamps were burning. To make

the old pile more solemn, there was a bier in the middle, a figure or two kneeling at the foot, and half a dozen boys romping around it. A young priest presently lit a taper at the foot, and another at the head—for there was a dead man on the bier, and the parched thin features under the light of the solitary taper, looked awfully in the gloom of the great church. When the boys saw the pinched-up face, they stopped their play, and whispered, and pressed their fingers on their lips, as they looked from one to the other, and those who prayed at the foot were more earnest; but it was very, very damp in the church, and the body of the dead man seemed to make the air heavy, so I went out into the starlight again.

Filippo came to see me in the evening; I told him, if he was asked about me, to tell them I was not English, for I feared my accent might betray my speech, and in the mountains, as everywhere else, there is an idea that *GP Inglese sono ricchissimi*.

The landlord made me a visit too, but his friendly talk did not prevent my fastening the door as securely as possible when I went to bed. A small opening too, in the wainscoting at the other side of the room, I was careful enough to fortify by setting against it the four-legged piece of furniture which served me both as a washstand and dressing table, and upon a corner of which I was putting down these notes, when the clock upon the great church thundered eleven.

But I slept safely and well, nor waked till my landlord called me at sunrise. Coffee and a greasy omelette waited me in the ante-room. Filippo was below with his wine flask full, and he showed me, with a triumphant grin, two little loaves of bread, he had bought at his lodgings. The host takes off his hat—he may well do it, for I paid him a town price. We trudged off down the street of Subiaco; but stopped for a look over the terrace by the church into the valley below. The sun had just come over the hills—and the hills were mountains—and they divided and subdivided so, receiving and giving shadows, such as would make a painter die of grief, that his art was not more glorious than it is. Two hundred feet below us, was a stream roaring, and houses gray and old grouped round it, and the remnant of a bridge leaped over it. Beyond the houses, was a bright green meadow, with here and there a mountain cherry—

blossoming in April—and its white flowers all sparkling in the sunlight, like New England trees bathed in the hoarfrost. Beyond the meadow was the winding white bit of road we were to follow—the nearer mountains springing from it, skirted with rocks, and fringed with trees. Away, beyond them, stretched others and others and others, between which, the river our eye was upon came down noisily from its mountain sources.

Down we went along the little valley—along the white road we had seen from above. The sides of the mountains that wore long broad shadows a little earlier, grew bright, and took the sunshine, and wore it with a summer air. The birds—for there are sweet singers in the Appenines—were making music all around the valley, and the sounds of the bell, that was ringing for morning mass, floated over it, and struck the sides of the mountains with a sweet—sweet echo.

"And how like you Subiaco, Signore," said Filippo.

"*Bella—bellissima*," said I, turning back again to look at its cardinal's palace, a thousand feet above the town—the sun warming its brown stone face, and glistening on the windows of the tall houses of the city.

"But Filippo, I have paid egregiously. What, pray, did you tell them of me?"

"That Signore was not English."

"And what beside?"

"That Signore (taking off his hat) was a gentleman and a scholar."

"This will never do, Filippo; we shall not have money to get back to Rome: tell them another time, that I am a poor artist."

"*Benissimo*, Signore, *lo farà*," said Filippo, and he was as good as his word; for two days after, I happened to be walking one side a hedge, and my guide the other, when an old monk of Monte Cavi questioned him as to who I was.

"*Un Artiste*," said Filippo.

"And is he *bravo*?" said the monk.

"*Bravissimo*," said Filippo; "there is not another *forestiere* who can paint so good a picture at Rome!"

The old monk bustled up to the hedge, and looked after me, as I walked quietly on, as innocent of all claim to regard as the lying Filippo himself.

The landlord had spoken much of the monastery of St. Benedict, and as we went on, attended by a little boy-guide who had put himself in our way, we came in sight of it, above us, upon a ledge of

the mountains. A stone bridge sprang over the valley by us—from rock to rock, two hundred feet above the stream that roared below. We turned from it up the mountain, by a winding foot-path, each turn disclosing exquisite views of the valley narrowing and deepening into blackness—save where the sunlight leaped down through chinks of the hills, gilding the 'bosky banks' with its white glory. Before the gates we stopped to dwell upon the scene; and the boy was surprised to find that such things should be preferred to a doubtful Correggio within the chapel of the monastery, and to the thorns turned into roses upon which St. Benedict had rolled.

I gave the boy a couple of *baiocchi*, and told him to say to my host of Subiaco, when he went back to the town, that he was the most extortionate innkeeper about Rome, and that I was a book-writer, and would put it in my notes. The boy promised; Filippo stared; and the next morning at Palestrina, when I asked the bill, the old lady left all to my discretion!

Recrossing the bridge, and mounting the hill on the other side, we wound by a circuitous path into the wild country between Subiaco and Arfile. A kindly monk showed us, on the road, a short by-path to Olevano, and digressing into a rocky valley, at the head of which, on an eminence, stood the old town of Arfile, we followed a most execrable path for full six miles before we came upon the height that gave us the first view of Rojata, and with it, of miles and miles of valley round it. Yet this walk had not been without its interest in disclosing magnificent back views of a country as desolately wild as it has ever been my fortune to visit: rough bits of the underlying tufa everywhere peeping through the barren soil, and nothing but brushwood venturing in its crevices: mountain upon mountain of such country piled away into distance—before—behind—beside us, without one glimpse of the green campagna, or the fertile valley which nurses the old city of Subiaco. There were not wanting true Italian accessories to the picture; in the most savage part we passed a train of mules with black loads of wine; we had seen them an hour before—little black dots twining along the white streak of foot-way upon the mountain above us and beyond us. We lost them as we began to mount, till just over our heads a wild

snatch of an Appenine song turned our eyes up, and there, straggling through the brush, was the long train—a foot-slip would have brought mule and wine cask rolling upon us. I kept still, holding by the brushwood to let them pass. An hour more, and they were twining slowly, mule and muleteer—big dots and little dots—far down, where we had been before. The sun was hot, and smoking on them in the bare valleys;—the sun was hot, and smoking upon the hill side, where we were toiling over the broken stones; I thought of little Enrica, when she said, “the spring was coming.”

But there came a breeze, fresh and inspiring, when we gained the top, that looks down on Rojata. Vegetation of healthy greenness began to creep between the stones, and bright fields of spring grain waved in platoons amid the barrenness. Below the town stood balanced on a rock, and a plain, as it seemed, though it proved a succession of valleys, swept around it, with something that looked like cultivation among them. We stopped, and sat down; I, to eat an orange that came from the Piazza Navona at Rome, and try the wine of Subiaco, at a *baioc* (cent) the *foglietto*; and my guide to mumble at his *panatelle* (little bread).

When we were down, the path divided, and at a loss, Filippo shouted to some workmen upon the top of the tower of the church in the town,—at least a quarter of a mile distant; and strange to say again, so quiet and so soft was that mountain air, that their reply came down from the church top as distinctly as if they had stood beside us! Up the sharp and smooth-faced rock we clambered into the town;—nothing but bare rock for streets, and these so narrow, that four could not walk in them abreast. On them, dirty children, half clad, were lying in the sun, and the lizards, without fear, scudding among them! No life; no stir; not a hammer's stroke in the town, save the two at the top of the church. All idleness and filth in the midst of scenery, that would seem to make the brutes superior to their rank in the scale of creation, and man alive to everything that is beautiful, and noble, and earnest!

From the town we wandered down, a few listless gazes, a few idle remarks, all that our presence excited; so they have lived for centuries; and so, how long will they not live? Following the chain of hills through country gradually

improving in cultivation, and disclosing rich valley views on every side, we came at length upon the hill overlooking Olivano. It is an old town, with a mossy, and ivy covered remnant of a castle springing out of its middle. Through vineyards in which we lost our way, and were directed, and re-directed by queer-dressed vineyard dressers, we wound down, and we wound up over the brook where the women were washing—up the rocky pathway they were coming down with huge piles of clothes upon their heads, and finally through the narrow gateway—the gateway of the noble old fallen family of Colonna, into the dirty street of the town itself. One side, the rough walls of the ancient castle of the Frangissani springing from the jagged rock a hundred feet of brown, weather-stained face into the air;—the other side, over the parapet, first the house tops, poor and meagre, then gentle descent, then a sweeping plain of fertility, with tips of the Appenines in the distance.

Going higher, we came to a low archway, seeming to conduct to subterranean regions; but turning a sharp angle as we entered, there came through the thick set houses, a little glimpse of light, leading us by angle turning upon angle, down what, for want of another name, must be called the street of the town: sometimes absolutely roofed over, and conducting under arch-ways—never offering a vista of more than twenty feet in length, and never less steep than would make a Swiss muleteer to tremble—always seeming to end, and always offering a peep-hole into some succeeding section. Pigs, children, and mothers sit together on the rocks, that everywhere show their jagged surface through the accumulated filth of years. Stared at by all, and half frightened by the scrutiny, I at length emerged from this corkscrew passage into the town square, three hundred feet below the castle.

A little fountain spouted at one side, and scores of idlers stood sunning themselves against the wall. I had made, what one might call a fair day's work for spring-time, having passed over twelve miles of the roughest possible road, and had counted wishfully on a clever lunch of bread and wine in some osteria of Olivano; but the dirt and the ill-looks frightened me on. Filippo looked beseechingly at me, and the casks of a *cucino* that we passed, and told me dole-

fully the report that twelve long miles more lay between us and Palestrina. But it was two hours past noon, too late to think of stopping in the face of such a hideous distance, so I gave the word—"Andiamo!" and we left castle, and town, and loungers behind; but before us, all was as beautiful as a dream! The sun was four or five hours above the horizon, and a soft, luxurious haze, which makes one love to idle, was flung over all that part of the heavens where the sunset was making, and over the limb of the Campagna, that stretched like an ocean under it. Nearer by, the hills, behind which lay Palestrina, still blue in distance, swept round in a rich circuit, joining at length, stealthily, the huge rocky promontory on which stood Olevano. The other way—to the left, and leaving the first-named hills by only a little gap, through which the Campagna appeared—swept other mountains to greater distance, until they became blue as the sky, except one little speck which Filippo pointed out to me, and rolled into a sweet Italian name, which bore snow glistening on its top, looking in the soft, warm atmosphere, like a gravestone in a garden! The great basin of fields between—so rich in their cultivation—that one might imagine himself looking over the meadows of Somersetshire—was divided in the middle by a ridge, sloping away from one side of the rocky town we had left. Down this ridge we wandered to the plain. Filippo whispered, that there was some one who followed us. I was startled, and looked back: there, sure enough, was a lean, hungry looking fellow, in a steeple-crowned hat, whom I had noticed in the piazza, and who had, I thought, looked curiously on my little London carpet-bag, lounging carelessly after us. I quickened my pace somewhat, and my guide kept even with me.

"Who is this, Filippo?" said I.

"Signore knows as well as I," said my guide.

"Have you any fear of him," said I.

Filippo shrugged his shoulders, and said, "I am brave, Signore."

"And why do you walk so fast," continued I.

"Signore walks fast."

"But you have kept behind me till now."

"Does Signore doubt me? I am brave."

To tell the truth, I had little fear: true, I was not armed, but the fellow, like most Italians, had a cowardly look, and I had taken the precaution of leaving my watch and everything of real value at Rome. Filippo was, I believe upon my soul, terribly frightened; at any rate, he made a very long story of it to the landlady at Palestrina, and tired as he was, went up that evening to vespers.

We outmarched our brigand, at any rate we lost sight of him. Filippo said he turned back. Long miles across the plain, and longer ones of ascent beyond, but through country under even Scotch tillage, brought us to the town of Cavi—beautifully situated, and worthy more time than our hurried paces through it permitted. The scenery changed again to a more quiet, subdued rural aspect as we left the place, and not until we gained a height overlooking Palestrina, and the Campagna, and the city of Rome, did the Italian character recur. So, in a day's walk had we seen every variety of view:—at morning, the wild beauty of a Swiss gorge, with an Italian sun to light it; a little after, the savage desolation of the Scotch mountains, set off by a valley group of olives; at noon, the stern old castle of Rhenish landscape, that was standing before the stones of German strongholds were quarried; then, the luxurious stretch of fruitful meadow, more rich than the plains of Burgundy, and hemmed in by wilder mountains than the Juras;—after all, the Campagna—the sea of land—with the sun setting on its edge—throwing into relief the great dome of St. Peters, and blazing in a long, red stripe upon the waters of the Tiber.

Pleasantly sits the old city of Palestrina on its spur of the Appenines. Very old it is, for it was a city before Rome was built—before the bronze wolf was cast, or Romulus or Remus suckled. Hannibal went up its heights to look over Rome, and Cincinnatus conquered it. Emperors dwelt there, poets praised it, philosophers honored its temples.*

* *Prenestinarum etiam nunc retinet sortium nomen, atque id in vulgus. Quis enim magistratus, aut quis vir illustrior utitur sortibus? ceteris vero in locis sortes plane refrixerunt. Quod Carneadem Clitomach scribit dicere solitum, nusquam se fortunatiorem quam Preneste vidisse fortunam.*—Cic. De Divinatione, lib. ii. 41.

The old Colonna kept it when Rienzi came out from Rome to beat it down, and the fragments of the walls are there yet. One can see over the Albanian mountains from the church door, and the proud town of Colonna perched on its crag; and Rome, except when the mists are sailing over the Campagna, is ever in its eye. For all this, the streets of Palestrina are dirty and narrow, and twice Filippo and I walked through them that evening, though the sun was fairly down, and we tired, searching for a tidy seeming osteria. Twice I looked with keen scrutiny into the door of the only Locanda that bore a sign, and twice drew Filippo off on a new search. Staggering with fatigue, I at length appealed to an old woman who was sitting on her door-step, at the lower end of the town: I asked if there were no private lodgings which a stranger might find for the night. Following her directions, we went through two or three crooked alleys, and at a strange, suspicious looking door-way, were received by a neat old lady, who promised, and showed me a good bed—but as for a dinner, she had none. Filippo dropped in a chair disheartened. A snub-looking priest came out to console with us.

Could Palestrina—the “*frigidum Prænestæ*” of Horace, which had entertained, over and over, the noblest of the Colonna, and the most noble Adrian—could Palestrina not furnish a dinner to a tired traveler?

“Si, Signore,” said the snub-looking priest.

“Si, Signorino,” said the neat old lady, forgetting in her pride the bargain for her bed; and following their combined advices, we went up long stone steps, and through a frightfully dirty street, and knocked at a door, that seemed hardly made to open. A middle-aged lady, big and sprightly, and not bad featured, in the picturesque red boddice of the country, gave us the *favoriscono*, and to my first question for dinner was most ready with a yes.

The bed proved not bad; Filippo put down my bag and sought for his own quarters. In half an hour I was sitting down in the room behind the kitchen, round which hung sundry Christian martyrs and some family portraits, at a dinner of macaroni stewed in oil, beef in the same, a remnant of a goat's haunch and a fresh salad, with a good bottle of wine. The landlady, who proved a veritable Dame Quickly, was not chary of her favors at the table,

and pointed me out in the several dishes, the choice morsels, and prescribed order of eating, and dressed the salad, and fingered the cold ham, and helped herself to the wine—all with an air that showed she knew what good living was, and what should be done with it. As I ate, the family dropped in, and by the time I had lighted my cigar over the remnant of the wine, I had counted ten: and the old lady with a just pride, told me she had thirteen;—and bright, and happy, and pretty faces they all had; especially the little girl of twelve years, who came close by me, and who strung a garland of marigolds, and took off my hat to put it on my forehead. Then there was a bright-eyed boy of fourteen, who wrote his own and the names of the whole family in my guide-book, and a pretty, saucy-looking girl of sixteen, who peeped a long time from behind the kitchen-door, but before the evening was gone, she was in the chair beside me, and had written her name on the first leaf of my book, where it stands yet.

In short, I made part of the family—teaching one of the boys a little French—telling another about Paris and London—talking with the mother of her fine family—with the eldest daughter, of the Carnival and beautiful women—and with the youngest, of her pretty Italian eyes. So passed three hours, when, with the hearty good wishes of all, I stole off to bed; attempting first to set down something in my note-book, but the attempt was vain, and in ten minutes I was dreaming of home!

When I woke, the sun was up. From my bed I could see over the town the thin lazy mists lying on the old camp ground of Pyrrhus, and the mountains beyond, with bright green sides, that hide Frascati and Monte Cavi. I could see Colonna, that

“Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Appenine.”

I could see, as the mist lifted, and the sun brightened the plain, the streak of road along which Sylla came fuming and maddened after the Mithridaten war. I could see—as I half dreamed, half slept—the frightened peasantry whooping to their long-horned cattle as they drove them on tumultuously up through the gateways of the town, and women with babies in their arms, and children scowling with fear and hate, all trooping fast and madly,

to escape the hand of the Avenger: alas! ineffectually, for Sylla murdered them, and pulled down the walls of their town—the proud Palestrina!

I had a queer fancy of seeing the nobles of Rome, led on by Stefano Colonna, grouping along the plain, their corselets flashing out of the mists, their pennants dashing above it—coming up fast and still as the wind, to make the Mural Preneste their stronghold against the last of the Tribunes. And strangely mingling fiction with fact, I saw the brother of Walter de Montreal, with his noisy and bristling army, crowd over the Campagna, and put up their white tents, and hang out their showy banners, on the grassy knolls that lay nearest my eye that morning—just out of the walls of the town. But the knolls were quiet; I do not know that there was so much as a strolling *contadino* in them to whistle a mimic fife note. Two hours later one might have seen Filippo and myself strolling over them, and down the Roman road upon the plain;—he, with his brown Ancona jacket, and budget, and wine flask, and I, with my *sombrero* and cudgel.

Coffee was ready for me when I went down; the old lady as gracious as the night before; my guide smiling, and waiting the orders of the day. I bade my landlady good morning, and the daughter wished me a “*buon viaggio*” that sounded in my ears half way up the hill; for up the hill I went, with one of the boys as guide, to see what was left of Preneste. Strange Pelasgic foundations, and mosaics, and palaces, and bits of sculpture drew me here and there. But the sight over the Campagna, toward Rome, was worth them all. I sat down on a rock above the town; and whether it was the soft, warm April sun, or whether the grouping gray ruins below me, or whether the wonderful silence of the scene, or whether some wild gust of memory, I do not know, but something made me very sad.

“*Perché così pensoso?*” said the quick-eyed boy. “The air is beautiful, the scene is beautiful, Signore is young, why is he sad?”

“And is Giovanni never sad?” said I.

“*Quasi mai,*” said the boy, “and if I could travel as Signore, and see other countries, I would be always gay.”

“May you be always that,” said I.

The good wish touched him; he took me by the arms, and said, “Go home with me, Signore—you were happy at

the inn last night; go back, and we will make you gay again.”

It was one of the richest illustrations I had had of Italian thought, and of Italian feeling.

I thanked him in a way that half saddened the boy. I sent Filippo back to the inn to fill his wine flask, for I had not forgotten its good flavor.

With Giovanni I strolled down through the town, and out at the Porta del Sole, and I shook his hand, and parted from that Italian boy with a stronger heart feeling than I have felt at parting with many who are called friends.

Filippo was to come after me. Our path lay along a narrow road, that was skirted by hedges and passed through green fields. I idled along, turning frequently back to look over the rocky heights at the ruined houses of Palestrina—a city that defied Rome, that had a king before a ploughshare had touched the Capitoline or the Janiculan hill! The ivy was coming up richly the Etruscan foundations, and there was a quiet over the whole town;—the smoke was rising straight into the sky from one or two chimneys, a peasant or two were going along the road with donkey-loads of vegetables—beside this, the city was, to all appearance, a dead city. And it seemed to me that an old monk, whom I could see with my glass, near the little chapel above the town, might be going to say mass for the soul of the dead city.

I walked a mile, and Filippo had not come, nor was he anywhere in sight. A half mile more I walked, and sat down under some grand old chestnuts by the road—still he did not come. At length, when I had nearly despaired, and thought he might have run away with my bag, I saw a black object in the direction of the town. Soon I could make out the broad grin of Filippo; but it was strangely exaggerated, and there was a conscious look about him I could not account for. As he came nearer, his earnestness seemed wonderfully to increase; and a long distance off he commenced shouting, “Signore—Signore—”

“Ods!” thought I, “there is some one in pursuit of the fellow; or,” and my heart misgave me, “Filippo has been drinking my wine!”

But he had not, and when he had fairly recovered breath, and seated himself on one of the roots of the old chestnuts, he told me his story. CARUS.

THE MERCHANT: LITERATURE AND STATISTICS OF COMMERCE.*

THE MERCHANT has come to be, in the minds of all clear-sighted men, whether statesmen, political economists, or Christian philosophers, a name of power. His pursuit has always, indeed, been recognized as a great and sure source of wealth. From the time when the Phœnicians (Canaanites,† that is, *merchants*,) spread their purples by the Tyrian seaside, and stretched the white sails of traffic along the shores of Italy and Spain, and beyond the pillars of Hercules to the tin mines of the Scilly Islands and coasts of Cornwall, down to this new century, when the New-Englander, quite as fearless and thrift-loving, finds his way with canvas to any distant arm of the ocean where a tenpenny nail can be sold, or a harpoon darted to advantage—commerce has been felt to be a chief accumulator of riches. But this is not all that commerce has done, just as riches in themselves are not the best possession of a people. It has borne a principal part in the great humanizing changes that have from time to time taken place in Society. An excellent and finished address, delivered by Mr. Winthrop lately before the "Boston Mercantile Association"—a practical discourse, but finished and classical, the thoughts at once of a scholar and man of the world—has some passages that touch rightly upon this subject, and might do something to make the despisers of trade among us change the "rude current of their opinions."

"If one were called on to say," remarks Mr. Winthrop, "what upon the whole, was the most distinctive and characterizing feature of the age in which we live, I think he might reply, that it was the rapid and steady progress of the influence of Commerce upon the social and political condi-

tion of man. The policy of the civilized world is now everywhere and eminently a commercial policy. No longer do the nations of the earth measure their relative consequence by the number and discipline of their armies upon the land, or their armadas upon the sea. The tables of their imports and exports, the tonnage of their commercial marines, the value and variety of their home trade, the sum total of their mercantile exchanges, these furnish the standards by which national power and national importance are now marked and measured. Even extent of territorial dominion is valued little, save as it gives scope and verge for mercantile transactions; and the great use of colonies is what Lord Sheffield declared it to be, half a century ago, 'the monopoly of their consumption, and the carriage of their produce.'

"Look to the domestic administration, or the foreign negotiation of our own, or any other civilized country. Listen to the debates of the two houses of the Imperial Parliament. What are the subjects of their gravest and most frequent discussions? The succession of families? The marriage of princes? The conquest of provinces? The balance of power?—No, the balance of trade, the sliding scale, corn, cotton, sugar, timber—these furnish now the home-spun threads upon which the statesmen of modern days are obliged to string the pearls of their parliamentary rhetoric.

"Cross over to the continent. What is the great fact of the day in that quarter? Lo, a convention of delegates from ten of the independent states of Germany, forgetting their own political rivalries and social feuds, flinging to the winds all the fears and jealousies which have so long sown dragon's teeth along the borders of neighboring states of disproportioned strength and different forms of government—the lamb lying down with the lion—the little city of Frankfort with the proud kingdom of Prussia—and all entering into a solemn league to regulate commerce and secure

* 1. Address delivered before the Boston Mercantile Association, 1845, by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.

2. A Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation; by J. R. McCulloch.

3. Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, and Commercial Review. Fourteen volumes.

† This term, in the language of the East, signifies *merchants*. It had particular reference at first to that part of the Mediterranean coast, some 150 miles in extent, inhabited by the Phœnicians, though it afterwards came to be applied generally to the inhabitants of nearly all Palestine.

markets! What occupy the thoughts of the diplomatists, the Guizots, and Aberdeens, and Metternichs? Reciprocal treaties of commerce and navigation—treaties to advance an honest trade, or sometimes (I thank Heaven!) to abolish an infamous and accursed traffic—these are the engrossing topics of their protocols and ultimatums. Even wars, when they have occurred, or when they have been rumored, for a quarter of a century past, how almost uniformly has the real motive, whether of the menace or of the hostile act, proved to be—whatever may have been the pretence—not, as aforesaid, to destroy, but to secure, the sources of commercial wealth. Algiers, Afghanistan, China, Texas, Oregon, all point more or less directly, to one and the same pervading policy throughout the world—of opening new markets, securing new ports, and extending commerce and navigation over new lands and new seas."

"The commercial spirit," he observes again, "has rendered noble service to mankind. Its influence in promoting domestic order, in stimulating individual industry, in establishing and developing the great principle of the *division of labor*—its appropriation of the surplus products of all mechanical and all agricultural industry for its cargoes—its demand upon the highest exercise of invention and skill for its vehicles—its appeal to the sublimest science for its guidance over the deep—its imperative requisition of the strictest public faith and private integrity—its indirect, but not less powerful operation in diffusing knowledge, civilization and freedom over the world—all conspire with that noble conquest over the spirit of war which I have described, in commending it to the gratitude of man, and in stamping it with the crown-mark of a divinely appointed instrument for good. As long as the existing state of humanity is unchanged—as long as man is bound to man by wants, and weaknesses, and mutual dependencies, the voice which would cast out this spirit, will come from the cloistered cells of superstition, and not from the temples of a true religion. But that it requires to be tempered, and chastened, and refined, and elevated, and purified, and Christianized, examples gross as earth, and glaring as the sun, exhort us on every side."

This is the true idea of this great department of human employment. Beyond a question, commerce has been, and is now, the handmaid of civilization. By exchanging the rich products of different climes, it increases the stores of wealth in a nation, and consequently the means of cultivation and refinement. By

introducing into one country the arts and science of another, it diffuses and equalizes the gifts of knowledge, stimulates invention, and makes the general mind of one age wiser and more enterprising than that which preceded it. By rendering nations better acquainted with each other, and making common between them the ties of interest, it overlays the old incentives to war with manifold considerations of peace. But commerce has never employed half the advantages that should belong to her. She has seemed to act alone for selfish, if not present, purposes—for profits—profits—profits—not with an eye *also* to great moral and social consequences. These notable effects spoken of have been rather inevitable results than the products of care and design. This of course comes from the mode in which THE MERCHANT has usually been educated, and the course marked out for him. Merchants and money-dealers in every class of traffic—with but rare exceptions like a Roscoe, a Rogers, a Sprague or a Carey—have (to say nothing of the love of gain) cared more for the reputation of success in business, than for those accessory accomplishments in themselves, or influences of commerce upon the world, which should bring this so vast and varied a pursuit to be considered an intellectual, elevated, noble occupation. Thus is commerce denied her legitimate honors in the history of human progress, because she has refused to recognize them; and those which she might easily have added from without her own sphere, she has hardly thought of.

The personal accomplishments and public spirit by which the higher class of mercantile pursuits would be greatly ennobled as a department of human life, and made more influential, must indeed be built of many important qualifications.

The great merchant should be half a statesman. His occupation of itself, when conducted on its broadest scale, demands the exercise of that wide and comprehensive vision requisite for the operations of a chief Minister, or a General whose plans of campaigns cover half a continent. If in addition to his own fortunes he would understand and advance the great interests of his country, his qualities and acquirements must be much ampler. To give him such capacities what and how great training is necessary. For our own part, we would ad-

vocate the establishment—in our schools and colleges—of a distinct branch of commercial studies, with its own professorships, by which those designing to follow the more enterprising pursuits of trade should have their grasp of mind enlarged, and their views rendered more liberal and enlightened. We do not know why commercial knowledge—a knowledge embracing the products and essential interests of different countries, their relations to each other, together with the principles of maritime and international law—why a pursuit thus covering the world with its observations and its action, is not a *science* as much as any other, and to be mastered with as severe and regular study.

This much for his department of life as an occupation;—but the merchant should have more than this would argue. He should be accomplished in many things, like any other person, in the community, of cultivated mind. His pursuits must necessarily be very engrossing; but they need not be so to the exclusion of those gentlemanly tastes and acquirements which would place the mercantile business—in its more general departments—on a level, intellectually and socially, with the learned professions. Why should not a merchant have cultivated a very thorough knowledge of literature, a taste in architecture—one of the noblest of studies—a love for sculpture and paintings, a delight in landscape and garden oration. These things should form a part of his education; and they need not afterwards interfere with the full prosecution of business. He has wealth to support his tastes, which many, if not most, professional and sedentary men have not;—why should the sense of the beautiful slumber in him? Not many, perhaps, are formed to have a taste for all these; but some part of them must appeal to the perceptions of every one;—and why should the man of traffic pour away the wine of life, satisfying himself with the dregs, though they be of gold?

If to this statesman-like scope of vision and these refinements of mind, he add an understanding of the great moral and social interests of his country and the world, and the abiding disposition to help them forward, what one of all the professions which men follow, would be more worthy of honor, or of envy, than the profession of THE MERCHANT?

These thoughts have arisen, in part, from perusing the address of Mr. Winthrop. They might be followed out into an ample range of considerations, but we must choose another occasion. It is sufficient for us now to have indicated what the life of the merchant should be. There are, however, two or three works on our table which deserve some remarks in this connection, more particularly in view of the practical part of the subject, the means by which the enterprise of the merchant shall be informed with the most clear and extended knowledge in his immediate occupation. The first of these is *McCulloch's Dictionary of Commerce, and Commercial Navigation*, (Longman and Co., London,) a fine edition of which has been published by a Philadelphia house. The American edition is indeed fully equal to the English, with the advantage of being much cheaper.

This is, beyond question, a very able work—perhaps the ablest of its kind yet issued in Europe. The plan of course was not new. The plan of distilling the spirit and brief essentials of all kinds of science into the condensing receivers of dictionary paragraphs arose among the French Savans. The Encyclopædists were ambitious of saying something about everything. So great an interest and science as Commerce could not of course be neglected, and dictionaries professing to treat all commercial matters were prepared at an early day. The first, indeed, was executed before the time of the Encyclopædists. It was "*The Grand Dictionnaire de Commerce*," compiled in 1723, by the Inspector of customs, M. Savary, and published in two volumes, folio. Another volume was added in 1730. It contained many valuable facts for that period, but more than half of it was composed of matter quite foreign to the object proposed, relating as much to manufactures as to commerce. It was, moreover, neither proved nor very well arranged. A new one was projected in 1769, but never executed. The *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, published in Paris, in 1783, contained a Dictionary of Commerce in three of its quarto volumes. Many parts of it were valuable; but the greater part was borrowed from Savary, much of whom had then become obsolete. The best of the remainder was taken from a work published two years before at Amsterdam. The first English Commercial Dictionary was Postle-

thwayt's, published in 1751. It was mainly a mere translation of Savary, and of course not much of an improvement. Another was issued in 1766, by Thomas Mortimer, then vice-consul for the Netherlands. It was better than Postlethwayt's in its arrangement, but of little more value:—half its articles were on purely geographical or other subjects, not at all connected with commerce. It is not too much to say that M'Culloch's work, in the completeness and order of its statistics, and the clear, matter-of-fact and able style in which they are written, far surpasses all that preceded it. It is a volume of 1269 pages, large octavo, in close print, with a supplement of 152 pages more—touching in brief and lucid statements on nearly everything that can in any way interest or affect the merchant. The amount of information it contains for the general reader is surprising; taken in connection with the Geographical Dictionary, by the same author, it is a most valuable store for one concerned in no species of traffic, but desirous of being widely informed. The general qualities of the work cannot, indeed, be more happily stated than by a passage from Dr. Johnson's preface to Rolt's Commercial Dictionary, published in 1761, mainly an abridgment of Postlethwayt.

"Though immediately and primarily written for the merchants, this Commercial Dictionary will be of use to every man of business or of curiosity. There is no man who is not in some degree a merchant; who has not something to buy and something to sell, and who does not, therefore, want such instructions as may teach him the true value of possessions or commodities. The descriptions of the productions of the earth and water which this volume contains, may be equally pleasing and useful to the speculatist with any other Natural History. The descriptions of ports and cities may instruct the geographer as well as if they were found in books appropriated only to his own science; and the doctrines of funds, insurances, currency, monopolies, exchanges, and duties, is so necessary to the politician, that without it he can be of no use either in the council or the senate, nor can speak or think justly either on war or trade.

"We, therefore, hope that we shall not repent the labor of compiling this work, nor flatter ourselves unreasonably, in predicting a favorable reception to a book which no condition of life can render useless, which may contribute to the advan-

tage of all that make or receive laws, of all that buy or sell, of all that wish to keep or improve their possessions, of all that desire to be rich, and all that desire to be wise."

JOHNSON, *Preface to Rolt's Dict.*

Whatever it may be to the general reader, it is certain that no merchant can be entirely master of his occupation, still less, of the true interests of his country, who does not possess this work of Mr. M'Culloch, or something like it. We have observed some errors in it, but they chiefly arise from later changes in the circumstances of the matters spoken of; and the amount of its statistical and descriptive matter is immense. The only drawback, in our own view, is its Free Trade opinions, of which it is an uncompromising supporter.

Another work of great excellence in the same field is a series of papers prepared at the command of the British Government by John Macgregor, Esq., one of the joint Secretaries of the British Board of Trade, and presented to both Houses of Parliament. It bears the general title of "Commercial Statistics: A Digest of the productive resources, commercial legislation, customs, tariffs, navigation, port and quarantine laws and charges, shipping, imports and exports, and the moneys, weights and measures of all nations, including all British Commercial Treaties with foreign States, collected from authentic records, and consolidated with special reference to British and Foreign products, trade and navigation." The first two volumes, which were laid before Parliament in parts, contain about 2,800 pages, and embrace Austria, Denmark, France, Belgium, Germany, Holland, the Italian States, the Ottoman Empire, Greece, African States, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Spain and Portugal. The third part is devoted entirely to the United States, and of itself occupies a volume of 1,427 royal octavo pages, equal to half the space devoted to all the other nations above named. This fact shows most conclusively how large a place we hold in the rank of industrial and commercial nations. Mr. Macgregor has shown himself in this work to be a diligent and able statician,—not surpassed, perhaps, by any one in England. It is compiled with great care, and with sufficient arrangement. Its articles do not embrace—as was not their aim—such a multitude of things as M'Culloch's work, spoken of above, not professing to be a

Dictionary of Commerce; but many of them are for that reason far more complete and comprehensive. It is a compilation which the merchant whose enterprise extends to distant countries should not do without.

In our own country a work has been issued for some years of nearly equal excellence, in a scientific point of view, with either of the above; and as a practical expositor of the doings of the commercial world, and statistics constantly changing with the growth and change of cities and countries, it is undoubtedly superior. On certain topics, where the statements must be more or less permanent, many of the articles in the compilations of McCulloch and Macgregor will be found more complete; but in respect to the current transactions of commerce, and the multitude of new facts daily coming to our knowledge, "Hunt's Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review," the several volumes of which we have been perusing with great interest, is the most useful of the three.

This journal was established in July 1839. It has now been extended to fourteen large volumes, each embracing about sixteen hundred closely printed octavo pages, and it has been uniformly sustained with promptitude, and the papers have been marked with ability. During the period when it was commenced, such a work in this country was peculiarly required. Although the development of the various physical interests of the country had been almost unexampled, the precise character and amount of the interests thus developed were but partially known.

It is true that occasional acts had been passed by the National and some of our State legislatures, for the purpose of collecting the statistics of particular branches of production, and documents had occasionally been published, under their authority, embodying information respecting our commercial relations, but the statistical matter thus collected was not comprehensive, or always correct, and it was moreover necessarily fragmentary in its character. Such English statistical works as treated of our commerce but slightly supplied the deficiency, because of the limited circulation to which they had attained their republication among us not having then been commenced, to say nothing of their being less satisfactory on our country than upon the countries of Europe, or of the disadvantage of many

of their statements being constantly rendered somewhat obsolete by current changes.

The design of this journal, addressed itself to the labor of reviewing the progress of commercial history, and exhibiting in a classified form the existing facts connected with commercial and mercantile matters, which lay scattered in a confused mass or buried amid the rubbish of official papers throughout the various parts of the Union, as well as abroad. The merchants of the nation, if they found it necessary to consult records bearing upon their interests, were obliged to have recourse either to the necessarily ephemeral productions of the newspaper press, or to Congressional and Parliamentary speeches or documents from time to time, from the absence of any permanent journal embracing that particular and wide range of topics. The permanent volumes of statistics published in Europe, being imported in small numbers, could not, as we have before said, meet the wants of the mercantile public. This deficiency seems to have been supplied by Mr. Hunt's Magazine. It is designed to contain all the principal matter in any way bearing upon the commerce and resources of this country and the world, and to constitute for the merchant, political economist and statesman, a permanent record to which they can severally resort for the information most required. The Magazine, accordingly, seems to have been encouraged by a satisfactory measure of the public confidence. It has beyond question deserved it. In looking over the bound volumes we have been surprised to see the great number and importance of the topics which somewhere in its course it has embraced. Most of its articles have been contributed by able writers in various parts of the country, and it has been quoted with confidence and respect by works of authority both here and in Europe. The classification of the various departments of the Magazine, is adapted to embrace the most interesting information in the most acceptable form, so that the inquirer may find in the several departments, conveniently arranged, for present and future reference, whatever may be sought regarding the subjects of which they treat. Each monthly issue has contained several elaborated papers, embracing historical, descriptive, or argumentative sketches of some important topic connected with commercial litera-

ture or law. These papers generally refer to subjects not only of immediate and practical, but of permanent interest, a department of literature, which, although it bears most directly upon the pecuniary prosperity and even subsistence of men, has been much neglected in the search after that which appeals merely to the taste and imagination. Most of the topics have been heretofore discussed only in the halls of Congress, and it is somewhat singular that notwithstanding we have attained to the rank of the second industrial and commercial power upon the globe, there was no work extant exhibiting a history of the causes and consequences bearing upon the commercial interests.

Succeeding the department of the journal embracing the original articles, is that which embraces the mercantile law cases. This department is one of great value, not only to the merchant, but to the legal profession, particularly in commercial cities, where the connection between the merchant and the lawyer is so intimate. It would of course be quite preposterous for the merchant who looks at law cases thus recorded, to become his own lawyer, or consider himself competent to depend upon his own judgment in the exercise of his commercial transactions. Still, the record is valuable so far as it extends in informing him respecting recent decisions, which have been made upon topics relating to the ever varying exigencies of trade and commercial operations. They are a guide to the merchant in a similar train of circumstances which may occur in his own case.

The Commercial Chronicle and Review, embracing a financial and commercial review of the United States, illustrated with tabular statements, comprises a most interesting department of the magazine. It contains a comprehensive and compendious review of the various causes which have borne upon the state of trade during the previous month, the probable changes which are to take place, and all these facts of a practical character bearing upon the state of the markets at home and abroad. This will practically be considered as constituting one of the most important features of the journal.

The department which is especially occupied by commercial statistics, embraces a great variety of statistical tables, or statements of a miscellaneous char-

acter regarding the various topics within the scope of the Magazine, relating to the imports and exports of the United States and the various countries with which we have commercial intercourse, prices current, the production and consumption of merchandise, and all those other facts which tend to exhibit the trade and commerce of our own and other countries.

Succeeding this is another department, embodying an account of Commercial Regulations of all nations, including treaties of commerce and navigation, tariffs of imports and exports, port charges and all other matters pertaining to this important branch of commercial legislation. A portion of the journal is likewise devoted to nautical intelligence, relating to any new discoveries upon the ocean, the establishment of new light-houses, and similar facts bearing materially upon the interests of navigation.

There is also a department devoted to railroad, steamboat, and canal statistics; another to manufactures; another to finance, banking and currency; and another to mercantile miscellanies. Copious abstracts have also been made from the annual reports which are issued from the treasury department of the general government, relating to the commerce and navigation of the United States; and much valuable matter is gleaned from other public documents which are prepared for the different governments. The general character of the journal is broad, avoiding everything of a partisan or sectional tendency, and aiming at the diffusion of accurate and useful commercial information of every species within the immediate scope of its plan.

A sufficient proof of the fullness and character of the Magazine may be found in the fact, that, in looking through Macgregor's work, we observed very nearly a third of its volume on the United States to be taken from its pages. Our only objection to its character is that which we considered as lying against M'Culloch's able work—that it advocates the doctrines of free trade.

Such works as we have spoken of are peculiarly adapted to the commercial character of our age and country. The present period is distinguished, above all others, for the commercial tendency which characterizes almost every department of human enterprise. The ocean is covered with fleets, not employed in blockading cities, devastating frontiers, and destroy-

ing rival fleets, but in the peaceful pursuits of commerce, and in diffusing its products throughout every part of the globe; and we behold armies around us, less engaged in the shedding of blood, the digging of trenches, and the mining of fortifications, than in blasting down rocks for the passage of railway cars, or in excavating the channels of canals. The people of our own day appear to be devoted less to the abstract and the speculative than to the practical and useful; and our own country is among the foremost of the nations who are employed in this career of beneficent industry. The Merchants' Exchange, indeed, is the point of departure, from which emanate many of the leading public enterprises of the day.

We commend the subject of the improvement of the Merchant in his profession, to the attentive and liberal consideration of themselves and of all who are

waiting for the advancement of mankind. If, by the constant perusal of such bodies of commercial knowledge as we have adverted to, together with the concurrent study of the elements of political economy, our chief men of mercantile pursuits would give to their minds something of the scope and comprehension of the statesman;—if, in addition, they would cultivate a taste for the amenities of life, and for “the beautiful” in literature and art, and would, as a body, take that uniform, earnest part which some among them have done, in promoting the great moral and social interests of humanity;—what might we not hope for from a department of human employment whose operations extend to all parts of the world, and whose resources of wealth are sufficient for whatever demands may be made by cultivated tastes or the broadest philanthropy.

THE PHANTOM FUNERAL.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

“Life is a walking shadow.”

Fan and fading lay a city
In the arms of silence old—
Rising upward, while the moonlight
Wrapped around its waning fold:
Spire and dome and tower all mingled,
Pierced the hollow of the sky;
And one blazing star was singled
To illumine the mystery.

At a palace-orient, growing
Crimson with the rise of day,
Still I mused, as night was trailing
Her gray shadows far away.
Wearily my dim eyes wandered
To the far flush of the skies,
And my heart run over in them,
At its tender memories.

Dim and mistily before me
Rose the changes of my thought,
Each in sombre shape embodied—
Each into a being wrought:
Melancholy groups assembled
In this early watch of morn,
And they fearfully resembled
What within my soul was born.

Of it is that the unreal
A reality assumes,
Till the light of the ideal
All the heaven of truth illumines.
From the mind's high palace gazing,
We can make the distant near—
Make the world within more truthful
Than the outward can appear.

Nature's infant anthem, calling
Into music all the trees,
Throbbled like yearnings of a wind-harp,
Swept by fingers of the breeze:—
Gray and distant rolled an ocean,
Wrestling with the maddened winds,
Till one universe of motion
Wide creation's forehead binds.

In the chancel aisle of morning,
Light and gloom together lay;
Till at last the Orient kindled
On the hearth-stone of the day.
Suddenly, through all the city,
Rose a throng of Phantoms slow;—
Murmuring moved they, like that ocean
In its deep and slumberous flow.

Wailings high they strove to waken,
Solemn canticles to sing,
And in every mighty tower,
Toiling bells began to swing;
But their chaunts so hoar and ancient,
Frostily they seemed to rise—
Till they vanished in the dawning,
Like the dew's first sacrifice.

Winding through the silent city,
Still the shadowy train moves round,
Gliding slowly like a shadow
O'er the dark and beaten ground;
But no mourner leaves a foot-print—
No way-farer stops to say,
'Tis the Elders of the City,
In their march of death—Give way!

Not a violet opes its eyelid
To the thick and stagnant air—
No bird-minstrel, early wakened,
Offers up its soul in prayer.
Drearly a Raven standeth
On a solitary tower;
Like an evil spirit, waiting
To proclaim the judgment hour.

Still that train in dead convention,
Multiplies like nations all
Gathered as the waves of ocean,
When the solemn night-winds call.
From the grave of ages buried,
Sculptured memories arise,
And again renew in Phantoms
Life's forgotten pageantries.

Christ of Calvary—adorers—
Seer and saint are mingled there,
Till it seems the very chambers
Of Eternity are bare—
Sages who in the Earth's morning
Sat with thought as with a friend,
And the great of later ages
Made the past and present blend.

All the host of blood-stained heroes,
War's red revelers, who furl'd
The torn flag of conquest never
O'er a battle-withered world.
Men whose hearts beat high for slaughter,
When the purple field with gore
Ebb'd and flow'd, as the fierce pulses
Of the ocean beat the shore.

Those who from their toils long resting—
Who the cross to battle bore—
Came with their barbaric splendor,
Back to being as of yore—
Came all back in solemn silence
To this city of my thought—
Which rose more complete in structure
Than man's art hath ever wrought.

One bright being, like an angel,
Moved among the spirit throng—
Beautiful, as the last echoes
Of a Poet's sweetest song.
She had been in years of sadness,
A lone tenant, dwelling there,
Till her presence made a madness
Of love's wilderness of air.

They go onward—never resting—
Phantoms to life's final goal—
Pale and pensive pilgrims gathering
In the pathway of the soul.
Some were clad with virtue's lightning,
Some all robed in radiant thought;
Some star-crowned, went onward bright-
ening
All the realms my fancy wrought.

High o'er all there loomed a shadow,
Towering vast in lofty gloom;
Like a pall of folded darkness,
Thrown above the gulf of doom:
And where'er it moved, the horror
Deepened till it grew sublime;
For within this shroud lay curtain'd
The calm corse of withered Time.

Passed they from this city's portal,
From its far and searching sight;
Fading as the morning's spirit
Took to Heaven its golden flight.
As they came they went, in shadow:
Viewless as the zephyrs die—
Each, with unseen hands, climbs upward
The lost ladder of the sky.

Thus will pass from off our vision,
All that is of being born—
Fading, like this thought-built city,
In the early mists of morn.
This majestic world of nature—
All beneath God's open sky—
Will drift downward to the shoreless
Sea of Vast Eternity.

J. D. Whelpley
DIOTIMA THE PROPHETESS;

AN ATHENIAN TALE.

THE SECOND BANQUET.

It was broad morning when Cymon parted from his friends at the door of Diotima's house. He went hastily through byways to the workshop of the young statuary, whose marriage with a shrew had given Lysis an illustration of Pythagoras' doctrine of love. He found him at his work, and after the usual salutations sat down, and was silent. At length the other, laying down his hammer and chisel, took a mantle from a shelf, and throwing it over his naked shoulders seated himself opposite. "My friend," said he, breaking silence, "has something to tell me: what is this melancholy matter?"

"You easily guess my thoughts," replied the youth; "perhaps know them by divination."

"No," replied the statuary, "but here are certain signs: You enter my shop before sunrise; an early hour: you sit down without a word, and suffer your eyes to wander over the floor, as if to know how many chips of marble I have made since you were here, and the floor clean swept—and your wife in a cleanly fury;—Yes, and you fold your mantle close about you, though the air is hot; and presently, fixing your gaze on my face, you lean backward against the model of a boy Bacchus which I shaped but yesterday, and the soft clay is crushed out of shape."

"I am a fool," exclaimed the youth, starting up, and looking distressedly at the model, and then at his friend. "But you shall not be the loser by my folly. I have a pleasant piece of news for you. Be inquisitive for once, my wise man!"

"Well, then, for once, I will ask—What is it?"

"This then it is, that in this city there is a certain Lesbian woman, who is wiser than yourself; for why? she is older, and has a gift of divination. She will penetrate your thoughts; flesh and blood are no hindrance to her."

"Some Egyptian pretender," said the other.

"She has been in Egypt," answered

Cymon, "but lived there as the wife of a priest, and received initiation in the mysteries. She is acquainted with their doctrine, and can prophesy truly, by her knowledge of the gods. But of all the deities, Love is best known to her. She remembers the conversation of Pythagoras, and is altogether quite a prodigy of intellect."

"Pray," said the statuary, rising, and walking uneasily to and fro, "can you tell me where this wonder lives? I desire to see her, and if possible to converse with her."

"Nothing easier," said the young man, with a smile of satisfaction; "she allows me her presence when I desire it, and converses freely with all. I am come but now from her banquet-room, where she entertained Lysis, the ex-archon, Meton, the parasite, and myself, with a wonderful discourse of her adventures and opinions. The third night from this, we are to meet again, when she means to continue the story of her adventures. You shall go with me and hear it out."

With these words the young man turned to depart, but first embraced his friend; and, if I dream aright, the other returned his embrace with such tenderness as a father might use toward his son.

The third night after found them in the banquet-room of Diotima; but the parasite was not there, Lysis having brought another friend with him, a certain wise man of Ionian birth and education.

And now let me describe in brief the persons of those who were present at this banquet, that whoever wishes may make a picture of them in the glass of his memory—I mean, in his fancy.

First, then, let us observe the venerable Diotima, the image of courtesy and piety grown antiquated—her fair skin marked with as many delicate lines as she had lived years; her white locks escaping over her neck under a chaplet of blue flowers. She sat upright, and elevated, at the head of the table, looking down the hall.

On each side was a couch covered

with yellow cushions, and resting on bronze legs, carved to resemble griffons. Three persons might recline on each, sitting upon their feet in the Asiatic fashion; or so reclining as to rest on the left elbow, while the right hand brought food, or a cup, from the table to the lips.

On the right of Diotima reclined Cymon with his friend, whom custom allowed him to introduce. Cymon's head might lean upon the bosom of his friend, for he reclined midway on the couch, the place of honor.

The other couch was taken by the sophist and the ex-archon, who lay not very near each other, and were mutually respectful and distant. This sophist (as the learned of that day were wont to be called, though the appellation soon became a word of reproach) seemed a man of middle age, of a lean but healthy look, with an olive complexion, black quick eyes and black hair, flowing in long ringlets in effeminate trim. He wore a close shirt of purple stuff, embroidered with gold; and over this a short blue cloak, gathered in the throat with a diamond broach. His fingers were loaded with heavy rings of various fashions, and on his feet were very elegant slippers of Egyptian make. His person reclined in a graceful manner on his left arm, extending the hand that had most diamonds on it with an air of observation, as of one who knew the world, and set down the admiration of fools at its true value. He reclined upon the middle of the couch, the place of honor assigned him by Lysis, who placed himself above the stranger, nearer to Diotima.

And now, in the due order, I must speak of Lysis, the ex-archon, a man of sense, but bitter in opinion. His figure bore marks of service in the city and the camp, and seemed repulsively hard and bony. His brows and eyes partook of the hue of his complexion, which was dusk and sallow. He wore the large robe of the citizens, with a close black skull-cap on his shaven crown, as the fashion was with most at that day.

I need not dwell upon the person of young Cymon, for it is only ugliness which can be described; and noticing only that his figure, but for too great slenderness, might have served for a Ganymede, I turn the eyes of fancy upon that of his companion; who, though not the very king of ugly fellows, might be set down for no beauty.

Image to yourself a robust figure, with an equal breadth of hips and shoulders, large hands and feet, a broad brown face, prominent rolling eyeballs, a large loose, satirical mouth, and a taurine head, bald upon the summit, with outstanding hair about the ears, and you have fancied Socrates the statuary, a man already famous in Athens for the wit and wisdom of his conversation, though not yet passed his thirtieth year.

Such were the guests of Diotima assembled to hear the second part of the story of her life.

"You are very welcome, Socrates," said she, addressing herself to the statuary, "and I am greatly indebted to my friend Cymon for the favor of your presence. I have heard much of your wisdom—or rather of your love of wisdom; for it is said you renounce all pretensions to knowledge, and only profess a vehement desire to attain it."

"And by that very desire, excellent Diotima, am I brought hither, under the shadow of Cymon, to catch a little of that which is said to flow so copiously from your own lips."

"Cymon has misrepresented me," answered Diotima, "my profession is not wisdom, but the desire of glory; I profess only this, to detect in others the same passion that is in myself, the passion of true honor;—but as for the really attaining true honor, that is the affair of a power superior to myself, who may give it or withhold it, as he pleases."

She would then have addressed herself to Lysis, but seeing an uneasy motion in the lips of the Ionian, she indicated by a courteous smile, that she waited to hear what he would say.

"I perceive," said he, addressing no person in particular, "that I have fallen into a very desirable company; and I augur well from it of what I am to look for in Athens. Not to mention my honorable friend the ex-archon, (*waving his right hand,*) or the beauty and modesty of the young man, (*glancing a kind look upon Cymon,*) or the skill of conversation which I must acknowledge in my rustic friend opposite, (*bowing to Socrates, who bowed deeply in return,*) am I not the most fortunate of men to meet with the far-famed Diotima, the most acute and sophistical of women? and that too in her very house, and at the fortunate moment when she means to give us a history of her life and adventures?"

The Ionian spoke in a soft voice, with an accent egregiously polished, and a manner the most collected possible; moving his glittering right hand as he spoke with delicate gestures, just indicating surprise and pleasure; looking now upon one, and now upon the other; so that all were embarrassed and silenced by his confidence and condescension. While he sipped his wine at the conclusion, as wits do when conscious of a good thing, Socrates, beginning in a broken voice, as if humiliated, addressed him: "Your speech affects me in so wonderful a manner, excellent stranger, what with its entireness and elegance, I could listen long, though it contained nothing of importance, (which is, I think, the highest praise of an admirable speech);—much more, then, must I listen with a kind of passion and delight when I imagine that a treat of human nature and of wisdom is to be expected, delivered in this style."

"You forget, sir," said the other, "that the occasion is not mine, but Diotima's."

"No," he answered, "I did not forget that; I rather thought the more of it from your happy allusion, and the bliss you seemed suddenly to feel on the assemblage of so many agreeable circumstances at your first taste of Athens. I could not but think on *our* good fortune in being the poor instruments of so great happiness to a stranger on his sudden appearance; and it persuaded me the more that the gods overlook all things to our good."

"The mode of speech you use," said the other, with the same gracious voice, "is not unknown to me, though as yet rhetoricians have no sufficient name for it."

Socrates and Lysis seemed struck with astonishment at this answer, and would have forgotten the purpose of their meeting, had not Cymon reminded Diotima of her promise. She then began, as follows:

"Manes, who had shown more favor to the Greeks than was agreeable to the court, began to make himself odious and suspected, by trying to introduce certain Greek hymns, which I translated for him, to be sung at a religious festival, and still more, by his intimacy with Pythagoras, of whom the college at Heliopolis conceived a violent jealousy, because of his theological differences; for he pretended to originate certain new ideas of the deities and their natures, and spoke irreverently of the books of Hermes, as though they might be less respected at some future day than they were then. The Heliopolitans remembered Moyses,

and his disrespect for the books of Hermes; nay, this Moyses had the audacity to write *other* books, which he claimed had as much divinity in them, if not more, than any of the old time. For, whereas Thoth, the god of human wisdom, was the dictator of the Hermetic volumes, this Syrian ascribed his to the super-essential gods, whom he named Elohim.

"Well might the worthy conservatives of Heliopolis be jealous with such a fear before them. Nothing so shakes and enfeebles the old system of things as a new opinion touching deity. Of this be assured, my friends, (and I say it not of myself, but from the ancient wisdom,) the people are what the priests make them, and the priests are what the national belief makes them. Let the instruction be pure, the priests and the people will be pure; but when the gods are not known, and the *mysteries* neglected, then comes idol worship and gross pride. It was taught by them of old time that there are but three supreme gods, and these are, Justice paternal, Love the inspirer and Truth the obeyer; whom Moyses named Elohim, the Beings—and this not of himself, but out of the ancient wisdom given to the first fathers of men. But this knowledge was now suffered to lie out of sight, and the people stuffed with gross inventions of sacrifices, enthusiasms, the worship of Isis, and a thousand new-fangled sacred names, expressing not gods, but mere passions, desires and things—a rich contrivance of priestly avarice to rob the poor of their faith and their money."

"Allow me," said the Ionian, "to express my perfect agreement with you in regard to these priestly inventions which we name *gods*. To me they are dreams only, fabrications of human wit. As for your *trine* of supreme gods, I am willing to admit them, if it seems necessary as standing at the height of the popular contemplation. The state must have gods to swear by, else we could not sufficiently terrify our witnesses; and for tragedies and pastoral days, to say nothing of hymns and fables, your gods, like Esop's beasts, are very serviceable."

"Pray, sir," said Lysis, "do you know the dangerous effect of such opinions in the minds of young persons? Could I persuade our friend Cymon here, that there are no gods, would it not be doing him an injury?"

"I have too great an opinion of his

virtue," replied the Ionian, "to think it would make a difference in his conduct. He seems to me altogether inspired by delightful sentiments. The generous impulses of his own nature will lead him aright; he needs only the outward accomplishments, the finish of travel, rhetoric and conversation, with a proper self-respect, (which I will engage to teach him if he chooses,) to be a very complete person. The picture promises divinely if one could but animate it."

Cymon hung his head low upon this burst of Ionic impudence. Then Socrates, who seemed half asleep during the narrative and conversation, rose a little on his couch, and fixed his eyes cheerfully but steadfastly on those of the sophist. "O divine stranger," said he, "that is a difficult art which you profess, of teaching men properly to respect themselves; but to me it seems infinitely desirable that they should learn to do so. If any man would teach me this art, I would call him saviour—if the principle I learned from him would suffer me."

"The function of our venerable entertainer," replied the Ionian, "is to teach the art of love and the discipline of honor. Mine, on the other hand, is to inspire self-respect, which I do by the use of certain maxims and instructions, by no means difficult or disagreeable. See," said he, holding out his right hand, "here are the evidences: This diamond I had of a wealthy Agrigentine, for teaching his daughter to hold up her head. The girl learned so easily, she got a confidence in herself at the first lesson, and a month after was the impudentest chit in the city—an example of the effect of my teaching in its excess; her father, who had been grieved by her excessive modesty, was in a transport with the change;—I left her, followed by a train of suitors and toadys, whom she disciplined in the prettiest fashion. This emerald I had of a young Italian prince, who stammered through excess of diffidence. I cured him in a twinkling:—so that he rose in council, and made a speech for war, without the least knowledge of the policy. His father gave me this ring in full court. This ruby I had of a woman of quality in Cyprus, much given to blushing. By the use of my doctrine she quickly recovered herself, and from the extreme of modesty, rushed into a surprising excess of confidence. She is now a very famous and accomplished courtesan, and amasses

great riches. I would have you to understand, my friends, that I do not carry my instructions to such extremes, unless at the desire of the pupil; I take them with me as far as seems proper for the case. If Master Cymon, for example, should be enamored of some beauty of good family, whom his modesty hinders him from pleasing, I might easily inspire him with a harmless confidence, by the proper maxims regarding women, and the arts of approaching them."

"But that," said Lysis, "would be an invasion on the province of our entertainer."

"Our accomplished friend," said Diotima, with a smile, "would by no means trespass on my province. I am a mere diviner; I profess only to predict the success of enterprises;—he, on the contrary, professes to teach the arts by which they may be brought to a successful issue."

The Ionian bowed, and seemed well pleased with Diotima's answer. Then Socrates, abating nothing of his steadfast look, spoke again: "Beseech you, sir, is this all your teaching; or is there any thing behind—any science, or any universal principles from which you draw your instruction;—or are these sealed up in your own breast?"

"To the wise and mature," replied the other, "I willingly open my principles; and you are one of the wise, if I may judge by the shape of your questions."

The sophist spoke with less confidence, and turned his eyes carefully away from those of the questioner, who seemed no way moved. Then Lysis looked at Diotima, as if expecting her to continue her narrative, which she did as follows:

"Manes' unpopularity increased to that height, he was finally deposed from his office of supreme magistrate, under a false accusation of showing favor to certain Greek merchants in a decision on a case of contraband trade. These merchants purchased a cargo of corn at a village below Heliopolis, which was sold them contrary to the law which gave the Pharaoh a monopoly of all the corn. With singular effrontery the sellers charged the buyers with the whole weight of the fault, but Manes, notwithstanding a majority of the judges were against him, set the Greek merchants at liberty, and fined their accusers for contempt in bringing the accusation, beside the inflicting the usual penalty for violation of the monopoly."

"At the time of Manes' degradation from the judgeship Pythagoras was with him, and by way of consolation, proposed a journey through Syria, for he had heard much of the Syrians whom Moyses led out of Egypt, and wished to know their customs and opinions. Finding ourselves deserted in the city, we easily consented to the plan, and putting on Greek dresses we descended the Nile and joined a caravan which was just going eastward from Pelusium.

"Our party consisted of about one hundred of both sexes, slaves and free. We carried a great quantity of goods for the trade of interior Asia. The baggage camels were loaded with the cloths and fine manufactures of Egypt; knives, swords, chariots, harness, utensils of brass, and finely wrought furniture; together with a great store of grain for sustenance and traffic. On the second day of our journey, Dione fell sick, and while we waited for her recovery in a Syrian village, on the third day she died. And now permit me to dwell for an instant upon the fate and the character of Dione, that I may render some justice to her worth. On the second day of her fever, which was the third of our journey, we made a couch for her in the court of the caravanserai, an inclosure of four walls, in which was a spring of cold water, which we named the water of grief; but Dione named it the fountain of immortality. To her it had a sweet taste, but to us it seemed brackish and bitter. Pythagoras, who had a perfect knowledge of medicine, exerted all his art to save the life of our friend, but the mark of death soon appeared in her face. At the hour of sunrise of the third morning she rose suddenly on her couch, and calling me to her in a clear sweet voice, threw her arms about my neck, and in that posture expired with a smile upon her lips. Let us with a decent care refrain from describing, or even fancying, the agonies of the final hour, or the grief of those witnesses whose life was, for the time, but a living death.

"Among those who have connected themselves among my friends, and whom I too have so accounted, this good girl must have the first praise; for that in true temper and fullness of spirit I have not known her equal among women. In her I seemed to see a proof, that though virtue be a teachable thing in its forms and its ideas, the capacity for it is a divine gift, and not impartable. Her

knowledge of the true and the sincere flowed from her as the water from a deep spring, calmly and constantly. She knew no science, and needed none;—she knew no experience of misfortunes, and needed none—she esteemed herself so lightly, her thoughts dwelt upon others in no spirit of contrast; but in admiration, or in love, or in pity. Her motions were composed, and dignified in their simplicity. Her face rayed out no vanity, and shone with no complacency—nor did the absence of a smile impair its sweetness; the misery of another infused no selfish horror into its expression. Her love appeared in her actions only, and her anger in silence and averted looks. Only one thing moved her to jealousy, that another should have behaved more honorably than herself. She was the measure of conscience, and the rule of equity, and if she looked for any pleasure, it was in the contemplation of its being shared by another. To me—burning as I was with vain pride and the false passion of knowledge, and happy only in the display of conversational graces—the clear character of Dione stood in contrast. Her habitual silence and stately composure, bred in me a feeling akin to jealousy, nor could I always endure to hear her praises; though I affected often to advise her mild spirit, and spoke of her promising youth with an air of elderly satisfaction: now she is with the gods, and mingled in their spheres."

"You describe the character of your friend," interrupted the Ionian, "in a manner perfectly elegant. One would almost be willing to lose a friend for the pleasure of paying them such a tribute."

"That would be in accordance with the wish of a certain wise Athenian whom I knew," said Socrates, "who preferred to be absent from his friends that he might enjoy the pleasure of writing to them."

"It is indeed a luxury," said Lysis, "to be compared with no other—the luxury of discovering the most generous and friendly desires, without the necessity of putting them to the test; and therefore, without the danger of finding them warped by the cross purposes of one's own selfishness."

"Yes," exclaimed the Ionian, with a peculiar animation, "it is this petty intercourse of necessity and familiarity, which debases and fritters down the no-

ble sentiments of friendship. I would have men live to each other as the gods do in heaven (if, indeed, there be such a place, which I doubt), each on a throne of his own, connected by no belittling intimacies, but observing each other at a respectful distance, in a manner perfectly universal and magnanimous. Ah!—that were a divine friendship!"

"I am loth," said Socrates, "to jar the nerves of so delicate a thought; but I have been assured by some very pious persons, that the friendships of the deities are even closer than our own;—so close, it is said, are their intimacies, one of them cannot do the least trifling thing, without the presence of all the others; and it is further related that nothing more perfectly symbolizes their friendship, than the union of two lovers, or of a mother and her infant; when they eat off the same dish, drink from the same cup, move together, do the same acts, think the same thoughts, and forever, like Venus' doves, are together and inseparable."

"So was it, O excellent man," said Diotima, "with Dione and myself, the better with the worse; for we were one and inseparable; and I am persuaded of the goodness of the spirit which united us."

"An old story you tell us, my friend," said the Ionian, addressing Socrates, "of this union, or friendship of the gods; but for me, I observe first, that as the office of a deity must be compared with the function of a king, these divine friendships should be perfect impossibilities; as much so as are intimacies between magnanimous mortals here. Diotima, as befits her amiable nature, and her office as a love-prophet, would fain see a divinity in these kinds of connections—but observe the injury the soul suffers by submission to the whims of another. That a lover is a slave, no wisdom is needed to see; he is subjected to all manner of indignities. That it is not agreeable to that freedom of the soul which I profess to teach and to cultivate, need not be urged. Men should not be subject to each other, and if any passion subjects us to the caprice of another, we should endeavor to subdue it. Hence the fearless confidence of those who subdue that excessive modesty which depresses the soul. Hence the superior happiness of those whom nature has endowed with the gift of indifference; they are not harassed and perplexed, pulled

this way and that; made fools of by love, fear, desire, ambition, religion, patriotism, or the dread of poverty. Let us then subdue within ourselves this troop of tyrannical impulses, and learn to regard men and things, nay, life itself, with a high indifference. In a word, let us respect ourselves sufficiently."

"I was not disappointed, then," said Socrates, "in my expectation of a discourse of wisdom from you, accomplished sir. You might be Metrodorus of Ephesus, who is indeed a golden rule to his pupils."

"I am that same Metrodorus," said the Ionian smiling; "my opinions are very current, I may say prevalent, in Ionia, especially among the better classes, whose station in life allows them to exercise a proper degree of self-respect."

"How is this?" exclaimed Lysis; "did you say that one must be rich and idle to profit by your doctrines?"

"Independent, one must be, certainly," said the Ionian, "to profit by a doctrine such as mine; for you will easily perceive, that no slave or dependent person can exercise true liberty. As for idleness, if you please to slur an elegant leisure with that name, I will make no objection; names are of slight moment."

"How is it, then, that you teach your doctrines to young persons dependent on their parents?"

"My instructions," said the Ionian, "tend to liberate the young from any unnecessary dread of their fathers; a condition very injurious to the fine enthusiasm of youth."

"And how for the citizens of a state," added Socrates; "do you liberate them, too, from any unnecessary bondage to the laws and customs?"

"I profess to do as much," continued the Ionian, "and who does not see the absurdity of excessive reverence for a set of temporary regulations: while we find it safe and convenient, it is excellent to obey the laws; but surely you and I are as able to enact or abrogate laws as the Athenian assembly. We might even do better than they! I see nothing sacred in these regulations! they are for a popular purpose, and may be set aside at pleasure. Why should I, then, harass myself with a gratuitous reverence for laws which work me no benefit? Indeed, Socrates, I should be happy to hold a disputation with you on this or any other point of morals, when the occasion is convenient: I see you do not agree with

me. But now let us listen to our venerable entertainer."

Saying so, Metrodorus threw himself into an easy attitude, reclined nearly prostrate, with his eyes fixed on the silver cup which he held empty in his right hand; the fingers of the left, which his position required him to stretch out upon the table, being employed in rolling little bread balls, or keeping slow time to a sort of peacock's music, or hero-music, audible only to himself. Seeing her guests attentive, Diotima resumed her narrative:

"On the third day after her death," continued she, "we caused the body of our friend to be buried, the nature of her malady forbidding its preservation. Then we mounted fleet horses, and rode swiftly over the desert until night; hoping to rejoin our company at Sidon. But the gods gave us another destiny. In the night, in our tents, midway between Sidon and Egypt, we were set upon by robbers, and my husband slain defending me, by a spear thrust at him from behind. The robbers bound Pythagoras and myself, and setting us together on a strong courser, galloped fast over the hills to a city of Judah which is named Jerusalem. Here we were carried bound into the market-place, and exposed for sale. While we stood there half dead with grief and the sense of our mutual misfortunes, exposed to the examination of the buyers, who used no ceremony with us, a venerable man came by, who stopped when he saw us, and gazed attentively on my face.

"Are not you," said he, speaking in Egyptian, "the wife of Manes, the Hieropolitan?"

"I answered that I was, and gathering hope from his inquiry, I told him by what misfortunes I had been brought to Jerusalem. When the old man had heard my story, to which he listened with a patient attention, he said that God had now given him an opportunity, which he had long looked for, of requiting Manes for his own redemption out of captivity; for that he himself had been a slave in Egypt and was his freed-man. So saying he pulled a purse of gold from under his girdle and paid down my ransom to the keeper. Happy as I was to have fallen into such hands, the thought of leaving Pythagoras was intolerable to me. I urged the old man to purchase him also; but he remained as if deaf, and giving me time only to embrace my friend, whose

grief at parting was at least equal to my own, I followed my new master to his home with many tears.

"We entered a court, in a narrow street that ran next the wall of the city. From the court, my master led me into an upper chamber, which overlooked the wall and opened into a corridor connected with it by a wooden platform thrown over the space below. The privilege of building this platform between his own house and the wall, belonged to every keeper of the walls in time of peace—an office which my master used for his own advantage, for he converted his house into a receptacle of contraband goods, which his smugglers brought thither in the middle of the darkest nights; and he, letting down a cord, drew up the packages and bestowed them.

"The name of this old man was Beraliel, which means, shadow of God. For the first seven days he left me to myself, sending a little Jewish girl with food to my chamber twice in each day. I passed the time uneasily, and soon began to be so weary of my solitude, which was unbroken save by the momentary appearance of the child, I could have endured the meanest company in the world and have been grateful for it. With all this I felt more and more sensibly the terrible losses that had fallen upon me in such quick succession. I had hardly time to feel the force of one before it was followed by another."

"Did you ever learn the particulars of Pythagoras' escape, or whether he remained long in slavery," said Cymon.

"I never again saw him," continued Diotima, "nor heard of him, until I came to Athens. I then learned that he fell into the hands of a Sidonian Merchant, who was so charmed with his discourse and character, he gave him his liberty, and furnished him with money and merchandise for his eastern expedition. After several years of travel he went over to Italy and established a school of science."

"On the morning of the eighth day Beraliel entered my chamber. He had on a rough sleeved robe, girded at the waist and gathered close at the throat, without collar or ornament. His beard, which was black and wiry, reached down to his girdle, and the whole bush of it moved in a disagreeable manner when he spoke. In one hand he held a scroll with writing materials, and in the other a woman's dress of the fashion of his people. I came forward as he entered, and kneeling

before him, would have kissed his hands but for the dress in one and the scroll in the other, which prevented me; in lieu of either, I took up the hem of his garment, and saluted that, though I remember it smelt of fish. Without letting go the scroll or the linen, (for it seemed impossible for Beraliel to let anything go, of which he once had hold,) he commanded me to rise, and when I did so, kissed my forehead, which brought his beard all over my face like a furze-bush. Then he sat down upon a bench at one side of the room, and bidding me sit by him, which I obsequiously did, he began to open his intentions. I was to live with him, in the capacity of a housekeeper, for as long a time as he himself had been a servant to Manes—which was for the space of a year; after which I should receive a sum of money, the same which Manes gave himself, and be at liberty to go where I pleased. Such were Beraliel's notions of gratitude.

"I had anticipated a worse fate, and could not complain. Resolving to make the best of my destiny, I took the Jewish dress and put it on before him, with which he seemed much gratified, and sending for the little girl, a niece of his, he bade her kiss me and call me aunt, and then added, that I should have the freedom and the care of all his house, except a particular chamber near my own, of which he carried the key at his girdle. Then, unfolding the scroll, he desired me to sign my name to it. This I did, in the Egyptian character. He then read the instrument aloud, translating it word for word, into Egyptian. Its purport was, that I had agreed to serve him for a year, (adding the several particulars of our agreement,) and declaring the obligation he owed my former master, and his desire to requite it exactly. On such a scale did Beraliel measure his justice, which he mistook for gratitude. Everything he did bore the impress of the same conscientiousness. He carried his frauds upon the revenue, as I afterwards learned, just far enough to indemnify himself for the withholding of his salary as warden of the walls. He cheated the smugglers who supplied him as far, and no farther, than they defrauded him. He revenged himself evenly of his enemy, and retaliated all injuries, according to the law of his nation, with a perfect and singular fidelity—in a word, Beraliel was indeed the

shadow, and not the substance, of good; a just man devoid of mercy and of honor. Nevertheless, he was the favorite of his city.

"I lived out my year with this piece of legality, serving him according to the letter. I kept his house in order, and did the required offices without repining. He would have had me adopt his own religion; but I conceived too ill an opinion of the doctrine from his application of it, and resisted his persuasion to the last, suffering him only to instruct me in the articles of his faith, which, indeed, I could not conceal an inclination to learn."

"Pray, let us hear some particulars, good Diotima," said Socrates, "of this Syrian religion; unless you were about to relate some surprising adventures which befel you in Jerusalem."

"I can tell you in brief, my friends, all that I remember of the faith of the Syrians of Judea. They profess to worship only one God, whose name it is unlawful to utter; if that can be said to have a name which includes all beings, and is the source of all. A name, say they, is given to a thing to distinguish it from some other thing; and to a man to distinguish him from other men; and if there were many gods, each should be distinguished by a name; but if there is only one God, he cannot be named without impiety. His titles signify his Being only;—These are, '*Elohim*,' the Powers, or the Beings, because he includes all Beings;—'*I am*,' signifying pure being;—'*I am because I am*,' meaning that he is uncreated, and does not exist (or stand forth in time and space); but simply Is, and is the Source of Time and of Space and of all things.

"They worship the One Being with prayer and sacrifice, according to a ceremonial appointed by Moyses; which, in some particulars, resembles the Egyptian ceremonial. A body of priests are set apart for this service, as they are in Egypt. They teach that a sacrifice is intended, not to win the favor of God, as we Athenians imagine, but that it is an affair of the sacrificer himself—a testimony of his faith, and a proof of his penitence for wrong committed or meditated. Some of their priests teach a strange doctrine, which they declare may be found in their holy books; that the One Being shall, by and by, become visible, or incarnate, in some person of

their nation. The Egyptians affirm, that no deity ever appeared in human shape. Their story of Osiris and his battles with Typho shows that their gods are personifications of mere passions and desires. Now, the God of the Jews is not a personification of any passion, though he is sometimes poetically described as having the passions of a man. He is indeed that Principle, whatever be its name, which controls and subdues, and absorbs and annihilates all passions, emotions and desires, of whatever name; a Principle superior to life and death, to flesh and matter; above fate, and more than will. Now, these Syrians affirm, that by and by a man shall appear in their nation, in whom this principle shall evidently shine; and that he shall give new laws and a new religion to all the world. His name, as a man, is to be called *Messias*. When I asked a reason for so extraordinary a belief, they referred me to their holy books. But this did not satisfy me; for I reflected, that the prophets of any nation might make what predictions they pleased, shaping them so as to make sure of their being believed by the ignorant; indeed, I myself could prophesy tolerably well in the Egyptian fashion, and have something of the art still left in me. There was a something divine and stupendous in this Syrian prophecy, which I could not comprehend. But now, when I reflect upon the character of this Hebrew people, the antiquity of their traditions, which reach authentically back to the creation of man; when I consider the wonderful purity of their manners, compared with all other nations—the sublimity of their prayers and hymns to the One Being—their perfect knowledge of the right and the wrong, and contempt of all things in comparison of that knowledge; when I remember the series of their holy prophets, God-appointed spirits, and the exquisite wisdom recorded of them—making the words of Solon trivial, and the wisdom of *Hermes* contemptible; when I remember the amazing grandeur of their Epic poetry, compared with which our *Iliad* is an infant's babble—for their poets make men converse with God in a language well befitting such amazing discourse, unfolding the principles of all existence, and showing all things penetrated with the Eternal, and this, too, in a solemn melody, not unfit to be chaunted by a choir of deities praising their ineffable source; it seems no longer won-

derful to me that their prophets should have predicted an incarnation of the Highest in the body of one of their race. Nay, I myself, ignorant as I am, will even now prophesy the same, and declare that some one shall arise in that nation whose name alone shall subdue the world, and whose faith shall extinguish the memory and overthrow the empire of the gods of Egypt."

The Ionian seconded Diotima's enthusiasm with an approving smile, not moving from his easy posture.

"It gives me inexpressible pleasure," said he, "to hear you utter such opinions; but I am troubled in spirit for the poor ignorant multitude," he continued, relaxing into a laugh, "when I consider what they will do for consolation when the *Mercuries* and the *Jupiters* are thrown from their pedestals."

"Men," said *Lysis*, "will never be at a loss for gods, any more than children for playthings. Religion, though the most expensive, is the most necessary of all luxuries, and seems to have a very beneficial effect. I believe, if nothing else were left men, they would worship their grandmothers."

Cymon seemed mightily amused with this suggestion; but Diotima answered gravely, that she had heard of certain Eastern nations beyond the *Indus*, who not only did so, but offered monthly sacrifices to their ancestors, even to the fifth generation.

"Is it possible," cried the Ionian, "for rational beings to have sunk so low?"

Then *Socrates* spoke, rising first upon the couch, and sitting with his feet folded under him: "I fear we are abusing our entertainer's goodness with these perpetual interruptions; but indeed it is her own fault. Instead of launching into a narrative of terrible adventures, which she might easily do, I think, she excites our attention with a sketchy narrative, and deludes us into listening to philosophical discourses."

"For my part," said *Cymon*, "I care not so much for the story as for the opinions."

"And I," said the Ionian, "am delighted with both."

"I, on the contrary," said *Lysis*, "would have been content with the opinions without the history. Diotima's ability seems to me by no means that of a story-teller, or rhapsodist; but she seems to enter with reluctance on the

recital of adventures, and runs lightly over the narrative; but when you tell us of Pythagoras and Dione, or of the reason of things, or of opinions of divine matters, then, Diotima, your face glows with a youthful color and you speak like the Pythoness, with a kind of violence, which puts us in awe of you."

"I am not used," said Metrodorus, speaking in a low voice, "to discover in myself any excessive awe of Pythonesses or the like—they incline me rather to a mirthful vein; but I do confess to a little of a certain kind of fear, when our entertainer is at the height of her eloquence, but my fear is of a generous kind; I am afraid I shall never be able to compete with her in the art of speech, her diction exceeds anything I have ever heard. For the sweetness and purity of her Greek, she should have been an Ionian."

While Lysis and the sophist banded in this style, meaning to engage the favor of their entertainer, Socrates conversed apart with Cymon, seeming to urge some request which the other made a difficulty of granting; Diotima, meanwhile, remained silent, with a look of abstraction such as they are apt to wear, who often hear, and always neglect, the sound of their own praises.

Presently Cymon spoke as follows: "Socrates urges me to ask you, Metrodorus, whether I shall be a better or a worse man for the instruction you wish to give me."

"A better, of course," answered the other; "I were a dog else."

"So he said you would reply, and now he will have me ask in what particulars I am to be the gainer by your teaching."

"In self-knowledge," said the other, gathering himself up with a ready look, and a smile of courtesy upon the questioner.

"He then would have me inquire whether this knowledge will be of my defects or of my good parts."

"Of both," said the Ionian, nodding keenly at Socrates, who sat upon the couch with his eyes cast down, as if listening. But Metrodorus now got up, and loosened the folds of his dress, and sat down again with his feet under him, as if ready for a dispute; for it was his custom in all places and at all times, regardless of persons or circumstances, to engage in arguments, and to make extemporaneous speeches on all manner of topics, rather to show his wit than his

knowledge, and because this was his first opportunity at Athens he resolved to make the best of it.

"One more question, and he is satisfied," said Cymon; "tell me, Metrodorus, whether you instruct for the love you bear to *others*, or for the love you bear to *yourself*; meaning your self-respect."

The sophist hesitated a moment, and then answered guardedly, "If I say for *others*, it would prove me enslaved by love; if I say for *myself*, it would—" here he hesitated; but Lysis answered quickly—"agree with your principle." Metrodorus assented with a nod, but seemed all the while to be arranging a speech in his head; presently he broke out:

"Forgive me, Diotima, for so often interrupting the delightful course of your divine narrative, which, indeed, though it interests me more than Homer himself, may be continued with equal pleasure and advantage at some other time; but you will easily see how I am constrained by this man. Coming into Athens a stranger, desirous of living in the good opinion of all, I am driven by him to a defence, lest I be condemned unheard, and upon an accusation perfectly gross and infamous, which his questions imply of me, and which I see he is ready to declare of me everywhere, in his conversation with the shrewd Athenians. I perceive he is jealous of my coming here, and would willingly see me driven out of the city, lest I impair the eminence of his reputation, and force him to confess that there are others as wise and as skillful in disputation as himself. Confess, Socrates, lest you be forced to it by a sharp argument—confess that your first question, through the innocent lips of my friend, (for you dared not ask it of yourself,) was intended to fill his mind, and the mind of my friend Lysis, and of Diotima, with a cruel suspicion of me, that I make my pupils worse by my discipline. Confess, too, that by your second and third questions, through the noble mouth of Cymon, which he too courteously lent you, you wished to plant a doubt in their minds of my honesty, hinting that I pursued the vile and easy occupation of a flatterer, under pretence of giving self-knowledge to the young; that while I showed them their good parts, I neglected to guard them against their weaknesses and vices. Lastly, acknowledge the rancor and jealousy of your last question, delivered through the

amiable Cymon, whom you wish to prevent me from benefiting by my knowledge—confess, I say, that by this question you wish me to appear as a person of mercenary soul, who instructs for the sake of the money and the gifts which his rich pupils force upon him.

“So you cast down your eyes, and will not confess, until you are forced by a sharp argument? Hear, then, the proof of your insinuations. With a skill given you, for evil purposes, by an evil genius, you balanced your questions in such a manner, that if I assented to one side, it should contradict my principles (which you wrought out of me in our previous conversation, when I had no suspicion of your forward maliciousness); but if I assented to the other side, then was my honesty impeached, and I proved a nuisance, and fit only to be carried out of the city on a pole, like a dead dog.

“Not to dwell long upon these proofs of malice in you, I will merely ask whether he who makes men worse by his instruction, who does this for hire, and who under pretence of giving self-knowledge, is a gross flatterer of youth, confirming them in every unhappy weakness and conceit, is not of all men the most to be hated and avoided? See you in me, my friends, any of the signs of these vile qualities—am I, Metrodorus of Samos, a descendant of Hercules, a man of fortune, a priest before the altar of Zeus, a man praised even by his enemies and worshiped by his friends—am I the mischievous creature this rude man would have me seem to be? But I scorn to make advantage of these externals. Look now at my doctrine: and I beseech you hear me patiently; *as if not I alone, but a vast and now increasing multitude spoke through me.*

“We know, my friends, that the Grecians are not inferior to any people of the world in their natural abilities; yet there was a time, and that not long ago, when they were ignorant of liberty, and content to be the servants of kings. By a wonderful fate, and the exercise of their proper virtue, their cities, excepting a few, threw off the burden of tyranny, and established themselves upon laws; but before that time, their laws were the words of certain wise old men, the councillors of their kings: If the king commanded, it was done; the will of one man, guided by the opinion of a few old men, was the divine law of the Greek cities.

“But when the people came together in the market-places and tumultuously expelled the kings, and agreed among themselves that no one man’s will should be law, but the will of a majority; wherein was this will more sacred than the other? Because all law is a birth of necessity, and that only to be obeyed which necessity urges. They affixed penalties to their decrees, that they might have the force of fatal and natural laws.

“It is not necessary for me, my friends, to remind you of that multitude of evil decrees inflicted on us by this majority; depriving some men of their fortunes, under pretence of fines; ruining the internal industry of the cities, under a silly hatred of monopolies; banishing wealthy citizens, for the sake of confiscation; slaying some, imprisoning others, under false accusations, because of jealousy;—nor is it needed here to speak of their wars; city against city, and the strongest enslaving the weakest.

“Why are these things so long endured? Shall I declare it to you? It is because we do not sufficiently respect ourselves; *the habit of obedience is not yet worn out of our souls!* We dare not act at liberty, each acknowledging a divine law in himself, sufficient for the rule of himself. We live in childish terror of opinion, and of the popular voice; though we know that there is no divinity in its decrees: therefore only, are these laws valid, *“because we fear to disobey them;”* remove the fear, and the law is of no force, so say the judges. They are therefore of no effect with the brave and the wise. Such being a law to themselves, and to those who are weaker than they.

“Come then, why should we argue long, (for I see you begin to feel it in your souls,) the laws were not made for us, but for the weak, the slavish and the ignorant.

“Of this then be assured, the Grecians will never attain the felicity fated their superior natures, until they cease to respect their laws and their gods; seeing they are the makers alike of both. I would have the wise, the wealthy, and the noble, be a law to themselves—a natural aristocracy, discrete and irresistible: they should be the law-makers, if laws are to be made, and by no means submit to the will of a blundering majority.

“Interrupt me not Socrates;—I know you love not the Athenian decrees, though you affect to obey them: making a vir-

tue of your necessity (as we all do);—and now since you have heard my opinion of the laws, (and who is able to confute it?) let me show you my doctrine of the divine natures. We know, excellent Diotima, the secret of divination and of the invention of deities, and for them we have to thank the poets and the priests who made them for us, and established their worship. They, in their wisdom, meaning to amuse and subdue the vulgar, invented terrible fictions, and not caring to betray the secret of their invention by a written testimony, drew the whole world, wise and unwise together, into their net; and soon the inheritors of the mystery began to worship the things which their fathers made. You, Cymon, who seem astonished at my doctrine, may ask Socrates if it is not a true one;—his master Anaxagoras thought so.

“And now once more, and I have done. Touching the obedience due from a child to its parents. I hold it a matter of necessity, like the other species of obedience. Our parents would fain have us do to them as they did to *theirs*; and fathers delight exceedingly in the adoration of children:—what do I say? adoration? Yea, the father would be a god to his child, and would have the child a slave to himself. But for this, too, we may thank our priests and their maxims. Many a free spirit have I seen unnaturally crushed by the tyranny of a father. Our women, too, look in what a slavery they live and suffer; doing things merely servile, fit for slaves and those baser natures, whom nature makes happy in vile uses. Have I not seen a fair young woman, fit to be a queen, bearing a sickly infant in her arms, stunned with its cries, sickened with its noisome habits, and wearied with its flaccid weight. Intolerable servitude! Have I not seen a venerable man, a nobleman, teaching his son the use of the pruning-hook, himself resembling the wretched Socrates; while near at hand, his wife an august matron, able to control an empire, busied her noble fingers with a distaff, and sometimes kneaded dough in a trough. To such vile use may we come!

“Need I weary your souls with a narrative of the sufferings of noble persons, born to be the lords of barbarians and slaves, (whom nature always inspires with a predilection for gross and filthy occupations.) Think you these are evils inherent and irremediable? If I thought them so, I should be the last to complain

of them; but I perceive that they are the fruit of an unnatural humility forced upon us by a tyrannical education. Some natures there are, (I repeat it,) in whom meanness and a servile temper is ingrained, and wrought into the substance of the soul. Let these remain as they are; but let the naturally wise and the few intelligent (the natural aristocracy) be rescued from servility. Let those possess the wealth who alone know how to use and to enjoy it. Let those govern in whom is native authority. Let them receive honor to whom honor is due; *but first, let them honor themselves*; for it is a secret of the old wisdom, that as we honor ourselves we shall be honored—the world give us the place we see fit to take.

“A word concludes the matter. *Men should know their own worth*—that is the secret. Know thyself, and act as becomes thy worth. Away with false shame, antique scruples. Be afraid only of thyself, O man, and thou shalt be friends with the gods, *and have thy will*.

“You have heard my doctrine. Behold in it the panacea, the universal physic for souls. But these are fine words. Come we to actions, and soon we shall have a fair world made to our hands; and we who made it shall be lords of it. To you I open a deep matter, not fitted for the ears or for the souls of the vulgar. In public, and in the company of the ignorant, my talk is only of behavior and the art of self-confidence. Men are not yet ripe for the whole doctrine. I have done. Speak, Socrates; I am ready; and these shall be umpires.”

When Metrodorous had made an end of his speech, he looked about him with an air of expectation, as if for applause—but none followed; nor did either Diotima or Lysis discover the least astonishment or admiration. Cymon, on the contrary, seemed lost in a kind of stupid surprise, and looked with a troubled countenance at his friend, as if wondering what he would reply. Then Socrates, seeing the others expectant, began quietly as follows:

“It was not I, Metrodorus, but yourself, that aspersed you. What injury have I done you? or have you injured me hitherto in secret, that you are so violent against me now? Surely, was I a father, with a son or a daughter to be educated, and you, a stranger, named to me as one capable of teaching them, your friend who proposed you would not fall out with me if I inquired of him whether

my children would be the worse or the better for your teaching; or whether, by too great a leniency, you might not nourish evil in them? And if assured the contrary, I should then desire to know the particulars of your instruction—whether my children might not learn of you to despise me, and to speak with contemptuous pity of my infirmities:—your friend would not be angry with me, nor esteem my questions impertinent?

"Come, then, let us lay the fault of this difference upon the wine, and so forget it. Believe me, I am astonished at the freedom and elegance of your speech, and I think the Athenians would rather have heard it than a comedy written in ridicule of the gods, or an oration from Pericles to advise the laying of cushions on the seats of the theatre. Be your doctrine true or false, it is fitted to these times and to this people, as I think. The Athenians have long since laid aside modesty; and if they praise it in boys, they abhor it in men. The vilest of them wait not to be rich before they are impudent; and it is even dangerous to do any man a courtesy, lest you be thought servile—so little used are we to what our fathers practiced upon instinct. But tell me, I beseech you, Metrodorus, are the Ionians more impudent than any other people of the Greeks?"

"If you mean to ask," replied the sophist, "whether they *transcend* all other Grecians in the divine quality of self-respect, I may say they do so."

"A transcendent quality, indeed," continued Socrates, "and beautifully born in the soul; for it seems to me the offspring of superior contemplations; such as none but the superior man may indulge, suffering all things to dwindle and fall before him when he opens his heart to the influence of his own excellencies, and is taken, like Narcissus, with the beauty of his own person. Did you not comfort us with this opinion, that the truly wise and the truly great—or those who know that they are wise and great—should be the masters of those who do not know that they are either wise or great?"

"I did," replied the other. "What follows upon that?"

"A very surprising matter," continued Socrates; "no less than that you should be my master, and possess my house, and hold me for a slave; for, as I live, I have no such consciousness: nay, I am perpetually sunk in the sense of my own unworthiness and ignorance. The blessed-

ness of the superior man is not conceded to me; I have never dared transcend the common opinion, or that experience which tells me I am mortal, and a creature of mere accidents and impulses. How much, then, should I be bound to you, divine Metrodorus, if I might recover my natural right to my house and land, and even to my personal liberty, by receiving from you that royal opinion of myself which belongs only to the wise, and entitles them to be masters, possessors and instructors. Only one thing troubles me. Did you not say that they alone should be the masters of men and of riches who know how to govern and to live handsomely; and that if it were not for a foolish modesty the wise and magnanimous would immediately assume what is by nature theirs?"

"I said as much," replied the sophist.

"Then am I lost in doubt," continued Socrates, "whether both of us, having an equal degree of self-respect, might not by some accident lay claim to the same land; or, happening to differ in a point of science, one of us might be compelled to yield, and confess himself in the wrong, which would argue a beastly humility in one of us; or, if both were lovers of the same woman, and desired her in marriage, being equally meritorious, (that is to say, equally full of proper pride,) and she, too, a superior person, how would she conclude in a choice? Or, indeed, to push this matter to the worst, would it not argue a contemptible modesty in me if I failed to gratify a generous passion for my neighbor's wife, my neighbor not being a superior person? Indeed, Metrodorus, I am severely tried, and involved in unspeakable difficulties, through my ignorance. You will, doubtless, be able to resolve me in them, as the superior man should do, by some short and simple argument."

"It is necessary, Socrates, not to drive a principle into its extremes," replied the other.

"But I do no such thing, divine sophist," continued Socrates. "On the contrary, so ignorant am I of the art of the superior man, I cannot so much as open my lips, or walk the streets, or visit a friend, or buy in the market, without an afflicting sense of my ignorance. Injurious shame follows me. I dare not walk naked in the street—I dare not speak an offensive word—I dare not blaspheme—I dare not lie. If a child loves and reveres a foolish father, I dare not deceive him. If the Athenians

revere the gods, I, though I chance to be an infidel, dare not insult their belief. Ignorant as I am of all things, taking my science from Anaxagoras, my politics from Pericles, my religion from antiquity, having my very clothes and food provided for me by the industry of slaves, my body subject to the call of death, and my soul drawn to and fro with passion and folly, I seem so abject and wretched a creature, so much a part of others, and dependent on them, so much a servant of the city, the state, the nation, my life protected by the powerful laws, I am pressed down by shame, and humbled to the earth.

"But this is not the only reason of my shame that I depend on others for each article of my life—a greater awe and shame oppresses me when I see superior natures like yours, Metrodorus, riding in a manner triumphant over all my weakness, and filled with a divine complacency. But now tell me, was it born in you this peculiar liberty, or did you acquire it?"

"I acquired it," said the other.

"Happy man!" continued Socrates, "how may I too attain to this felicity of soul?"

"By meditation," responded the other, "and by listening to right instruction."

"What shall be the form of my meditations?" continued the questioner.

"Begin," said the sophist, "with observing the meanness of material, compared with spiritual things. Consider next the species of life, how they lift themselves proudly above the earth, in a manner despising it. Then, ascending into the region of the soul, observe how it soars superior, trampling life and matter under foot. Consider next the quality of Reason, how it is lord paramount in the region of the spirit; how the passions, the fears, and the affections are inferior to it. Consider, lastly, that Reason and self are identical, and that, therefore, there is nothing superior to self; that whatever self commands is of a truth the only and supreme law, to which all must yield; that, as that king is most honored who subordinates everything to his instant word, so, that man shall be the freest and most powerful among men who discovers the most absolute predominance of self in self."

"But how far," said the questioner, "shall I carry these meditations, or to what height, seeing that all are inferior to the divine natures? or shall we regard ourselves as superior to them?"

"Do so," replied the Ionian, "and remember, that if these divine natures which we call gods existed out of our own brains, they would be equally manifest to all, and there would be no difference of religions; but because the imaginations of men are the only and true mansions of the deities, these phantasms differ according to the nature and education of those who imagine them, and are not to-day what they were yesterday. Then think whether there be anything truly permanent and eternal; and, (if there be any such *thing or being*,) think whether it is not altogether self absorbed, and independent, subsisting like Fate, and acting for its own sake purely, with a perfect superiority to consequences. Then inquire whether in this human body, this Infinite Pride, or Divine Self-love, is not *the* very Inspirer—the true and only soul. In a word, my friends, the reason of man is wholly composed of self, and is a perfect unity, without parts. There is but one person in each man, which is the same person in all men."

"And that person," rejoined the questioner, "is an infinite self-respecter, or, to speak grossly, an infinite pride. This, great sir, is your one and indivisible being—the same in the universe and in the heart of man."

"Right," said the other; "we shall not quarrel about names. And now, to quit this somewhat discursive talk of spirits and the like, with one word added, namely, *that the currents of this eternal pride never cease to flow through and inspire us with a right conceit of ourselves*, let us run out a little into the practical."

"Good," exclaimed Lysis, "I would fain know what kind of deeds this great devil of yours sets you about doing; what kind of machinery the eternal current of him puts in motion. I fancy this is the force that keeps a certain wheel turning to which Ixion is bound in hell."

"Or that which grinds the faces of the poor," said Cymon.

"Both," exclaimed Lysis, laughing.

"I fancy this is the power, too, that inspires Socrates' wife, when she beats him."

"The same," added Cymon, "which flows through the souls of the Athenians, when they vote a good man to death."

"Once more," added Lysis, "this is the current which flows through men whom the gods hate; for it is written,

'whom the gods mean to destroy, they first make mad.'"

Metrodorus could not quite stifle his rage when he saw his magnanimity and wisdom made a jest of; but being used of old to these kind of attacks, he fortified himself with a cup of strong wine, and smacking his lips to seem more sensible of that than of the sarcasms, he spoke cheerfully as follows:

"Earnest men of this day, my friends, busy themselves with deeper speculations than can be uttered in mere words; and that is my plague that men misunderstand me. Seriousness surprises us, and we laugh. Beginnings are ridiculous; endings, otherwise. What seems evil to-day, (kakos,) will seem good to-morrow (kalos). It is often necessary, in looking for a pearl, to dig through a dunghill. As men by habit become accustomed to the vilest savors, so may you to my doctrine. All things are as we see them; there is no particular truth; what seems true to-day will seem false to-morrow; the time may come when your present opinions shall make you ashamed. Meanwhile, listen while I show you some of the practical results of my faith."

"Tell us, Metrodorus," said Socrates, who now began to laugh, and made no offer to answer what the other advanced; "tell us, for example, something of its workings in love and friendship. There, if anywhere, we shall test it."

"In love," continued the Sophist, gulping a full cup of wine, "the working of these principles is not to be too much admired, for it enables the lover to subdue both his passion and his mistress. He nobly refuses to be the slave of an inordinate desire, and employs all his ingenuity to bring others under its power. He glories in the number of his lovers and mistresses, while he rests content and powerful in the freedom of his own soul. He will not suffer his mind to be occupied with the vain fancies of a mad lover. He will not indite verses to a mistress, full of slavish praise and idle protestations. He rushes to no banquets or public festivals, in hope of snatching a look from his beloved. He is not seen, at midnight, sitting on the sill of her father's mansion. He goes not searchingly about, with open eyes, in the market-place, to light on some trinket, or delicate fruit, for a gift. He buys no verses to read to her; he wastes no time nor money upon her; he entertains her as slightly as possible in his thoughts; but if the giving fit is on

him, he thinks that the giver is more fortunate than the receiver. By these disciplines, joined with the easy baits of condescension and delicate praise, maintaining always his high tone, the poor and inconsiderable youth may win himself a fortune."

"Which," said Lysis, "is the true aim of a judicious affection."

"Ay," said the other, "for a wife; but for a mistress, it imports not much."

"Inform us, excellent sir," said Diotima, "with the principle of this procedure."

"That is easy," said Metrodorus; "when it is perceived that hearts are conquered by appearances, more than by force—by neglect and scorn, more than by solicitation. The principle is evident; the ostent of pride does more than the discovery of passion; but nothing so effectual as a due mixture of these. As a single coin found in the earth, persuades the rustic there is a treasure hid thereabout, so a little show of love through a deal of proud neglect, draws on the lover to look for great sums of affection."

Then Socrates, turning to Diotima, with a look of feigned admiration, spoke as follows:

"Metrodorus said no more than truth when he declared himself no participator in your occupation. Or perhaps he is dealing shrewdly with us, to try the temper of our souls. For himself, I will believe that his observation of nature and of men is perfectly universal, and scorns not to be acquainted even with the despicable arts of courtesans and male coquettes; and that, as Pericles is not ignorant of the arts of mousing politicians, and is contemptuously familiar with the skill of the demagogues, so this wise and elegant Ionian is equal to feminine delusions, and knows all the intricacies of vanity. But he means not, surely, to mislead us by advising the use of a cunning which himself would be ashamed to employ."

"All things," replied Diotima, "are indifferent to our friend. He is a man of strong heart; able to digest the wickedness of the age in himself, and turn it to use."

The Ionian saw nothing but praise in this remark, and, gathering a little courage, bowed gracefully to the complimenter.

"I have shown you only one," said he, "out of a thousand pretty principles I have by me, collected by much reading

and no slight experience. Diotima's elegant observation reminds me to protest against the one-sided view of life which our good Socrates seems to adopt. I am of opinion that a man of liberal spirit will try all things and hold fast to the useful. I profess utility and the practical, purely. I must see which way a thing leads before I take up with it."

"Have with you, good sir," exclaimed Lysis; "a noble sentiment! By Zeus! we shall be friends again if you can show me what good your infernal science is to bring. By all that is just, I aver, you made me hate you with the apprehension of your doctrines. Confirm us now; show us some good thing to come by them."

Lysis evinced so great anger and contempt in his manner, the other could not but resent it, and answered violently. Then Lysis, forgetting the venerable rights of a stranger, for he was heady with wine, returned answer with a kick in Metrodorus' rear, which was open to his foot; and at it these wise men went, until Socrates, coming suddenly between them with his broad shoulders, put them asunder; but not without a smart token, dealt him in the eye by Metrodorus, in payment for his caustic questions.

When this affair was pretty well over, the combatants turned to make their apology, but Diotima had retired unobserved by the others; and so ended her second banquet.

J. D. W.

SHORT CHAPTERS ON EXOTIC AND NOVEL METRES.

CHAPTER I.

THE HEXAMETER AND THE PENTAMETER.

"Why Homer made the Iliad in Hexameters no man can tell."—KIT. NORTH.

OH, Christopher! Christopher! Christopher on Colonsay! You that have been and are a horseman, to say thus! How can a lover of horses and Hexameters gallop the one without thinking of the other? For my own part, I have a complete conviction that the day when Homer was inspired with the Hexameter he had been "sitting behind" a pair of even steppers, regular *ἐπισταμένω πεδίοιο* for fifteen or twenty miles, and had heard their hoofs go in concert for an hour or more. I am just as fully persuaded of it as I am that Jim Polk is a snob, or Eugene Sue a prime agent of the Evil One. Expunge, therefore, so much of our motto as precedes and follows the words "no man," and substitute therefor *meo periculo*. "That the horse's gallop suggested Homer's Hexameter no man can doubt."

To be sure they didn't ride in those days. At least the mountain-dwelling Centaurs might have done so, but it wasn't the fashion for gentlemen. Nevertheless, their steeds galloped; even as those glorious English stage-coach teams used to do before the uncomfortable railroads supplanted them. It doesn't answer to run horses in harness on our

roads. Your vehicle goes to bits and you go to the father of all Loco-focos. But on good roads in a good phaeton, we have galloped a pair for miles, without any of the parties being the worse for it. By the way, this same custom of running horses in harness (if the very limited horse-gear of those days can be properly denominated harness), is strong testimony in favor of a high Homeric civilization. For assuredly, either the *κλισυδοποιοί* must have laid down better metal than our own beloved country can usually boast of, or the *τέκτονες ἄνδρες* must have turned out better work than John Lawrence does.

But we are going too fast. Let us pull up short, and come back to our Hexameter. The question is, how far it can be made available as an English metre? Used as such it has been, and will be. Sir Philip Sydney wrote Hexameters. You will find plenty of specimens in his Arcadia. So did other poets of that time. But the experiment was not eminently successful. No one thought of re-attempting it until Coleridge and Southey were induced, by the success of the Germans, to make a bold push. They have found several followers, especially

within the last year or two; and at present two Hexametral translations of the Iliad are in course of publication in England.

The famous accent and quantity question, which will always be written about and never understood, need not trouble us here. In the case of some other classical metres, it becomes very puzzling; but we feel instinctively the true rhythm and swing of the Hexameter. To imitate it we put *strong* and *weak*, or *accented* and *unaccented* syllables for short and long one. But then we must take care to make the verses smooth. This is an element by no means to be omitted. To be sure we can *coax* our words a great deal; "and," "of," "in," and such monosyllables suffering a virtual apocope in reading. But there are limits to this, and it is not every combination of one accented with two unaccented syllables, nor even every tri-syllable, with the first syllable accented, that will make a good dactyl. This the Germans, not considering, give us at times, very odd *dactylic apologies*. As, for instance, almost at the beginning, of Schiller's "Spaziergang:"

"Dich auch grüss' ich, belebte flur, euch
säuselude linden."

What sort of a dactyl is *säuselude*, with its three consonants together? Oh, but we are not guided by quantity. True, you are to forget all your rules of ancient prosody, all about "vocalem brevis," and "si consona bina sequatur;" think no more of them than if you had been brought up in New England, where nobody knows anything about such matters. But we must be guided by smoothness of verse, and I say again, that a syllable ending in three such consonants cannot be made a weak syllable. You may cram it into the place of one, as Cinderella's sister crammed her foot into the slipper, but the line will suffer from it as much as she did.

In English, however, there is a greater tendency to the opposite fault, that of making a weak syllable do duty for a strong one. This naturally results from our poverty in spondees, that is to say, in fact of two strong syllables. Here the Germans have a great advantage over us. The character of English verse is eminently iambic, considerably trochaic and dactylic, somewhat anapæstic—anything but spondaic. Indeed it has been said, that there are no spondees in English. But this is going too far; not to mention anomalous words like *princess*,

there are many compounds such as *tree-rose*, *true-love*, &c., fully entitled to the designation. And the test is, that they may be substituted for iambs or trochees at will, e. g.

"Oh! that 'twere possible,
After long years of pain,
To find the arms of my true love
Around me once again."

"Strange words they seemed of slight and
scorn;
My true love sighed for sorrow,
And looked me in the face to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow."

But in general we are forced to make up spondees with pieces of different words. The usual course is to *make trochees do*. But they don't do. In such a line as

"Fortune lays him at last asleep on Ithaca's margin,"

(in a recent Blackwood,) the faltering at the weak syllable is evident even to an unpracticed ear. And when it comes to one like

"Damon, you in the shade of a beech at
your ease réclining,"

we want its name written under it, and require to be told that it is a—spondaic? no, a *trochaic* hexameter, I suppose.

In consequence of this difficulty, English Hexameters have a tendency to abound in dactyls, (or the most practicable imitations of them,) not always to their benefit. The following line,

"Shadowy mountains enow, and the roaring
expanses of ocean,"

would, *me judice*, be improved by reading,
Shadowy mountains enow and loud-voiced
billows of ocean.

Now a word or two on the Pentameter. Müller has shown it may be formed from the Hexameter, (provided the fourth and fifth feet are dactyls,) by dropping the latter half feet of the third and sixth feet, thus—

Μῆνιν ἄειδες Θέα—ληιάδεω Ἀχιλῆ—

Perhaps it was suggested by the horse breaking his pace or changing legs in his gallop. Schiller, to be sure, has a different theory for the Elegiac stanza.

"Im Hexameter steigt des Spring-quells
flüssige Säule
Im Pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch
herab."

Translated (without acknowledgement)
by Coleridge,

"In the Hexameter rises the fountain's
silvery column,
In the Pentameter aye falling in melody
back."

There is one delicacy about the Latin Pentameter which we do not perfectly understand. Ovid always ends his lines with dissyllables.* The Greeks were not so particular: some of their finest Pentameters end in polysyllables, *e. g.*

Μουσίδος Δάφνης ταῖσιν ἀνδόνεσσιν.

In English the tendency is to terminate with a monosyllable.

I imagine that to write *harmonious* English "longs," or "longs and shorts," is harder than writing *harmonious* blank verse, and, *à fortiori*, far more difficult than any rhyming metre. Usually the best are accidental ones, such as

"Husbands love your wives, and be not
bitter against them,"

in the received version of Scripture, or

"Gold once out of the earth is no more
due unto it,"

in Brown's Hydrotaphia. A succession of them usually becomes tedious, prosaic, and eminently *sticky*. Show one of the ordinary specimens (such as you may find in Blackwood or the Boston translations of Schiller) to any gentleman of your acquaintance who is not fresh in his classics, and ten to one he will read it as prose, and not be able to detect any metre in it. *Probatum est.*

It is not surprising then that rhyme should have been resorted to to help out the melody. The monks, whose ideas on the subject of quantity were very limited, had set the example in their Latin verse.† In Walsh's Aristophanes, the Greek hexameters are translated into something very like English Hexameters with the hemistiches rhyming alternately.

"When that the eagle of hides his crooked
lipped jawbones shall wag on
The innocent speckled sides of the wise-
acre blood-sucking dragon,

Then to the venders of tripe the gods give
glory and sudden
Honors, if they are ripe for leaving off
selling black pudding."‡

But in these, the hexametrical rhythm is by no means the leading feature. Indeed it is not very readily recognized, and the hemistiches would usually be read as separate lines. A recent contributor to Blackwood, claims the merit of introducing rhymed Hexameters and Pentameters. He is in error, Percival was before him, and Tennyson before Percival. Tennyson rhymed his Hexameters with each other, and the hemistiches of his Pentameters together.

"Down by yon pine-tree tall, rivulets
babble and fall."

This was the tendency even of the classic Pentameter.

Open Ovid or the Greek Elegiacs anywhere, and you will not have to look for lines like

"Hæc erit admissa meta terenda rota,"
or

"Τὸν ἄλκιμον ἄλκιον ἔνδ' ἀπὸ γῆ-
νέων."

Yet where the Hexameters rhyme alternately, it seems to give more connection and unity to the stanza if the Pentameters rhyme also, thus, as in Percival's imitation of Tyrtæus.

"Oh it is sweet for our country to die
where ranks are contending,
Bright is the wreath of our fame: glory
awaits us for aye,
Glory that ne'er shall grow dim, shining
on with light never ending,
Glory that never shall fade, never, oh!
never decay."

This if perfectly managed, makes a strong, clear, and ringing metre.

The subjoined specimen was a ζῆλον from my friend Ned Jerrold; he gave it to me one day last winter, as we were walking down from Virgil's Tomb into the City of Lazzaroni. Wherever Ned

* Very rarely he admits a quadrisyllable—

"Cantabat mæstis tibia funeribus."
In the case of *est* ending a line with an elision immediately preceding, as
"Nec tibi ut invenias longa terenda via est,"
the two words must be considered equal to one dissyllable.

† The monkish Latin verses, which have usually a false quantity in every line, are inter-rhymed internally and externally, "criss-cross," as boys say—all sorts of ways, in short; but the most usual form is to rhyme the hemistiches of each line, as in the following inscription at Cologne,

"Corpora sanctorum recubant hic terna Magorum:
Ex his sublatum nihil est alibive locatum."

‡ This is part of a burlesque oracle. Walsh's translations are exceedingly clever, and have suggested some of Ingoldsby's quaintest rhymes.

may be now, whether among the "be-nighted British," or those models of civilization and virtue, the Parisians, or in whatsoever region of articulately-speaking men, I am not sure he will not be angry with me for putting him into print.

A DIFFERENCE.

Roaming along the highway t'other even, enjoying the twilight,

Thus I accosted a boor, breaking up stones on the road.

"What is that house, my friend, on the hill-side, with the tall sky-light?"

"Whoy, its the Squoire's," he replied; "Lauk, I thought every one know'd."

"Squire's? what Squire's?" then I asked "Whoy, zur, the Squoire of our village.

All on us calls 'un the Squoire," answered the thick-headed boor.

"Is he a farmer, or rich man, famed for pasture or tillage?"

"Oh, he's an odd 'un the Squoire! very rum cove to be sure."

"Rum! why what has he done that is rum? let's have it, old fellow!"

"Oh, zur, gets drunk as a Turk; only last Zunday a year

Challenged in church the old clerk for to fight un when he wur mellow:

Old Parson Gubbins, they zay, guv it him rayther severe.

But its' a zad thing, zur, to see what the Squoire's reduced to

Zince he was blowed by the Priest; 'taint the zame man as before."

"Oh, he's reformed, I s'pose, and don't get drunk as he used to."

"Drunk? a gets drunk enow, but—doant go to church any more."

CARL BENSON.

THE RAILWAY SYSTEM IN EUROPE.

THERE is no emotion so soon deadened as the sentiment of wonder. The most astonishing event which could be presented to the senses would, by frequent recurrence, soon cease to excite attention. It is, in fact, only so long as a miracle is novel that men will suspend the current of their ordinary thoughts to yield to the excitement it is calculated to produce. One who should convert water into wine, or restore vitality to a corpse, would command every ear and eye; but if he should repeat the experiment daily, he would soon be regarded with indifference. That which is deemed absurd in one age is possible in the succeeding one, practicable in the next, and an event of ordinary and daily occurrence in the following generation. Until the thing ceases to be strange and novel, it excites inquiry. Every one wonders and is curious to know how it is brought about. When it connects itself by daily use with the common affairs of life, no one troubles himself about it, no one wonders, and no one is ashamed of being ignorant of the philosophy of that which no one can dispense with.

Half a century has not elapsed since an individual announced to the world that ready-made flame could be manufactured in establishments to be constructed for the purpose in the suburbs of cities, and might

thence be conducted in pipes under ground, so as to be supplied and used in every part of the town for illuminating streets, the interior of buildings, shops, theatres and private dwellings. This individual was by most persons regarded as being afflicted with monomania. His hallucinations, however, assumed gradually the air of reality, and those who regarded his mental aberration with compassion, now, forgetting their former incredulity, walk without astonishment through streets lighted with gas, and look with indifference at the brilliant illumination of the theatres, the shops, and all the other buildings of the modern city.

When Franklin proposed, in a letter addressed to the Royal Society of London, to draw lightning from the heavens by means of an iron rod, the council of that learned body received his suggestion with laughter, and, out of compassion to their correspondent, and having more regard for his character for sanity than he seemed to have had himself, they declined printing the letter in their proceedings. There is now, however, an iron rod over the room in which this learned body meet, and it excites neither astonishment nor inquiry how this rod keeps the lightning from striking the room.

Great advances in the application of

science to art are generally slow. Many causes conspire to retard their progress. Various practical difficulties must commonly be surmounted before the desired effect can be produced, with the requisite economy. To surmount these difficulties, a combination of sufficient scientific knowledge, practical and mechanical skill, and pecuniary resources, must be found. It rarely happens that these requisites exist in the same person. Sometimes the same individual may combine scientific and practical knowledge—or, at least, he who possesses the one may acquire the other. But it almost never happens that the capital necessary to carry out an invention or discovery is possessed by the inventor or discoverer. Opportunity alone, or chance, must bring together the man who invents and the man who has the means and the will to realize the invention.

But even when all these requisites are combined, there is still another condition, not less essential to the realization of the final result. The public, who are to use the invention and to pay for it, must be so well convinced of its excellence, that they shall be willing to avail themselves of what the inventor and the capitalist have to offer them. It not unfrequently happens that this is the most difficult of all the conditions on which the success of an invention or discovery depends. James Watt made his great improvements in the steam-engine about the middle of the last century. Many years elapsed before he found a capitalist able and willing to engage in the enterprise, so as to realize his conceptions. He at last met with Matthew Bolton. When the engines were perfected and offered for sale, no one would buy them, and the capitalist was some forty thousand pounds out of pocket. Parliament was appealed to to protect the inventors by an extraordinary extension of the patent right, and the mining interests were coaxed into the adoption of the improved engine as you would coax a child to swallow a black dose.

The application of steam power to the rapid transport of passengers on iron railways, affords a rare example of a mechanical invention starting suddenly to a high degree of perfection without encountering any of these difficulties or delays. Indeed this power of locomotion burst on the public with all the effects of a new and unlooked-for phenomenon. It was as little anticipated by engineers, or men of science, as it was by the public; and

when the first locomotive placed on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway started off at thirty miles an hour, the very constructors themselves stood aghast, and like the artificer of Frankenstein, recoiled in affright from the work of their own hands.

Before habitual familiarity with its effects has blunted the edge of curiosity, let us inquire what has produced this vast revolution in locomotion, what are the predominant advantages of this new system, and whence have they arisen? It is now not quite twenty years since the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, a line thirty miles in length, was projected. The object which its projectors had mainly in view was the transport of goods, merchandise and coal between these two great commercial marts. This was to be accomplished by wagons drawn along the railway by steam-engines; but whether the engine should accompany the load or should be erected at fixed stations and connected with the load by a rope to be carried along the line between the rails, sustained at convenient intervals on rollers, was a question of grave doubt. The directors of the enterprise were divided respecting this question. The best engineering authorities differed upon it; and it was determined that four engineers of the highest repute should be commissioned to report upon this knotty point, with ample means to defray the expense of extensive experiments. The individuals selected for this purpose, whose names have since become still more universally known, were, James Walker, since President of the Society of Civil Engineers, George Stephenson, of railway celebrity, William Urpeth Rastrick, engineer of the London and Brighton and other railways, and Nicholas Wood, the author of the well-known work on railways. The result of their labors and investigations was that Messrs. Stephenson and Wood reported in favor of making the engine travel with the load, and Messrs. Walker and Rastrick reported in favor of the stationary system.

Happily for the progress of art the directors adopted the counsel of Messrs. Stephenson and Wood. At this period, however, the idea of obtaining any considerable traffic in passengers, much less of superseding stage-coaches on the common road, never entered into the minds of the directors. Some more sanguine spirits, it is true, ventured to hint, with some diffidence, however, at the

possibility of obtaining with a locomotive steam-engine a speed equal to, or perhaps, even exceeding that of horse-propelled coaches on common roads. Such absurd anticipations were, however, prudently repressed. Mr. Wood, in one of his published works, indignantly disclaimed sharing the theories of such wild speculators, and very properly rebuked them, expressing a hope that, although he advocated the locomotive in preference to the stationary system, no person would do him the injustice to confound him with those hair-brained and hot-headed enthusiasts, who imagined it possible for a locomotive engine to travel with a carriage at such a speed as twelve miles an hour!!

The locomotive system was, therefore, to be established to supersede the wagon on the common road, for the transport of goods, combined, as a subsidiary advantage, with a traffic more or less in passengers. In the very first trial, however, the public was thunderstruck by the phenomenon of a speed of thirty miles an hour, attained by one of those very machines, in recommending which, Mr. Wood had the prudence to disclaim the supposition, that anything like twelve miles an hour was possible! This result, of course, changed the entire character and destiny of railways. The great object now was the transport of passengers and dispatches, at speeds unattainable by mere animal power; and merchandise, formerly the chief, if not exclusive object, was regarded as a matter of secondary importance.

The moment that it became apparent that the locomotive must supersede horse-power, and railway carriages supply the place of stage coaches, the railway system acquired prodigiously increased national importance, and it soon became evident, that all the thoroughfares throughout England must ultimately be converted into railways, and that the whole system of intercommunication which had subsisted since the invasion of the Romans, must be obliterated from the face of the land, and that the surface of the country must be overspread with a net-work of artificial tracks, the course of which must be obstructed by neither hill nor valley; that they must pursue their straight and level way; that valleys must be exalted by artificial mounds or bestridden by colossal bridges, to bear these tracks; that mountains must either be cloven by artificial valleys, or pierced

by enormous tubes through which these iron tracks are to be conducted; that nature must everywhere yield to the omnipotent hand of art, to enable man to fly over the surface of this planet with an expedition, compared with which, the speed of the wind is sluggish!

To an intelligent government, watchful of the public weal, this condition of things would have presented a noble opportunity of interfering to guide and assist private enterprise by the supervision of legislative wisdom and administrative skill. A completely new system of intercommunication was to be designed and executed for the most active, wealthy, industrious, and intelligent population in Europe. The project was unencumbered by any pre-existing lines of road. The beauty and symmetry of the design was unobstructed by the want of harmony in any pre-existing elements. The council of the crown had a *tabula rasa* before them. They had a *carte blanche* for their design. It was possible to lay down a grand system of roads. Great trunk lines would be carried between the chief centres of wealth and population; branches would spread from these to the smaller places, and secondary branches again diverging from these, would penetrate into the sparsely peopled localities. The branches of each trunk would interweave and unite with those of the others, and the uniformity of plan, in the working machinery, would enable the circulation to pass freely through every part of the system. A more noble occasion was, perhaps, never presented to the civil administration of any country.

This splendid opportunity was lost. Whether it was that the government did not perceive the vast revolution in intercommunication, which was imminent, or that distracted by the miserable strife of political parties, they shrunk from the labor and responsibility, which a scheme so comprehensive would entail upon them, or yielding to the influence of custom and precedent, always so powerful with English statesmen, they passively allowed a succession of private companies to obtain acts of parliament, sanctioning lines of railway through different parts of the country. A few of these coming into operation exhibited such profitable results, that capital was attracted to that species of investment so irresistibly, that parliament soon found itself besieged by applications for legislative sanction for projects involving an

amount of capital, bearing a serious proportion to the sum total of the national debt.

As each individual company acted for itself, and considered its own interests and objects, irrespective of all others, it has followed inevitably, that the confused net-work of railways, with which England is now being overspread, will be made without any unity of design, consistency of parts, or harmony of objects. The different meshes will not connect with each other. The pieces will not fit or mutually dovetail. Nay, in some cases, the traffic of one section of the country cannot flow into another section without the heavy charge of the cost of transshipment. When we compare, however, the evils which might have arisen from this *pêle-mêle* system with those which actually have ensued, we must conclude that the country has reason rather to be thankful that so little injury has ensued, than to regret the omission of a proper system of design and operation in the first instance.

The evils which have arisen are chiefly these: First, that capital has been misapplied and unprofitably expended in the construction of some lines on which the traffic will not be proportionate to the cost. Secondly, that in some instances, several independent lines have been constructed where the service would be better executed by one main trunk with lateral branches, which would have required less capital, and on which a less amount of traffic would have afforded adequate profit. Thirdly, that the railways are constructed with two different gauges, or width of rails, from which cause, the traffic on the one cannot pass upon the other without the expense and delay of transshipment.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the first of those adapted for the swift transport of passengers, was opened in 1829. Some years afterwards the lines connecting the metropolis with Birmingham, and the latter town with Liverpool, were completed and brought into operation, and from that time the construction of railways has been in constant progress, new lines having been opened for traffic in each successive year.

Of the great arteries by which traffic is now circulated through the United Kingdom, the most considerable is the London and Birmingham line, with its ramifications and dependencies. The Company which constructed and directs this,

has absorbed several other Companies, independently of its proper branches, and it now forms by far the most important and powerful body of this kind in England. The Grand Junction Railway Company, (from Birmingham to Liverpool,) the Liverpool and Manchester, and the line from Liverpool to Lancaster, have been successively amalgamated with it, and this combination now represents above three hundred and fifty miles of railway, forming the chief means of intercourse between several of the largest and most opulent centres of population and commerce. Next to this in importance, is the Company which directs the line called the Great Western, with its dependencies, extending from London, through Bristol to Exeter. The eastern section of the kingdom is reached by lines called the northern and eastern, and the Eastern Counties connecting London with Cambridge, Norwich, Yarmouth and Colchester. Finally, the traffic of the south and south-west, is executed by three main lines connecting London with Southampton, Brighton and Dover.

Scotland has not yet made much progress in the establishment of this means of inter communication; the only considerable line in operation being that which connects Edinburgh with Glasgow. In Ireland, the only railway of any considerable length, is that between Drogheda and Dublin.

On the Continent of Europe, Belgium presented a most favorable theatre for railway operations. The country, almost everywhere a dead level, required only that the surface should receive the road structure, without the cost either of earth works or masonry. Here no expensive viaducts or tunnels were required. The rails with a proper substratum were all that was necessary to make the road; accordingly, Belgium is the first of the European States, after England, and hitherto the only one, which has been overspread with a system of railways. These enterprises, however, were not left to private competition, but were retained by the Government, in which they are now vested.

In France, notwithstanding the enlightened condition of the country, all great social improvements are late in their adoption and slow in their progress. The railway system has been especially so. Hitherto, but few lines have been brought into operation; but many are in a state

of progressive execution. Two lines connect the capital with Versailles, one following each bank of the Seine. The line from Paris to Rouen has been some years in operation, and will be continued by two branches to Havre and Dieppe, which will probably be in operation soon after these pages are in the hands of the public. The line to Orleans has recently been completed as far as Tours, and is now in operation, and the great Northern Railway, connecting Paris with Brussels, has just been opened for traffic.

While the construction of railways has been thus prosecuted with vigor and zeal, great efforts have been made to introduce improvements into the machinery by which they are worked, and the locomotive engine has undergone progressive improvement in its efficiency, though no signal change has been effected in its principle or its form. The great aim of those who have directed their attention to it, has been to combine safety with power; but, above all, and at whatever cost, to improve its speed, and wonderful have been the results of these exertions.

Although at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line, in 1829, the first locomotives were shown to be capable of attaining a speed of thirty miles an hour, yet this rate was not attempted in the regular traffic of the line. The fastest passenger trains completed the trip between Liverpool and Manchester, with a single stoppage, for about two minutes at Newton, in an hour and a half. The actual rate of the most rapid traveling, was therefore only twenty miles an hour. When the railway between London and Birmingham, was brought into operation some years later, the rate of the fast passenger trains, exclusive of stoppages, was fixed at twenty-two and a half miles an hour, the trip between London and Birmingham, (112 miles,) being five hours and thirty minutes.

While the Birmingham line was in progress, the Great Western line was

projected and commenced. Hitherto the railways which had been constructed not only in England, but elsewhere, were laid down with a distance of $56\frac{1}{2}$ inches between the rails. This width, or gauge as it has been since called, was the result of accident, not of choice, or guided by any clear reasons. The Liverpool and Manchester line was constructed with this gauge by Mr. George Stephenson, simply, because the Coal railways, to which that engineer had been accustomed in the Northern Counties, were so constructed; and the succeeding lines followed the same scale, partly from that inertia which disposes men to follow what has been already done, and partly, because some of these lines were intended to be connected, directly or indirectly, with the Liverpool and Manchester line. The latter reason, however, was inapplicable to the Great Western, which was intended to traverse a different and independent tract of the kingdom, and the superintendence of it was placed in the hands of a young man ambitious of doing something by which his name should get into the mouths of the public, and who, having been before unconnected with any railway works, was free from the influences and prejudices arising from their traditions; Mr. Brunel,* Junior, the engineer of the Great Western determined to break the charm of the $56\frac{1}{2}$ inch gauge, and to lay down the rails of that line with a width of 72 inches.

This change entailed upon the enterprise a large additional expenditure of capital in all its departments. An increased width of line produced, in the original construction of the road, a sadly augmented amount of work of every kind. Wider embankments, wider cuttings, larger bridges, arches of greater span, tunnels of larger calibre. In the working of the road, when completed, a necessity arose for larger wagons and carriages of every kind, larger and more powerful engines, larger engine houses, sheds, and every other species of subsid-

* A mistake prevails very generally, both on this and the other side of the Atlantic, on the subject of the engineer of the Great Western Railway; the public supposing that it is the same person who has been rendered justly celebrated for the construction of the Thames Tunnel, the Block Machinery, and other master-pieces of Engineering skill. This, however, is not the case. The gentleman in question, is the son of that celebrated engineer. At the time the Great Western Railway was placed under the superintendence of this gentleman, he had never been engaged in any public works, except as a subordinate assistant, and even in that capacity, not to any considerable extent. He, however, was lucky enough to meet with a body, in the Directors of the Great Western, who allowed him unrestrained power to adopt what course seemed best to him. The Great Britain Steamship is another of the projects of this Engineer, being built and appointed under his superintendence.

ary works. But on the other hand, there would be a more ample provision for traffic, and a greater capacity for augmented power in the machinery.

In the disputes and controversies which have subsequently sprung from the competition of the companies of the lines constructed with these two gauges, much needless complexity and obscurity have been introduced. What, let us ask, is the difference between two railways, having different gauges? What virtue is there in 56½ inches or in 72 inches, rather than any other width greater or less, or intermediate?

Nothing can be more simple or obvious than the answer to this question. Railways, like all other structures or systems of mechanism, may be constructed on any desired scale of magnitude. Railways in Lilliput would be in all their dimensions smaller than railways in Brobdingnag. But between the different dimensions a certain harmony or proportion must be maintained. True, this proportion is not rigorously invariable, but still in the main it must be observed within certain narrow limits. One of these dimensions is the distance between the rails. In great and powerful railways, destined for a large and extensive traffic, that distance must be greater than in smaller lines, intended to accommodate a less amount of transit; for that width may be assumed to be the most obvious, the most convenient, and the most exact modulus of all the dimensions of the road.

But this principle must not be applied with mere reference to the commercial exigencies of each individual line. It is necessary to consider that the various lines which articulate a country or the section of a country, must run into each other, and that the carriages and engines working on branches must be capable of running on the main lines from which these branches diverge. Hence all lines of railway which communicate with each other ought to have the same gauge. Whatever magnitude of gauge, therefore, may be deemed sufficient for the traffic of the great main or trunk lines, must be adopted by all other lines great and small which are to form parts of the same system.

In commencing to construct a system of railways through a country, it is, however, impossible for any degree of foresight to enable us to predict what future intercommunications may be ad-

vantageous or requisite, and it would evidently, therefore, be desirable, unless some good reason exist to the contrary, to lay down all railways, without exception, in the same country, with one uniform gauge. In that case, however, care should be taken to adopt a gauge of sufficient magnitude for any future demands of increasing commerce that can be reasonably expected. An excess of width is evidently more advisable than a stinted magnitude.

These views, however apparent now, did not present themselves until the railway system had made such progress in England that their complete realization became impracticable. Two gauges had been adopted. One, the original 56½ inch gauge, was common to a very large proportion of the lines. The other, the 72 inch gauge, was that of the main artery, which, taking a westward direction from London to Bristol, reached the centre of the south-western peninsula formed by the counties of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. The evil so far was irremediable.

If we had now a *tabula rasa*, and were, with our present knowledge, commencing a system of railways in England it is certain that the first measure of the Legislature would be to render imperative an uniform gauge. But it is not so evident what the measure of this gauge would be.

The 56½ inch gauge would perhaps have been considered too small, not for the present exigencies of business, but for the probably future traffic. On the other hand, the gigantic scale inferred by a 72 inch gauge, and the proportionably increased expense, would have deterred prudent calculators from its adoption. An intermediate magnitude would doubtless have been selected. As matters now stand, the 56½ inch gauge appears likely to prevail, for ages to come, in every part of the globe. The total length of railway already in operation in England, amounts to above 2,000 miles, of which 1,800 miles are laid with the 56½ inch gauge. In every other part of the world where railways have been constructed or projected, this latter gauge has been universally adopted.

In the period of some sixteen or seventeen years, which have elapsed since the locomotive engine, on railways, has been applied to the rapid transport of passengers, its powers have undergone gradual development, although no signal advance

has been made by the adoption of any new mechanical principle in its construction. Machines of greater magnitude and powers are now constructed than were formerly used. This increase of weight has rendered proportionably increased strength in the rails necessary. The original rails laid down on the Manchester and Liverpool line had a weight of less than 40 lbs. per yard. This was soon after increased to 50 lbs., and rails weighing 75 lbs. were subsequently used. It is probable that even a stronger rail may still be adopted.

The augmented power of the machines have given them greater capacity for speed, and also greater power of traction in respect to the amount of load. But as passenger business is in general more regarded, and found to be more profitable, than merchandise, increased speed seems to have been the object to which, mainly, the efforts of engineers have of late years been directed; and it cannot be denied that considerable success has been attained in this respect.

As might be expected, the British railways have taken the lead of all others in mechanical improvements. The rivalry of the broad gauge and narrow gauge lines has in a great degree stimulated this progress of locomotion.

At present, on the principal English railways, there are three classes of trains, in which different degrees of expedition and accommodation are offered to the public, and for which a different tariff of prices is fixed. In a country so thickly peopled as Great Britain, considerable towns and villages are thickly sprinkled over those districts, more especially, through which the main lines of railway are conducted. For the accommodation of such places, very frequent stoppages are necessary. Thus, between London and Bristol, on the Great Western railway, in a distance of 118 miles, there are twenty-five stations; being at the average rate of one for every five miles. Of these, fourteen are considerable places. It is evident that trains which supply all these places, cannot make great average speed. The trains which stop at all the stations on this line, take nine hours to complete the trip, giving an average speed, including stoppages, of not more than thirteen miles an hour. On the London and Birmingham line, the corresponding trains complete the trip of 112 miles in a little less than eight hours; giving very nearly the same average rate. In these trains,

which are distinguished by the appellation of cheap trains, the fare is at the rate of a penny (two cents) per mile, for each passenger.

The trains which stop only at considerable towns, attain a much greater average speed, and often much better accommodation in the construction of the carriages. On the Great Western Railway, these proceed at the average rate of twenty-seven miles an hour, stoppages included, and when in full speed, have a velocity of thirty-one miles an hour. On the London and Birmingham line, the speed of the corresponding trains, stoppages included, is twenty-five miles, and when in full speed, their rate is twenty-seven miles. These trains consist of carriages of two kinds. First-class coaches are constructed with all the elegance and luxury of the best private carriages. Each passenger, however, has a separate seat, or stall, cushioned, not only at the back, but at each side, so that the passengers cannot press upon or incommode each other. The second-class carriages are not cushioned, nor are the passengers separated. They sit on parallel benches, facing each other. The carriages have roofs, but are open at the sides. The third-class carriages (in which alone the fare is so low as a penny a mile) are open wagons, without roofs or cushions, but supplied with benches. In the first-class carriages, the fare is generally from two pence to two pence half-penny (from four to five cents) per mile, and in the second-class, about one-third less.

The extreme rapidity of transit is reserved for the chief places only on each main line, and is performed by what are called Express Trains. The extraordinary speed to which these trains have attained would have been regarded, even by sanguine speculators, a few years ago, as a physical impossibility. Nor has this incredible expedition as yet attained its limit. While we are writing this report, engines are in progress and are under trial by which even greater speed has already been attained in experimental trips.

The distance from London to Exeter is 194 miles. An express train leaves London twice a day at a quarter before ten in the morning and at half past five in the evening. The morning train reaches Didcot at ten minutes before eleven, performing fifty-three miles in sixty-five minutes, being at the rate of forty-

nine miles an hour! It arrives at Swindon (77 miles from London) at twenty-three minutes after eleven. After a delay of ten minutes at this station it proceeds, touches at Bath (106 miles) at nine minutes past twelve, and reaches Bristol (118 miles) at twenty-eight minutes past twelve. Delaying five minutes at Bristol, it starts for Exeter, stops at Taunton, and arrives at Exeter (194 miles) at a quarter past two. If the stoppages, and the time lost at each stoppage in gradually retarding the train when it comes to rest, and gradually accelerating it or "getting up the speed," be taken at thirty minutes, (half of which time is actually consumed at Swindon and Bristol,) the whole time of the trip at full speed would be four hours, being at the average rate of $48\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour! The actual rate from terminus to terminus, stoppages included, is $43\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. The express trains consist of first and second class carriages. The fare in the first-class coaches is at the rate of threepence (six cents) per mile, and that in the second-class at the rate of twopence (four cents) per mile.

The speed of the express trains on the other lines is rather less than on the Great Western. On the Birmingham line the Express Train leaves London at five o'clock in the afternoon, and reaches Birmingham at eight o'clock, stopping at Wolverton ($52\frac{1}{2}$ miles) at twenty minutes past six, and at Coventry (94 miles) at twenty-five minutes past seven. The entire trip of $112\frac{1}{2}$ miles, including the stoppages, is done in three hours, being at the rate of $37\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour; and, exclusive of stoppages, the rate is 40 miles an hour! The fare by this train is twopenny halfpenny (five cents) per mile.

It is necessary here to observe that these are not the results of experimental trips expressly prepared for the exhibition of extreme velocity, in which it is possible to suppose the machinery to be expressly put into racing order, and things so managed as would not be practicable in the common working of the road. What we have stated is, on the contrary, what takes place in the ordinary and regular working of the line, the trains starting at hours regularly advertised, and open to the use of the public.

This expedition exceeding the bounds of all former belief, seems however not

to satisfy the ambition of the railway conductors or the desires of the public, and engines have recently been constructed on different lines capable even of more astonishing results. An engine has recently been put upon the Great Western Railway, which actually made the trip from London to Exeter (194 miles) in three hours and twenty-eight minutes. The stoppages for refreshments and an accidental interruption were equivalent to twenty-eight minutes, so that the actual time of the trip may be taken as three hours, giving an average rate of traveling of very near sixty-five miles per hour! During the trip, however, the speed sometimes attained seventy-one miles an hour!! The same engine, on another occasion, took a train of coaches weighing *ninety tons*, from Paddington to Didcot, a distance of fifty-three miles in fifty-one minutes!

Thus it appears that this extraordinary power is not confined to the traction of small loads but is applicable to heavy trains. An ordinary first-class railway carriage, such as are used on the European lines, weighs about three tons, and it carries about twenty passengers. A third-class carriage, weighing $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons, will carry about fifty passengers. Such a load, therefore, as the following would be taken by this engine at above sixty miles an hour:

tons.			
5 first-class carriages,			
carrying	100 passengers,	25	
10 third-class do.	500 do.	65	
			—
			tons 90

When it is remembered that writers of acknowledged practical experience and scientific attainments demonstrated, or professed to demonstrate, twenty years ago, that it was physically and mechanically impossible for a locomotive to take a load of twenty tons on a railway at so great a speed as thirteen miles an hour, the intelligent and reflecting reader will ask, where shall we expect to stop in this career of progress? Where does the possible end and the impossible begin? What is a miracle? Whose predictions, either of what will be done or what cannot be done, are we to believe? Twenty years ago, a man who would have declared that a machine could be constructed by which six or seven hundred men, with their luggage, could be transported over the surface of the earth

with the speed of a hurricane, would have been pronounced to be a fit occupant of no place but Bedlam—his affairs would have been consigned to the care of his friends, and proper guardians of his person would have been nominated!! Yet this is now a matter of everyday occurrence, and no one wonders at it, or troubles himself about it.

A rational curiosity will be felt as to the conditions on which the attainment of these astonishing speeds depends, and as those conditions are neither difficult to be understood, or doubtful, so far as they depend on the species of locomotive power now in use, it will not be uninteresting here briefly to explain them.

Every one knows that the progressive motion of the locomotive-engine is produced by the large or driving wheels being made to revolve by arms which are attached to them, or to the axle on which they are fixed. These arms work them exactly in the same manner as a man works a windlass. The ends of these arms are attached by a joint to the piston rod of the engine, so that every motion to and fro made by the piston, will necessarily produce one revolution of the driving wheels, and consequently make the engine advance through a length of road equal to the circumference of those wheels. Let us suppose that these wheels are seven feet high, which is their magnitude on some of the English engines. Their circumference is then about seven yards. One motion of the pistons to and fro will then advance the engine seven yards. But to produce one motion to and fro of the piston, it is necessary to admit steam at one end of the cylinder, and discharge it at the other, and then to admit it at the latter, and to discharge it at the former. It is necessary, therefore, to open and close the two steam valves and discharge valves once, and as this takes place for each of two cylinders, there are four such motions while the engine moves over seven yards, and there are four cylinders full of steam supplied by the boiler to the cylinders, and discharged by the latter into the chimney.

If the train moves at the rate of seventy miles an hour, it will move over thirty-five yards per second. This will require five revolutions of the driving wheels, and will consequently require—First, that the steam and discharge valves shall be opened and closed on each cylinder, ten times per second. Second, that the

boiler shall supply twenty cylinders full of steam per second to the cylinders, and Third, that the cylinders shall discharge these twenty measures of steam into the chimney. Thus, in the brief interval of time, which elapses between two successive ticks of a common clock, the train moves over thirty-five yards, the slides of each cylinder are shifted ten times, and the steam is ten times admitted to, and ten times discharged from, each cylinder. The movements of various massive parts of this ponderous and colossal machine are, therefore, executed with such celerity and precision, that when the train is advancing uniformly at seventy miles an hour, these movements divide time into tenths of a second with as much precision as could be accomplished by the exquisite mechanism of the astronomer's chronometer!

But to turn from what is astonishing in this performance to the examination of the causes which appear to determine the limitation of its increase, we must first observe that the origin of the moving power is the rate at which the furnace is capable of producing the evaporation of water in the boiler. In the case above mentioned, twenty cylindrical measures of highly compressed steam per second must be supplied. If each cylinder contains $1\frac{1}{2}$ cubic feet, and the steam be worked in the cylinder at forty-five pounds pressure, each cylinder of steam would correspond to about six cubic inches of water, and twenty such measures would consume a hundred and twenty cubic inches of water. This would require to be evaporated, exclusive of waste, about two hundred and forty cubic feet of water per hour, which is equivalent to about fifteen hundred gallons.

This evaporation will be perceived to be enormous, and let it be remembered how limited is the capacity of the fireplace of a locomotive. We have ourselves witnessed in a single trip of forty miles, a new set of grate-bars *FUSED* by the intense action of the fire.

There is no mere mechanical expedient that can supersede the necessity for this evaporation. Change the dimensions of your wheels, and you may modify the velocity of the slides, the eccentrics and the other moving parts; vary the proportions of the cylinder, and you may modify the velocity of the piston, but make what changes you will in the details of the mechanism, you must produce the requisite quantity of steam

per minute, otherwise the speed cannot be attained.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the fuel used should be such as in a given weight, to have the greatest heating power. Coke is universally used in England, and it has been found that the quality of the coke materially affects the speed. Thus the coke obtained from gas-works is inadmissible. The great railway companies make their own coke, and the best Newcastle coal is preferred for this purpose.

It would not be consistent with the limits of this notice, nor the objects of our work, to go into the details of the mechanism of the locomotive, but we have indicated enough to suggest to the unprofessional reader, what are generally the characters of the obstacles against which the railway projector has to contend.

When it is intended to adopt those high speeds much greater strength and stability of structure must be given to the road itself than is required on lines where lesser speeds only are attempted. In England, accordingly, the weight and strength of the rails, and the security of the fastenings, have been continually augmented from year to year, as the speed has been increased. Curves, when the radius is short, are inadmissible at high speed. Except at particular places, no curves were allowed on the English railways with a radius of less than a mile. We are, however, inclined to think that this caution has been carried to a needless extent by English engineers, and that a half-mile radius might have been allowed. The error, however, if error it be, has been on the safe side. It appears, then, that the structure of the railways which have been constructed, not only in England, but in other parts of Europe, is such as to admit of the greatest speed of trains which has yet been attained.

When these results, actual and prospective, are considered by the practical man and the statesman or economist, it will immediately occur to him, to inquire at what cost of original capital sunk, and at what current expense to the public, this prodigiously accelerated traffic can be established and continued.

In estimating the cost of constructing and working different railways, so as to compare one with another, and draw from the comparison inferences of any practical utility some reference to the length of the line must be made. A

large part of the expense of railways in thickly inhabited parts of Europe consists in the construction of the chief stations at the termini of great trunk lines. This will be understood when we state that the stations of some of the great lines at London have been constructed at an expense considerably above a million of dollars. Now whether the line be long or short, whether it measure 50 miles or 150 miles, the cost of these stations will be nearly the same. Therefore, in proportion to their length, shorter lines may be expected, *ceteris paribus*, to be more expensive than longer ones.

In England the expense of obtaining the necessary legislative authorization is always considerable, and in some cases has been excessive. Thus it is not a very uncommon thing for a single company to disburse a million of dollars in parliamentary expenses alone. In comparing English with foreign railways, this is to be taken into account.

The railway connecting London with Birmingham measures 112½ miles, and its several branches measure 63½ miles, making a total of 176 miles of railway of double track. It is laid with rails varying in weight, but chiefly 75 pounds per yard. The principal turnpike roads which intersect it are carried either over it or under it by bridges, constructed at the expense of the company; and where it intersects a farm, the company is bound to supply a bridge of communication. The sides are also properly fenced so as to prevent cattle from getting on the road. The total capital expended by this company up to June, 1846, has been £7,417,217, or nearly seven millions and one half sterling. This is at the rate of £42,133 per mile.

The Midland Counties' railways connect the great central towns, Manchester, Sheffield, Derby, Nottingham, and Leeds, and have a total length of 169 miles, being a few miles less than the London and Birmingham line, with its branches. The total amount of capital sunk by this company is £6,636,105, or a little over six million and one half sterling, which gives a cost per mile of £39,267.

These rates of capital sunk are not extreme in comparing the English railways one with another. The Liverpool and Manchester, a line thirty-one miles in length, has cost at the rate of £57,237 per mile: while the grand junction between Birmingham and Liverpool cost only £21,827 per mile.

In the cases of very short lines, for the reasons we have already explained, the cost per mile is much greater. Thus the Manchester and Bolton line, which measures only ten miles, cost at the rate of £84,272 per mile, and the London and Blackwall, which measures only four miles, and passes through a thickly peopled district, cost at the enormous rate of £269,690, or above a quarter of a million sterling per mile!

Although certain items of expenditure, such as parliamentary expenses, be much greater in England than in other parts of Europe, yet on the whole the cost of railways does not seem to be considerably less elsewhere. The cost of the line between Paris and Orleans, which is now in full operation, has been £2,082,916, and as the length of the line is 82 miles, the cost per mile is £25,400. The cost per mile of the line between Paris and Rouen has been £29,419. The great northern railway, extending from Paris to the Belgian frontier, (which has just been put in operation,) has been eight millions sterling. Its length is about 182 miles, and its cost per mile must therefore be about £44,000.

These figures will convey to our readers some general idea of the scale of expenditure on which these great arteries of European commerce and intercommunication are constructed, and will show how little analogy they can be truly said to have with similar lines carried through a new country such as ours.

The magnitude of the capital thus invested would naturally raise doubts whether any amount of traffic which could be expected would render these vast enterprises profitable. The commercial advantages, however, which have resulted from most of those which have been brought into actual operation, have been so great that an incredible extent of railway has within the last two years been projected, not only in England, but in every country of Europe, in the West Indies, and in India.

This is the natural consequence of the high profits obtained on most of the capital already invested. It is true, that in some instances the dividends are low, and the shareholders are losers; but new projectors flatter themselves that such losses proceed from want of judgment in the speculators, and retain undiminished confidence in the probable results of the enterprises which each has taken into his favor.

That a large mileage of capital does not necessarily infer an unprofitable enterprise, we have abundant proofs. The Liverpool and Manchester line, of 31 miles, which cost above a million and three quarters, sterling, divides ten per cent. per annum among its shareholders. The London and Birmingham line, which cost forty two thousand pounds per mile, makes a like dividend; and the original shares of these companies are now sold at 128 per cent. premium. The York, and North Midland line, of equal length with the Liverpool and Manchester, cost nearly the same amount of capital, and produces the same dividends.

We have now before us the returns of forty railways in actual operation in Europe. Of these, six pay ten per cent. per annum on the subscribed capital, eight pay seven per cent. and upwards, sixteen pay five per cent. and upwards, and the remaining ten pay from two to five per cent.

The extent of railway in actual operation in England, is two thousand miles, the construction of which has cost seventy millions of pounds sterling, being at the average rate of thirty-five thousand pounds per mile. On this seventy millions of capital, the dividends annually paid amount to about four millions, which, one with another, give an average dividend of five and seven-tenths per cent. on the capital invested.

These results are given in round numbers, without affecting to aim at the last degree of numerical accuracy; but they are sufficiently exact for the present purpose, and put the matter in a clearer and more striking point of view than would be effected by the complexity of the most exact numbers.

The railways which are projected, and for which the Legislative sanction has been actually, or will probably be, obtained in England, independently of those now in operation, involve a further investment of capital, amounting, in round numbers, to a hundred millions of pounds sterling; which, supposing the cost of the lines per mile to be equal, on an average, to those already constructed, would represent about three thousand miles of railway, but, as it is contended that the cost of construction and other expenses are and will be reduced, we may perhaps take this capital to represent three thousand five hundred miles; which, with the length of the lines already open, will make a total of about five

thousand five hundred miles of railway in the Island, costing a hundred and seventy millions of pounds sterling; and in order to pay the same average dividends as those which are paid on the present lines, there will require to be a gross annual dividend of little less than ten millions of pounds sterling.

But in order to obtain a net profit annually of this enormous amount, what must be the gross receipts, or, in other words, the gross amount paid by the public for transport? We shall obtain the means of this with some degree of accuracy, by taking the gross annual receipts of

the railways, and comparing them with dividends.

We find that the annual gross receipts of the roads now in operation are about six millions, of which four millions are net profits or dividends. To produce dividends of ten millions, therefore, the gross receipts must be fifteen millions. To make the system of railways projected in England, and about to be executed, pay, therefore, so as to give average dividends of five and seven-tenths per cent. on the capital invested, the public must pay, annually, fifteen millions of pounds sterling for transport.

LONGFELLOW'S POETS AND POETRY OF EUROPE.

WE have an old Greek saying, to the effect that "a great book is a great mischief;" an adage which, like most other adages, is sometimes true, often false, and oftenest appealed to when it is false. It would not be strange, therefore, if some critic should be found, ill-natured and unscrupulous enough to apply it to the large and beautifully printed volume before us. Even we, with all our respect for the book, rich as we deem it to be in the most various materials for instruction and amusement, if compelled to read it in regular course, from end to end, should, in all probability, be tempted to make the application ourselves. It is, indeed, not a little questionable, whether any reader will arise, gifted with the dogged patience, the Herculean perseverance, necessary for so vast an undertaking. The nature of the work allows little continuity of thought or interest. It is a collection of short pieces, loosely strung together, like the articles of a dictionary, or the dates of a chronological table. Hence that propensity to *skip*, which spoils the connected reading of so many productions more connected than the present, besets us here with irresistible importunity. Under such circumstances, the reader should make a virtue of necessity, and yield with a good grace to the temptation which he cannot overcome. If he would draw from the book a maximum of pleasure, he should give himself up to the guidance of fancy or caprice; move backward or forward, as chance may direct;

turn leaf after leaf in one place without stopping for more than a hasty glance; and pause at another, attracted by an illustrious name, a piquant heading, or a whimsical combination of metres. He is not to regard himself as in a hostile territory, and so take it for his rule to leave behind him nothing which he has not mastered. It is, in fact, a book to be read *in*, not read *through*. From the vast variety which it presents, of matter and of style, it is for each one to select that which appears most congenial to his tastes and habits. From the crowd of distinguished personages to whom he is introduced, let him choose his own society. He may rest sure of finding associates enough, and such associates as he will not need to blush for. He is allowed to hold converse with the great and wise; with those who have spoken most eloquently and most truly to the hearts of men; those who have swayed the minds of their contemporaries, and impressed their influence upon posterity; who are to live through all coming time, as the guides, instructors, and benefactors of mankind. There is something ennobling in the communion we are thus permitted to enjoy with the master-minds of modern Europe. Though, in the disguise of a translation, we may understand but imperfectly the language which they speak, it cannot be unprofitable for us to read their names, to dwell upon their memories, to recognize and revere their merits.

Mr. Longfellow has stated in his pre-

face, briefly and modestly, the object which he has had in view, and the course which he has taken in the preparation of the work :

"I have attempted only to bring together into a compact and convenient form, as large an amount as possible of those English translations, which are scattered through many volumes, and are not easily accessible to the general reader. In doing this, it has been thought advisable to treat the subject historically, rather than critically. The materials have, in consequence, been arranged according to their dates; and in order to render the literary history of the various countries as complete as these materials, and the limits of a single volume would allow, an author of no great note has sometimes been admitted, or a poem which a severer taste would have excluded. The work is to be regarded as a collection, rather than a selection; and in judging any author, it must be borne in mind that translations do not always preserve the rhythm and melody of the original, but often resemble soldiers moving on when the music has ceased and the time is marked only by the tap of the drum.

"The languages from which translations are here presented are ten. They are the six Gothic languages of the North of Europe—Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German and Dutch; and the four Latin languages of the South of Europe—French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. In order to make the work fulfill entirely the promise of its title, the Celtic and Slavonic, as likewise the Turkish and Romaine, should have been introduced; but with these I am not acquainted, and I therefore leave them to some other hands, hoping that, ere long, a volume may be added to this which shall embrace all the remaining European tongues."

Throughout the volume are scattered literary notices, which add much to its size, and still more to its value. The translations made from each of the languages embraced in the work, are introduced by a brief historical survey of the poetical literature belonging to that language. We have also a particular account of the life and writings of each poet prefixed to the specimens of his poetry. For most of these biographical sketches the editor professes himself indebted to Mr. C. C. Felton. It is hardly necessary for us to say of them, what all would infer from the name of their author, that they are admirably executed. A large amount of literary history and criticism is thus presented to the reader. He has the means furnished to his hand for tracing the origin and progress of

poetry among the nations of modern Europe, and forming a critical estimate of the most eminent poets. For such as may wish to examine more minutely any portion of the ground surveyed in these sketches, copious references are given to the best special treatises both in English and in foreign languages.

Mr. Longfellow has omitted in the body of the work all mention of the translators to whom we owe the pieces in their English dress. Probably he thought it sufficient to give their names in the table of contents; and he may have been influenced by an unwillingness, natural enough in a modest man, to bring his own name repeatedly before the notice of the reader. Yet it is clumsy and irksome, especially in so bulky a volume, to be continually turning to the index for that which might equally well be given us from page to page, for that which we always wish to know, or ought to wish it, if we do not. The inconvenience, though trifling in each case, becomes burdensome by constant repetition. It can never be a matter of indifference to the reader by whom the version before him was executed. Two elements enter into every translation: the author and the translator. If you would understand aright the nature of the compound, you must take into account both these elements. But the translator is in general the more important of the two. It is his influence which predominates. The compound takes its character chiefly from him. Thus, Hoole's Ariosto is nearer to Hoole than to Ariosto. So, in Pope's Homer, the Greek is nothing—the Englishman everything. The reader should never forget that if there are some versions which reflect the original, there are more which reflect the translator. He should beware how he makes up his judgment of the former without knowing the name and qualifications of the latter.

The editor of this work, speaking of "the authors upon whom he has chiefly relied, and to whom he is indebted for the largest number of translations," names first the veteran Bowring. This indefatigable writer has studied the poetry of many different nations, with the view of introducing it by select specimens to the acquaintance of his countrymen. For this purpose he has mastered not only the Teutonic and Romance languages, but also the Slavonic dialects, and even the difficult idiom of the Magyars. He has published Russian, Polish, Servian

and Hungarian Anthologies, which, of course, furnish nothing to this volume, but would be exceedingly useful in preparing a supplementary work such as Mr. Longfellow has suggested. It is by his translations from the literature of Holland and of Spain that he comes before us here. But for him, indeed, Dutch poetry would make a sorry show. Two-thirds of the pieces which appear under this head, are taken from his Anthology. He has made it the labor of his life to botanize for the flowers of poetry in places where no one else had ever thought of finding them; and, upon this quest, chancing to visit the Netherlandish flats, was rewarded for his enterprise and industry by the discovery of new and unsuspected treasures. He translates in a fair workman-like manner, precisely as a man should who has made translation his business. He gives you the sense of his original with sufficient fidelity, in language not particularly felicitous, yet perfectly well chosen; sustaining himself always at a certain moderate elevation; without genius to rise very high; with too much taste to sink very low.

Under German poetry we meet with some excellent translations by the celebrated William Taylor of Norwich. His version of Bürger's *Ellenore* has the fire and spirit of an original performance: it must take one of the highest places in the ballad literature of our language. The same may be said of the Spanish ballads translated by Mr. Lockhart. They are not, like most translations, dried specimens of foreign song preserved in scientific collections: though exotics, they take firm root in our own soil, and flourish, green and vigorous, side by side with plants of indigenous growth. High praise should be awarded also to the Danish ballads as rendered by Jamieson; and to Weber's translations from the *Heldenbuch* and the *Nibelungenlied*, which represent with wonderful fidelity the form as well as the spirit of the rough old Teutonic originals.

The editor himself has repeated here the beautiful translations which he has published from time to time in periodicals, and inserted in the collections of his poems. He gives us also other translations of his own, which, as we have not seen them before, we presume to have been made with special reference to this work. There is an old proverb, which warns us "not to look a gift-horse in the mouth." It may seem un-

gracious and ungrateful to complain of one who has given us much, because he has not given us more. Yet we cannot refrain from expressing the regret which all must feel, that the number of pieces contributed to the work by Mr. Longfellow is so small—so much smaller, certainly, than we could wish to have it. As a translator he has no reason to shrink from comparison with the ablest of those by whose labors he has profited. His versions are delicate, spirited and faithful in the highest degree. No one has succeeded better, scarcely any one so well, in solving that most difficult problem of translation, to reconcile idiomatic ease and grace with literal exactness. There is a *curiosa felicitas* in his phraseology. His words appear to us not simply as the best which could be used under the given requisitions of rhyme and metre, but as best in themselves—better suited than any other words to convey the meaning of the writer. It would seem as if he could discern by intuitive perception under every vocable and phrase of Swedish, German, Spanish, the most perfect English equivalent; and as if, by some happy accident, the expression which occurred to him were always in exact conformity with every metrical and rhythmical condition.

It is a charge, which has sometimes been brought against Mr. Longfellow, that he adheres with over-scrupulous exactness to the letter of his text; or at least that its principles would lead him to do so, and that only his delicacy and purity of taste preserve him from the prejudicial influence of his erroneous maxims. We are not disposed to deny that the majority of translators, should they attempt to act upon the rules which Mr. Longfellow seems to have laid down for himself, would be in danger of falling into an awkward, unintelligible style—neither English, nor Greek, nor German, nor anything else known among articulately speaking men: or, avoiding that, would exhibit a dexterous word-mongering scarcely less detestable, in which the form should be imitated, while the spirit was suffered to evaporate. That there is such a thing as being too literal, cannot be questioned. The mere mechanical substitution of word for word will by no means answer the ends of a translation. The words of different languages have seldom the equality of those mathematical figures which, on being applied to each other, coincide throughout their

whole extent. And even if the correspondence of single words be absolutely perfect, it will not follow, that the similar combinations formed from them are precisely equivalent. Such is the influence of usage, analogy, association, complex and variable causes, which it is difficult to measure, and impossible to predict, that an expression which in one language is elegant and dignified, may be rude or vulgar, may have a wholly different meaning or no meaning at all, when presented word for word in another. Take now a poem, the *Iliad*, if you will, or the *Æneid*. The principle of literal translation, vigorously enforced, would lead us into the clumsiest prose, such as we find in Clarke's Latin Homer, or the Interlinear Virgil of the Hamiltonian system. Allow us some relaxation; permit us to substitute for the Latin or Greek expression some vernacular idiom which shall represent its spirit though departing from its letter; and we may produce a version, still in prose, but not wholly wanting either in elegance or clearness. But suppose we would give our version a metrical form; we then subject ourselves to additional difficulties, and are driven by sheer necessity to the use of greater license. Here, too, the versifier, who from scruples of conscience refuses to avail himself of any liberty not absolutely indispensable to the construction of his rhythms, will produce a work of the same order with the Latin *Iliad* and the Interlinear *Æneid*. So great a man as Milton amused himself once with "doing into metre nine of the Psalms, wherein all but what is in a different character are the very words of the text, translated from the original." Take a favorable specimen:

"How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hosts how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!
My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord, to see:
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee."

Hear now the passage as it stands in our common version.

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

Will any one say that the original is

better represented in the rhymes just quoted, than in the following paraphrase?

"How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.
My flesh could rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God."

or, as it stands in this more condensed version:

"Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires
With warm desires to see my God."

From this example we may see what must be the consequence of adopting the rule countenanced by so many recent authorities, that a metrical translator should use no liberty beyond those which metrical conditions imperatively demand. An original—at least, any original worth the labor of translating—has freedom, ease, and grace. In a servile version, these qualities are inevitably lost. But if the impression of the original is to be reproduced in the translation, the latter must have the ease and freedom of the former: and no translation can be considered as good, if it fail to represent these characteristics of the original.

Yet on the other hand it cannot be denied, that *liberal* translations are generally worthless. In most instances, they are hastily and carelessly executed. There is a fatal facility about this mode of rendering, which is likely to prove a snare to the translator. It is such a simple matter to string together rhymes on the same theme with your author, availing yourself of his ideas, when your own happen to come short, or supplying the deficiency of sense by an easy flow of verse, that we cannot be surprised at the number of those who practise after this fashion. It is a method, undoubtedly, which has great advantages. It supercedes the necessity of extensive and exact philological attainments. It requires no insight into the genius and spirit of an author. Without the toil and trouble of real acquisition, it procures for the indolent or incapable the fame of great proficiency in languages, and prodigious acquaintance with foreign literature. It enables an aspiring dunce to put forth his own dullness and absurdity under the shelter of a distinguished name, to divert towards himself some part of

that attention and respect which belong to the writer whose productions he travesties, to imitate the ivy which climbs to eminence on the ruins of a magnificent edifice. Mickle, in the preface to his translation of the *Lusiad*, assures us that it was not his object to satisfy those stupid persons whose only desire was to see exactly what Camoens said. His ambition was loftier. He wished to produce a poem which should live in the English language. He was desirous, it appears, of taking an independent rank in English literature; and certainly whatever merits his book may have, they are almost wholly independent of Camoens. The Englishman does, indeed, adopt the same subject with the Portuguese, divides his materials into the same number of cantos, and even follows him so far, that you may see on every page he had his eye upon him; but as for presenting his thoughts and images, one after another, as they stand in the original *Lusiad*, that was a piece of servile drudgery far beneath a man who aspired to independent rank in English literature. The consequence is, that he has produced a flat and vapid poem, in which the beauty, fervor and sublimity of Camoens make way for the buckram rhymes and conventional sentiments of Mr. Mickle. Such a style of liberal rendering is far less desirable, or rather, far more undesirable than extreme literal exactness; as it is better to have the words of the writer, even if the spirit be wanting, than to lose both words and spirit, without getting anything valuable in their place.

As regards the true and proper object of translation, at least in works of literary art, it should seem that only one opinion can be entertained. The words of an author are means which he employs for certain ends. They are intended to create a series of connected impressions in the mind of the reader. But if the reader is not acquainted with the language of the author, if he does not understand his words, they fail to produce the effect for which they were designed. They become useless as means, and must be replaced by other means, adequate to the ends proposed. To supply these is the province of the translator. It is his duty to change the words of his original—and to change nothing else. The effect of the work, whether taken in whole or in part, he must retain with scrupulous fidelity. What-

ever impression it is adapted to make upon the mind of one thoroughly familiar with the language in which it is written, he must study to reproduce in the minds of those for whom his version is intended. The task is unquestionably difficult. It is one which requires for its successful execution, a combination of the rarest qualities—extensive learning, quick susceptibility, unflinching ingenuity, and great command of language. Strictly construed, it may even present incompatible conditions. Thus it demands of the translator, that he should exhibit, not only the modes of thinking which belong to the author, but also his modes of expression. Yet, if the translator were to construct every phrase and sentence after the pattern of his original, the effect in many cases, owing to the different idiom and genius of his language, would be materially changed. If, on the other hand, he depart from the forms of the original, he is, perhaps, equally in danger of changing the effect, by omitting much that is peculiar and characteristic in the views and feelings of his author, and introducing much that belongs to the views and feelings of a different age or country. Thus perplexed and harassed between opposite courses, each attended by difficulties of its own, he finds that no course will bring him fully to the object of his efforts, and is forced to content himself with coming as near it as he can. Perfect translation is in general an impossibility. It might be otherwise, if the conceptions of an author were independent of the particular language which he employs. In this case, a second person setting out with the same conceptions, might hope to represent them equally well in some other language. But on most subjects the thoughts of a writer are influenced to a great extent by the language in which he expresses them. The mind will accommodate itself to the peculiarities of the instrument which it has to use. It will run of itself into the channels which offer it readiest issue. Hence it comes, that the meaning of an author may be, and usually is, much better conveyed in his own language, than it could be in another of vastly greater general capabilities. All that we can require of the translator, then, is, that he should have continually before him the ideal of perfect translation, and be always doing his utmost to realize it in practice. If he cannot preserve everything which be-

longs to his author, let him retain as much as he can. He should settle in his own mind the relative importance of different objects subordinate to his general aim. He should take broad views of his province and his duty—distinguishing the essential from the non-essential—placing the spirit higher than the form, the end higher than the means. He must not copy with painful exactness, every detail of the landscape before him, while perspective and shading are forgotten. He must beware, lest, while he imitates his original in rhythms, in phrases, in the order and connection of clauses and sentences, he should fail of representing its general character and effect; lest he make awkward, what was elegant—obscure, what was perspicuous—artificial, what was simple—dull and heavy, what was light, airy and graceful.

After all, translation is a rude process; and it is only the hardier graces of a poetical composition which can survive it. The undefinable charm of language, the minute delicacies of expression, the subtle associations which hang like an atmosphere about particular words and phrases, are sure to disappear. We may have the outline of the picture, (even this is often distorted,) but we miss the infinite variety of light and color which gave it character and beauty. The pleasure to be derived from poetical translations is chiefly critical. They are enjoyed more by the scholar than by the common reader. The former loves to compare the original with the copy, to see how far the difficulties of the case have been overcome, to observe how much has been retained, how much lost in the process of translation. As he reads the version, he has the original continually running in his head, and combines all the pleasure which each taken by itself is capable of affording, with the intellectual enjoyment of comparison and criticism. Thus, the very defects of a version by which others are offended become to him sources from which he contrives to extract a species of satisfaction. Hence, we find that metrical translations of the ancient classics—excepting Pope's *Iliad*, which may be called an independent poem on the Trojan war rather than a translation of Homer—are chiefly read by scholars. We suspect that even translations from the German are little read, except by those who have gained some degree of acquaintance with the originals.

But we will give over this strain, which is, perhaps, unjust, as well as querulous. It is wiser to accept and relish what is good than to quarrel with it, because something else is better. In this disposition let us turn to the "Poets and Poetry of Europe," and survey briefly and hastily some portions of the volume.

Mr. Longfellow, like a true descendant of the Teutons, has given the first place to Teutonic poetry. He commences with the literature of our fathers, the Saxons of England. For though our fathers in genealogy, they are foreigners to us in language. German and Dutch are not more unintelligible, than the speech of those ancient English to the Englishman and Anglo-Americans of the present day. Their writings must be rendered into what they would have regarded as a barbarous semi-Norman jargon, before we can understand their meaning; and with all the helps of translation, we are far from understanding it very well. We do not easily enter into the spirit of their poetry. The feelings which it expresses, the modes of life which it represents, are widely remote from our own. Amid scenes of fighting and feasting, beer-sailing and bloodshed, we find ourselves ill at ease, as if surrounded by savage and dangerous companions. The rude wild strength of our ancestors is little to the taste of their descendants. The polished Greek, the lordly Roman lie nearer to our knowledge and our sympathies than these fierce inhabitants of the Saxon forests, these doughty conquerors of Britain. Their poetry is untranslatable. To say nothing of the alliterative form, which no one has thought of representing in a version, it has a nervous brevity that defies imitation. Scorning mere logical sequence, it rejects particles. It is a Cyclopean structure, built up with large rude blocks of stone, and no mortar. The writer hurries on from thought to thought, from figure to figure, with breathless rapidity, unimpeded by that cumbrous array of articles, prepositions and conjunctions, which, although convenient for the understanding, and in parsing quite indispensable, are a heavy clog on the imagination. The following lines illustrate well the external peculiarities of Anglo-Saxon verse, the rhythm, the alliteration, and the asyndetic structure of which we have spoken:

"Flah mah fliteth,
Flan man hwiteth,

Burg sorg biteth,
Bald ald thwiteth,
Wræc-fæc wriðtheth,
Wrath ath smiteth."

"The strong dart flitteth,
The spear man whetteth,
Care the city biteth,
Age the bold quelleth,
Vengeance prevaileth,
Wrath a city assaileth."

It must be understood, however, that the rhyme is an ornament sparingly used by the Anglo-Saxon poets. Indeed they needed not this additional restraint upon the free expression of their thoughts. It was enough that in each couplet of two short lines, three emphatic words, perhaps a full half of all the words in the couplet, should have the same initial sound. Forced to break up their matter into short fragmentary clauses, and then fettered in the construction of these clauses by the rules of alliteration, they were debarred from the natural development of their ideas, and compelled to exhaust their powers in a continual struggle with the difficulties of the verse. It is interesting to observe the tendency among nations imperfectly civilized to the adoption of complicated and artificial systems of versification. Such systems are found in the poetry of the ancient Arabs, and still more, in the early bardic songs of the Celtic tribes. The barbarian delights in poetry, not so much as a beautiful representation of nature, but rather as an exhibition of skill, a display of mechanical dexterity. He is pleased with the jingle of the verse, and amazed at the art required for its construction. The more numerous and burdensome the restrictions which the poet imposes on himself, the greater will be the art which he evinces, and the deeper the admiration excited by his success. Perhaps this feeling is not altogether peculiar to barbarians. Something of the same kind appears to exist in the most cultivated people of modern Europe—at least, if we are to believe those French writers who defend their male and female rhymes, middle *casura*, and other similar technicalities, so much insisted on in their poetry, by extolling in rapturous terms the pleasure with which they contemplate the ingenuity of a skillful writer in surmounting the mechanical difficulties of his work.

In reading the specimens of Saxon poetry, it is impossible not to be struck with their sombre and gloomy character. The shadow of the grave seems to rest upon them. Ideas and images of sorrow,

suffering, death, pass before us in funeral pomp. We feel as if walking in an antique gallery, where dark pictures in heavy frames frown upon us from the walls, and fill us with profound sadness. This impression is deepened, not effaced, by occasional fits of wild and boisterous merriment. We find something fearful and startling in the mirth of festival and banquet. Like the lightning, it flashes out in the darkness, only to leave it darker and more oppressive than before. This general gloom may be seen, in combination with wonderful sublimity, in the "Paraphrase of Portions of Holy Writ," by Cædmon, the Milton of Saxon England. For examples, we refer the reader to his descriptions of the "Fall of the Rebel Angels," "Flight of the Israelites," and "Destruction of Pharaoh." In the first of these are many extraordinary passages. Thus of Satan:

"Boiled within him
His thought about his heart,
Hot was without him
His dire punishment.
Then spake he the words:
'This narrow place is most unlike
That other that we ere knew,
High in Heaven's kingdom,
Which my Master bestowed on me.'

That of sorrows is to me the greatest,
That Adam shall,
Who of earth was wrought,
My strong
Seat possess,
Be to him in delight,
And we endure this torment,
Misery in this hell!'"

Then he adds, with a proud sorrow, a despairing resolution, and a profound sense of the gloom around him, quite worthy of the Fallen Angel of Milton:

"Oh, had I power of my hands,
And might one season
Be without,
Be one winter's space,
Then with this host I—
But around me lie
Iron bonds,
Presseth this cord of chain:
I am powerless!
Me have so hard
The clasps of hell,
So firmly grasped!
Here is a vast fire
Above and underneath,
Never did I see
A loathlier landskip;
The flame abateth not,
Hot over hell."

We now suffer chastisement in hell,
Which is darkness and heat,
Grim, bottomless;
God hath us himself
Swept into these swart maists.' "

It would be a curious inquiry, which we shall some time follow out, whether Milton ever saw this old Saxon poem, and how much he may possibly have borrowed his idea from it. Cædmon lived as early as 680.

In the "Destruction of Pharaoh" there is exceedingly picturesque and vigorous language:

"The tide's neap,
With the war-enginery obstructed,
Laid bare the sand
To the fated host,
When the wandering stream,
The ever cold sea,
With its ever salt waves,
Its eternal stations,
A naked, involuntary messenger,
Came to visit.

Hostile was the spirit of death
Who the foes overwhelmed;
The blue air was
With corruption tainted;
The bursting ocean
Whooped a bloody storm.

The air was shaken,
Yielded the rampart holds,
The waves burst over them,
The sea-towers melted.

Ocean raged,
Drew itself up on high,
The storms rose,
The corpses rolled;
Fated fell
High from heaven
The hand-work of God;
Of the foamy gulfs
The Guardian of the flood struck
The unsheltering wave
With an ancient falchion,
That in the swoon of death
Those armies slept,
Those bands of sinful
Sunk with their souls
Fast encompassed,
The flood-pale host!"

The same characteristics appear in the poem on the "Battle of Brunanburh," where

—"Athelstan king,
Of earls the lord,
Rewarder of heroes,
And his brother eke,
Edmund atheling,
Elder of ancient race,
Slew in the fight,

With the edge of their swords,
The foe at Brumby!
The sons of Edward
Their board-walls clove,
And hewed their banners,
With the wrecks of their hammers."

In the venerable poem of Beowulf occurs the following beautiful description of "An Old Man's Sorrow":

"Careful, sorrowing,
He seeth in his son's bower
The wine-hall deserted,
The resort of the wind noiseless;
The Knight sleepeth,
The Warrior, in darkness;
There is not there
Noise of the harp,
Joy in the dwellings,
As there was before;
Then departeth he into songs,
Singeth a lay of sorrow,
One after one;
All seemed to him too wide,
The plains and the dwelling-place."

The disposition to dwell upon thoughts and images of death, is most strikingly exhibited in the piece, entitled "The Soul's Complaint against the Body." We quote the closing lines:

"Crieth thou, so care-worn,
With cold utterance,
And speaketh grimly,
The ghost to the dust:
'Dry dust! thou dreary one!
How little didst thou labor for me!
In the foulness of earth
Thou all wearest away
Like to the loam!
Little didst thou think
How thy soul's journey
Would be thereafter,
When from the body
It should be led forth.' "

Still more striking is "The Grave," which, with "The Soul's Complaint," is the beautiful translation of Mr. Longfellow:

"For thee was a house built
Ere thou wert born;
For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor is its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be.
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
Highly timbered;

It is unhigh and low,
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh;
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh.
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within;
There thou art fast detained,
And Death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell;
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid
And leavest thy friends;
Thou hast no friend
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee,
Who will ever open
The door for thee,
And descend after thee;
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see."

"The Song of Summer," as the earliest of songs in our language, is worthy of extracting, as well as for its merit as a melody:

"Summer is a coming in,
Loud sing, cuckow;
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood now.
Sing, cuckow, cuckow.

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth calf after cow,
Bullock starteth, buck departeth;
Merry sing, cuckow,
Cuckow, cuckow.
Well singeth the cuckow,
Nor cease to sing now;
Sing, cuckow, now,
Sing, cuckow."

Akin to Anglo-Saxon poetry, closely resembling it in spirit and in form, but far richer and more copious, is the poetry of Iceland. This frozen and desolate region, towards which Nature seems to have acted the part of a step-mother, was, for many centuries, the chosen home and retreat of the Scandinavian Muse. The spirit of poetry was kept alive among its people, by the scenes of grandeur and sublimity in which they lived. Remote from the political convulsions which agitated their brethren of the main-land, they had nothing to call them away from the cultivation of literature. Here, then,

the ancient language was retained in its purity, while new and corrupt idioms sprung up in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. Here, too, the old stock of songs and traditions which the earliest settlers had brought with them to the island, was preserved with religious care; and largely augmented, from age to age, by the compositions of succeeding writers. The grotesque and wonderful fables of Northern Mythology were handed down in the Eddas, long after the worshipers of Odin and Thor had been converted to Christianity. The history of the Scandinavians was recorded in Sagas, or Chronicles, which preserve for us, in the Odes and Death-Songs scattered through them, many of the most important remains of old Norse poetry. The number of Skalds, or poets, was very great. Before the close of the thirteenth century "flourished more than two hundred, whose names have come down to us, with fragments of their songs." The actions and the glories of gods, and chiefs, and heroes, are the constant subjects of their strains. They have much to tell us of the sea, and of maritime exploits and adventures: for they were an "oar-loving people," whose ships entered every harbor, and sailed up every navigable river of Southern Europe; whose daring mariners discovered Greenland, and cruised along the whole coast of North America, as far as Rhode Island. The spirit which animated the rovers of the North in their long and dangerous expeditions, is vigorously expressed in the following

SONG OF THE BERSERKS.

FROM THE HERVARAR SAGA. |

"The wind was brisk, and lifted the streamers; the sun was bright; and the ship, with its twelve heroes, scudded hissing along the waves toward Samsey, while the crew thus sang:"

BROWN are our ships,
But the Vauns admire
The haunts of the brave;
Horses of the sea,
They carry the warrior
To the winning of plunder.

The wandering home
Enriches the fixed one;
Welcome to woman
Is the crosser of ocean;
Merry are children
In strange attire.

Narrow are our beds,
As graves of the nameless;
But mighty our rising,
As the storms of Thor;
He fears not man,
Who laughs at the tempest.

Who feeds with corpses
The whales of Æger
Shall deck his hall
With far-fetched booty,
And quaff at will
The wine of the South.

The translations of Henderson, Taylor, and Jamieson, which are unrhymed, please us better than the rhymed translations of Herbert and Pigott. The rhythm and cadence of the latter are, it is true, more agreeable to the ear; but for that very reason we like them less. Whatever their merits in other respects, they are not true to the originals. They give us a modern article in place of the genuine antique. The rude simplicity and nervous strength of Scandinavian poetry are abandoned for a superficial elegance and smoothness. Hence arises a striking incongruity between the spirit and the form, between the truculent energy of the ancient Northman, and the modern embellishments with which he is decorated. He is made to resemble a dancing bear: the native savageness of the animal contrasts oddly with his artificial graces. If the piece be a ludicrous one, this incongruity contributes to the ludicrous effect, and the rhyme becomes an advantage. Such is the case in "Thrym's Quida," a poem which informs us how the hammer of Thor is stolen by Thrym, king of the Thursi, who positively refuses to surrender it, except on one condition, that the lovely Freyia shall be given him as his wife. But as the lovely Freyia herself is vehemently averse to the proposal, Thor, by the advice of Loke, is dressed in bridal attire, and conducted to Thrym, who receives his supposed bride with great rejoicings, and lays the hammer as a wedding-gift upon her lap. But he soon discovers his mistake. For

"The Thunderer's soul smiled in his breast,
When the hammer hard on his lap was placed.
Thrym first, the king of the Thursi, he slew,
And slaughtered all the giant crew.
He slew that giant's sister old,
Who prayed for bridal gifts so bold;

Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's bruises were her lot.
Thus Odin's son his hammer got."

After the close of the thirteenth century the number of Skalds diminished very rapidly. Since that time, Icelandic poetry has been in a state of confirmed decline. But whilst the parent language has ceased to be cultivated, the idioms of Denmark and Sweden, its lineal descendants have risen into celebrity, and have come to contain literary treasures of great value. In each, the earliest compositions appear to be the popular ballads. These are very numerous, and present the same characteristics in both languages. In many cases the Danish and Swedish ballads are only different versions of the same original. This intimate connection will surprise no one who considers that Danes and Swedes belong to the same race, that they have received the same traditions from their common ancestors, that from age to age they have been subjected to nearly the same influences, religious and political, and that their languages resemble each other very closely, insomuch, that a person familiar with one of them, can readily understand much of what is spoken in the other. In these countries, as in Germany, the best poets belong to the last half century. Tegnér in Sweden, and Oehlenschläger in Denmark, are universally recognized as the greatest authors who have adorned the literature of their respective nations. In the preparation of this work, they have been treated by the editor with the respect due to such exalted rank. Tegnér is an old favorite with Mr. Longfellow, and it will be strange if the specimens which are given us of his poetry, do not make him a favorite with all readers. His "Nattvardsbarnen," or "The Children of the Lord's Supper," appears in the beautiful translation, with which we have long been familiar. His great epic poem, "Frithiofs Saga," which was designed to embrace in one comprehensive whole, the various elements of ancient Northern life and culture, is described in a full analysis, and represented by copious selections. Still greater attention is paid to the Danish poet. He is permitted to take up a larger portion of the volume than any other writer. But we venture to say, that no one who shall read the admirable translations of Gillies, will grudge the space they occupy. They make us acquainted with three of Oehl-

lenschläger's principal dramas, "Aladdin," "Hakon Jarl," and "Correggio." Although it is impossible by one short extract, to convey any adequate idea of the simplicity, force, and truth, which distinguish this great dramatist, we cannot refrain from inserting the following noble soliloquy of Correggio, and a part of the dialogue that follows:

ANTONIO DA CORREGGIO, AND MARIA HIS WIFE.

ANTONIO (*alone. He sets down the picture, and seems confounded.*)

Is this a dream? Or has indeed the great And gifted Buonarrotti been with me? And such his words! O, were it but delusion!

[*He sits down, holding his hand over his face; then rises up again.*]

My brain whirls round.—And yet I am awake!

A frightful voice has broke my sleep.—"A Bungler!"

Such name, indeed, I never had believed That I deserved, if the great Buonarrotti Had not himself announced it!

[*He stands lost in thought.*]

On my sight
Rose variegated floating clouds. I deemed
That they were natural forms, and eager
seized

The pencil to arrest their transient beauty;
But, lo! whate'er I painted is no more
But clouds again,—a many-colored toy,
Wherein all nobler attributes of soul
Are sought in vain;—even just proportion's
rules

Are wanting too! [*Mournfully.*]

This I had not suspected!

From deep internal impulse, with pure
heart,

Have I my self-rewarding toil pursued.
When at the canvas placed, methought I
kneeled

Even at the everlasting shrine of Nature,
Who smiled on me, her favored votary,
And glorious mysteries revealed. But, O,
How have I been deceived!— [*A pause.*]

I well remember,
When but a boy, I with my father went
To Florence on the market-day, and ran
Alone into St. Lawrence church, and there
Stood at the graves of Giulo and Lorenzo;
Contemplated the immortal imagery,—
The Night, the Day, the Twilight, and
Aurora,

All in white marble cut by Buonarrotti.
My stay was brief, but on my heart the im-
pression

Was deep and lasting;—I had then beheld
The high UNIQUE; the noblest works of
art!

All was so strange,—so beautiful and great,
And yet so dead and mournful,—I rejoiced

When I came forth and saw once more the
fields

And the blue sky. But now again I stand
Beneath the cold sepulchral vault. The
forms,

So fugitive, of light and cheerfulness,
Are vanished all away. Shuddering I stand
Before the Twilight and the Night,—de-
spised,—

Forsaken!—

[*Much moved.*]

Well! henceforth I paint no more!

Heaven knows 't was not from vanity I la-
bored,

But rather as the bees erect their cells,
From natural impulse,—or the birds their
nests.

If this is all a dream, then he shall once,
Yet once more, not in anger, but with calm
And tranquil dignity, such as his art
Has on Lorenzo's tomb portrayed, confirm
My sentence. Then farewell, ye cherished
hopes!

Then I am still a poor and humble peasant!
Ay, with a conscience pure and peaceful.

Still,
I shall not mourn, nor sink into despair.
If I am not a painter, yet my lot
Is neither mean nor abject;—if this great
And far-famed Angelo should so denounce
me,

Yet would an inward voice, by Heaven in-
spired,

The assurance give, "Thou art not base
nor guilty!"

MARIA (*enters.*)

How's this, Antonio? Thou art melan-
choly.

Thy picture's thrown aside.—'T is strange,
indeed,

To find thee unemployed, when thus alone.

ANTONIO.

Maria, dearest wife, my painting now
Is at an end.

MARIA.

Hast thou, then, finished quite?

ANTONIO (*painfully, and pressing her
hand.*)

Ay, child,—quite finished!

MARIA.

How is this? O Heaven!

Thou weep'st, Antonio!

ANTONIO.

Nay, not so, Maria.

MARIA.

Dear husband, what has happened here?
O, tell me!

ANTONIO.

Be not afraid, Maria. I have thought
On many things relating to our life;
And I have found, at last, that this pursuit,
By which we live, brings not prosperity;
So have I, with myself, resolved at once
To change it quite.

MARIA.

I understand thee not!

ANTONIO.

Seven years ago, when from thy father's hand

I, as my bride, received thee, canst thou still

Remember what the old man said? "Antonio,

Leave off this painting. He who lives and dreams

Still in the fairy world of art, in truth, Is for this world unfit. Your painters

all, And poets, prove bad husbands; for, with them

The Muse usurps the wife's place; and intent

On their spiritual children, they will soon Forget both sons and daughters."

MARIA.

Nay, in truth, He was an honest, faithful heart. Methinks,

Such to these useful plants may be compared

That grow beneath the earth, but never bloom

With ornamental flowers. No more of this!

ANTONIO.

"Be," said he then, "a potter, like myself,—

Paint little figures on the clay, and sell them.

So, free from care, live with thy wife and children,

And unto them thy time and life devote."

MARIA.

He saw not that which I then loved in thee, Thy genius, and thy pure, aspiring soul!

He knew not that thine art, which he despised,

Had shared my love, and was itself a blessing!

ANTONIO.

My child, full many things have been believed

That were not true. Thy hopes have all been blighted!

MARIA.

Antonio! wilt thou force me to be sad?

[Concluded in our next.]

TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

Come l' Araba Fenice—
Che ci sia—ognun lo dice—
Dove sia—nessun lo sa.

METASTASIO.

Shapeless sights come wandering by—
The ghastly people of the realm of dream.

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

THE SHADOWLESS EARL.

THE oldest legend of a lost shadow upon record is that of the Devil of Salamanca, which Körner has wrought up in a manner so poetical. Laun has availed himself of the Scottish tradition. This last still disputes with the Spanish the honor of having suggested to Chamisso the first idea of his immortal Peter Schlemihl. So various have been the tales woven out of this material, that perhaps it may be allowable to give one that shall preserve the simplicity of the tradition more than would be consistent with poetic embellishment.

On an autumnal evening, during the reign over Scotland of one of her early monarchs, two young men on horseback might have been seen approaching an old mansion-house, in one of the remote eastern districts. Their dress denoted their rank as belonging to the class of the gentry, but it was soiled and travel-worn; and from the appearance of the horses, it was evident they had ridden hard all day. As they reached the gateway, where they were met by two or three servants, the younger of the travelers threw himself from his horse, and hastened into the mansion without

waiting for the other, who dismounted more leisurely, and stopped to question the domestics.

"Her ladyship is still alive, but, we fear, about to pass away," was the reply. The young gentleman was then conducted into the house, throughout which reigned every sign of that melancholy disorder always occasioned by the approach of death to the master or mistress. He remained about an hour alone in the deserted and spacious drawing-room, when an attendant appeared, evidently much affected, and uttered his name in a faltering voice.

"My lord," said he, "my mistress would see you."

Without answer, the young Earl of Glenvin (for such was his rank) rose and followed him. They ascended the stairs, and passed through the long corridor to the chamber of the dying Countess. The room was dimly lighted by a small silver lamp on the table, and the Earl, as he paused a moment at the door, contemplated a mournful, yet most interesting scene.

The furniture of the apartment was of the richest description, but old and faded; and seemed to indicate the decayed condition of the family—once wealthy and distinguished, reduced by change of times; but retaining, in the midst of poverty, the noble pride which is, to true hearts, a heritage precious as inalienable. With all the remains of splendor, however, in the apartment, it lacked the ordinary appliances of comfort now deemed indispensable in the dwelling of the artisan or the peasant. The ceiling was so lofty, that the fire within the ponderous jaws of a chimney, vast enough to have served for a dungeon, which threw a ruddy glow over the room, scarcely served to diffuse a genial warmth. Nor were the rich hangings sufficient to exclude the wind, which came at intervals with such force that the lamp flared and the tapestry was shaken. The dust lay upon the huge beams that supported the ceiling, and on the heavy cumbrous ornaments of the large Venetian mirrors. The floors were covered with a kind of matting instead of the gorgeous carpets afterwards in vogue; and the seats, massive as they were and embroidered with armorial bearings, offered nothing of the inviting and luxurious ease belonging to modern invention.

Upon the bed curtained with heavy

velvet hangings, the dying lady reclined, supported by pillows, the whiteness of which was almost surpassed by the mortal paleness of her emaciated countenance. Her wan, almost transparent hands lay on the silken embroidered coverlet. At the bedside stood a priest in his dark robes; and near him a young girl was kneeling, her face buried in the folds of the covering. The son, who had but arrived in time to receive his mother's last breath, stood by her, every feature expressing the agony he endured—too deep even for tears. As he looked up and saw his friend at the door, he beckoned to him to advance, but without speaking a word. In obedience to the sign the Earl came forward, and stood at the foot of the bed.

"Thy friend, Wildeck?" asked the mother.

"It is," he answered—"Edward of Glenvin."

"You will pardon, my lord," said the lady, addressing the stranger with the courtesy which even in illness had always distinguished her—"you will pardon the anxiety of a mother, about to leave her only son almost alone in the world. You have been his friend; will you continue to be so?"

The Countess spoke with difficulty, and in a feeble tone; but the intensity of maternal solicitude was expressed in the large, dark, earnest eyes, already dimmed with approaching death. Edward, deeply affected, bowed his head, and answered by a solemn pledge never to desert his friend while life should be spared to him.

"Promise me," said the mother, "to keep him with you after I am gone, till the first bitterness of his grief has passed away."

The promise was given. "Now is my heart at ease," murmured the invalid. "My daughter will be safe in the convent walls from the storms of the world: for thee, my son, I feared; but one more friend is the best defence; and Edward of Glenvin were not the son of his noble father could he betray such a trust. Farewell, sir, and I thank you." With a heart full of sympathy, the Earl again bowed, and slowly quitted the apartment.

The night passed without further interruption; but as the day dawned an attendant entered Edward's chamber, to inform him that the Countess had peacefully departed soon after midnight.

The burial took place with all the

state usually observed on such occasions, and was attended by the dependents of the family and a few neighbors. The same morning, the Lady Anna, the sister of Wildeck, set forward, accompanied by the priest, on the journey to the Cistercian convent. The Abbess had been her mother's friend, and had promised to receive the orphan girl, who was to enter immediately on her noviciate. When this was completed, should no suitable offer of marriage recall her to the world, she was to take the veil by her mother's command, devoting the rest of her life to the fulfillment of religious duties.

The parting between the bereaved brother and sister, though brief, was mournful indeed. The grief of the young girl—she had in truth hardly passed the years of childhood—was the more touching, that it was speechless. In silence she extended her hand in adieu to Edward. He thought he had never seen a face more interesting—pale as it was with anguish, such as the young heart rarely knows. Then she was placed in the litter, accompanied by one female attendant; the curtains were closely drawn, and she was borne forever from the now desolate home of her infancy. Wildeck remained but to fulfill his mother's last directions, and then accompanied his friend to his ancestral castle, intending in a few weeks to enter the army.

Glenvin castle was situated in a wild and mountainous region, far in the northern part of Scotland. The country around it was at that time uncultivated, and covered in large tracts with savage woods, which offered an unlimited field for those devoted to the pleasures of the chase. Hunting was a passion rather than a pastime with the young Earl; his falconer, Ralph, had for years been his only favorite companion; and into these exciting amusements he failed not speedily to initiate his friend. Wildeck proved himself expert in the accomplishments necessary to a huntsman, and soon became equally enthusiastic; so that the days were spent by both almost entirely in the forest.

Some weeks had elapsed. One evening Edward returned after dusk, and alone, from the chase. He stopped not in the hall, where Wildeck was at supper; nor did he leave his own apartment for the rest of the night. The next morning he went forth earlier than usual, without asking his friend to accompany

him. For several days this mysterious behaviour continued, to the chagrin of the open-hearted Wildeck, who at last demanded the reason of his singular change of manner towards him.

"I had it on my mind to tell thee already," was the ingenuous reply. "But wait until evening; I must go forth once again ere the sun set."

"It is not many days," the Earl resumed, when at night they sat after supper in the hall, "since, as thou knowest, Wildeck, I left thee in the western wood. I was in flying pursuit of a beautiful roe, that bounded swiftly before me, leading me deeper and deeper into the forest. But I heeded not, eager only to overtake the lovely animal; and saw not that the long shadows had shut out the sunlight."

"Suddenly I found myself in a strange and wild spot. Lofty trees interlaced their boughs so closely overhead that the gloom was almost that of night; and I heard a hoarse murmur, as of falling water close at hand. Upon a small eminence directly before me, stood a tall female figure, in a green hunting dress, and wearing a cap of green velvet, surmounted with a snowy plume. Her form was symmetry itself, and her face of the most wondrous and surpassing beauty. Her eyes were large, flashing, and black as midnight; and her raven hair, parted over a brow of the purest ivory, fell in ringlets upon her neck."

"Ha—my pet! art thou here again?" cried she, in a voice of clear, rich melody, as the roe sprang joyously to her side. She patted the animal's neck with her small, white hand, and then, turning towards me, while a frown changed the expression of her beautiful face into something fearful, said menacingly—'Follow my roe again, sir, at your peril!'

"With these words she walked away, and with the animal, was lost to sight an instant after. Every hour since, my heart has been full of her image alone. Every day I have sought the spot where I saw her, but in vain. Was it Diana herself, just alighted upon earth in so peerless a form? or some malevolent spirit, sent from the abyss to torment me? For had it been a being of mortal mould, I should have dared to follow her. I had not quailed thus beneath the eyes of a woman."

Wildeck was, equally with his friend, at a loss to divine the meaning of this

singular apparition, and cheerfully offered his aid to fathom the mystery. But the search of both was fruitless; they could never find again the spot to which Edward had followed the roe.

"Let us ask help of the old falconer," at length suggested Wildeck. "Ralph has lived all his life in the forest."

The old man listened to the strange story—crossing himself repeatedly, while his face grew pale as death. "It is Adelstane!" at last he exclaimed, in a tone of alarm.

"And who is Adelstane?" asked both the young men in a breath.

"The wood-witch!" answered the falconer. "Oh, my lord, flee from her presence!"

"Wherefore should I flee from one so beautiful?"

"Her beauty but allureth to destruction. Stay; I will tell you all I know. My father, as my lord knows, was forester to the late noble Earl. When a little child, I used often to hear him say, if he had no good fortune in hunting, 'Adelstane must be angry with me.' If I asked, 'who is Adelstane?' he would either make no reply at all, or answer evasively.

"When I grew older, my father often took me into the forest. His luck at this time was wonderful, and every day he brought home the finest game to be found in the whole country. All the other huntsmen envied him. But I observed that my mother was very melancholy; that she often wept bitterly, would catch me in her arms, and strain me with frantic fondness to her breast. The cause of her suffering was apparent, from the fact that my father, who had once loved, now hardly ever noticed her; and that he was often absent days and nights from home.

"One evening as I lay upon the hearth, half asleep, I was awakened by the sobbing of my mother. I heard an old dame, who was with her, say, as if endeavoring to console her, 'Be patient only. Your husband will return to the right way, if he keep not from prayer. Adelstane is a powerful witch, but God and the blessed saints are still more powerful.'

"Hush!" said my mother. 'She knoweth our words—our thoughts! Has she not mocked me since the day —. Speak not her name—speak not her name!'

"And rushing towards me, she clasped

me wildly in her arms, exclaiming with tears of bitterness—'My child—my dear child! forsake me not! Do thou love me always!'

"Some days after, I heard my father say to her, 'Margaret, I will go no more to the three oaks.' He went on the sabbath to church with my mother, and in the evening sat beside her and read the holy book. But from this time he brought home no more game. Nothing prospered with him; the castle woods were filled with poachers; and none of the trees he planted took root. He grew ill, and wasted day after day, with a burning pain at his heart, which no medicines could remedy. Once I heard him say, in the midst of his groaning, 'Cruel Adelstane, cease to suck forth my life blood!'

"As death approached, he sent for me to his bedside, and said, in a voice of deep emotion:

"Ralph, my dear son, when thou art grown to manhood, heed the warning of thy dying father. If ever thou shalt find thyself in a solitary spot in the western forest, where three lofty oaks stand close together, turn thee quickly, and flee! If ever thou shalt meet a fair woman in hunting garb, whom the beasts of the forest follow like household dogs, avoid her, as thou lovest life!"

"Then, stretching out his hand to my mother, 'Forgive me, Margaret!' he faintly breathed, and expired as we bent over him.

"My lord, I have been obedient to my father's warning; I have shunned the haunted place. When I have seen the beautiful huntress mounted on her stately horse, I have made the sign of the cross and fled.

"Few dare to speak of Adelstane, because they fear her power; but I know of her this—here the falconer again crossed himself—"that she is the daughter of an evil wood nymph, by a son of the earth. She is always young and beautiful; and nothing can destroy her, save a death-wound from the hand of a man who has loved her and been beloved in return. Her art can easily avert this; for she has secret spells to take away the life of any one who, having once been ensnared by her, seeks to escape—no harm can be done to herself. This, my lord, is all I can tell you. May you—and you also, Master Wildeck—be kept from her beguiling!"

The Earl answered nothing to the

falconer's story; but remained musing for the remainder of the evening. The next day he rode forth alone. Some hours he wandered through the woods, till, to his great joy, he found the spot marked by the three oaks.

Long he stood gazing upon their tops, that were swayed to and fro by the surging of the wind. The murmur of the water-fall was heard; its clear stream glided at his feet. He longed for Adelstane's presence; but dared not utter her name. She appeared not; and, disappointed and sorrowful, Edward of Glenvin slowly retraced his steps homeward.

"It is well," said Wildeck, some days after to his friend, "that Ralph warned us against the beautiful huntress. I saw her yesterday at a distance in the wood; but quickly made the sign of the cross, and rode away."

"Without speaking to her?"

"Think you I have any fancy for the acquaintance of a witch? I want no favor that may cost the destruction of body and soul."

Edward answered not, but a strange smile was on his lips. "A witch—an evil being—in so lovely a form?" thought he. Again and again he roamed the forest alone, and visited the haunted spot. Sometimes he caught a glimpse of the fair huntress at a distance; but he dared not pronounce her name, and she always vanished at his approach.

No longer could he hide from himself that he loved this mysterious enchantress. The warning of the falconer recurred to him. Should he, then, bind himself the slave of a woman? Should he deal with evil spirits? or was she indeed one of such?

At this juncture a letter arrived for Wildeck, brought by a messenger from his sister Anna. He permitted the Earl to read it; the hand-writing was delicate and fair as the maiden herself; and in those times few women were accomplished enough to write a letter. The expressions of sisterly affection touched the heart of Glenvin. He saw now a means of escape from the tyranny of his passion for Adelstane. He proposed at once to Wildeck for his sister's hand; it was joyfully promised to him; and a messenger was immediately sent, with a letter and ring of betrothal, to the convent.

The Earl followed the messenger even sooner than he had proposed, for his tormenting dread of the fascination which

had already obtained such power over his heart, increased every day. How beautiful looked the gentle and blushing Anna, as she came to meet him in the convent, led by the Abbess, and timidly answered his entreaty that she would bless him with her hand! In a few days the marriage was solemnized; and the Earl conducted the fair bride to his ancestral home.

A year passed. The loveliness of the youthful Countess, and her devoted affection, were all the heart of Glenvin asked. His cup of blessing was full when Anna clasped a son to her bosom, the heir of his name and possessions. Wildeck had left the castle some months before.

The summer advanced, rich in its luxuriance of flowers and verdure, and the Earl one day prepared to accompany his lady upon a short excursion. The morning they were to set forth, he was out hawking in the forest. Absorbed in the excitement of the sport, he knew not he had penetrated into the deepest recesses of the wood. The silence was profound, and even startling. Suddenly, he perceived a slender and beautiful roe bounding from the cover of a thicket. He threw off the falcon from his wrist; the bird dashed like lightning upon the roe, and struck its neck. The animal fell to the ground. At the same instant, the beautiful huntress stood by it, and seizing the falcon, disengaged it from the roe's neck, holding the bird in one hand, while with the other she soothed the wound of her favorite.

Edward stood for some moments as if rooted to the ground. At length, approaching the huntress, "Forgive, lady," he said, "the injury my bird has done the roe, which I knew not was yours; and be pleased, also, to give me back your prisoner."

"Thou didst know well," said the lady, in a voice of silvery richness, "to whom the roe belonged. I warned thee once. The falcon is mine, unless ransomed."

"I will ransom it!" cried the Earl, eagerly. "A whole county for the noble bird! Ask what thou wilt."

"Thy wife and son?"

"You mock me, lady."

"Well, then, simply a lock of thy hair."

The Earl drew his dagger, cut off one of his brown locks, and kneeling on one knee, offered it to the beautiful stranger. She smiled as she received it, gave him

back the falcon, and a moment after disappeared.

It was noon when Edward reached home. The Countess had already set out, and he rode hard to overtake her. They returned late in the evening to the castle. At midnight the Earl sought his chamber, where his fair Anna was already buried in the slumbers of innocence. He was sensible of a strange, but not painful sensation of burning in the spot where he had severed the lock from his head. With sleep came unquiet dreams, wild and extatic, for Adelstane appeared to him, even more radiant in beauty than he had yet seen her. He awoke with a fierce longing at his heart. The walls of the chamber, the closeness of the air, oppressed him; he rushed out of the castle without the usual morning greeting to the Countess, threw himself upon his horse, and rode away alone into the forest.

Close to the well-known spot of the three oaks, Edward dismounted and threw his bridle over a sapling. Under the shadow of the oaks he stood, silent and trembling, a few moments; then called aloud, "Adelstane! Adelstane!"

The fair huntress stood before him, a vision of beauty too bright for earth!

"Wherefore hast thou called me?" she asked, haughtily.

"Wherefore, Adelstane?" repeated the Earl, passionately. "To say that I love thee—that I implore thy love!"

"Wilt thou be mine wholly—mine alone?"

For an instant, Anna's sweet and gentle face rose to Edward's thoughts; but the burning eyes of the enchantress were upon him; the only heaven he saw was her dazzling brow; and murmuring the words, "Thine only—and forever!" he sank at her feet.

From this day, the Earl passed almost every day in the woods. He no longer noticed the devoted tenderness of his wife—the playful caresses of his child. He was kind, but cold and reserved; and from day to day grew moody and restless, as if preyed upon by some melancholy that left no space for cheerful thought.

The Countess was at first disquieted, then alarmed, at this change, and his frequent and prolonged absences from home. In vain she wearied him with entreaties to disclose his hidden grief. Sometimes he would seize her hand suddenly, and as suddenly let it fall again, as if under some uncontrollable impulse; or gaze

at her mournfully and fixedly, and turn away without speaking. Anna wept and prayed in the solitude of her own chamber; but asked counsel or sympathy of none. Of all the household, who failed not to observe the changed demeanor of their lord, none divined the cause save Ralph, the falconer, and he dared not speak, though he saw, with bleeding heart, that his master had fallen into the snare.

Some months passed thus, when Wildeck came to visit his sister. It was not long ere he guessed her unhappiness, and its cause. He questioned her closely.

"Thou art right, sweet sister," said he, when she had told him all her sorrows, "to judge Edward still true to thee in heart. It is *sorcery* that has enslaved him." Therewith he related the story of Adelstane, and advised the Countess to reveal the whole to her confessor—that by the aid of prayers and penances, her husband might be delivered from the power of the witch.

The Countess listened to all in silence; then rising, she embraced her brother, and retired to her own apartment. Some hours after, she sent to summon the falconer to her presence.

The old man found his mistress arrayed in riding suit. Her countenance expressive of the most determined resolution.

"Thou art rather friend, than servant," said she graciously to him; "and I know that my lord esteems thee well; therefore have I chosen thee for this service. Have my horse ready, and prepare thee to ride with me."

The falconer bowed and withdrew. In a few moments they were riding down the hill upon the side of which the castle stood. The Countess urged her horse to his greatest speed, and directed her way to the entrance of the western wood. Ralph followed wondering, yet without venturing to question her intent.

As they passed the border of the forest, the Countess suddenly drew up her horse and turned towards her companion:

"Show me now the way," she said, "to the three oaks."

The old man grew pale as death. "What is it you ask, lady?" he exclaimed.

"Obedience."

"Oh, noble mistress!" cried the falconer, tears starting to his eyes; "I conjure you to return as you would shun destruction!"

"Forward—this instant!" said the

Countess, in a stern and resolute tone. "Begone, then!" as the old man hesitated, and I will seek the way alone."

"No, lady!" answered Ralph. "Since you will go, it is my duty to go with you. And I will pray to Heaven that the holy saints may guard you from evil."

So saying, he rode forward, with drooping head, through unknown paths, deeper and deeper into the forest. At length stopping, he said, "We can go no further with the horses, by reason of the thickness of the wood. Yonder are the three oaks."

"Remain here, and wait for me," said the Countess; and the old man, not daring to dispute her will, but sighing deeply, helped his lady to dismount, and fastened her horse to a tree. She walked hastily, though with unsteady steps, towards the place pointed out by the falconer, but stopped short as she came within full view of the spot.

Under the shade of those venerable trees two figures were reclining. One of them the Countess recognized as her husband. His hand clasped that of the beautiful huntress; his eyes were fixed on her face. So earnest was their conversation, that neither saw the intruder.

For some moments the young wife gazed upon this scene, speechless with amazement, anguish and horror. At length the word "Edward!" escaped from her lips in a piercing, agonized cry.

The Earl and the strange lady looked up: Glenvin covered his face with his hands.

"Edward!—my husband!" repeated the Countess. "Dost hide thy face? and wherefore? Ah! I know but too well, Edward, that sorcery alone hath turned thy heart from me. I come not to chide—I come to win thee back! Pray with me, my husband!—pray with me unto God, that He deliver thee from the power of the evil spirit!"

"Anna—my wife!" faltered the Earl; "depart hence, I entreat thee!"

"Never—without thee!" replied the Countess. "Come; for I know, Edward, thou lovest me still! What binds thee, then, to another?"

"My oath"—broke involuntarily from Glenvin's lips in a low murmur.

"Thy oath? and is not that thou didst swear to me at the altar more sacred?" Then addressing Adelstane, who stood surveying both with haughty looks: "Lady," pleaded the Countess,

"be noble as you are beautiful! Release him from his oath. See him no more!"

Adelstane smiled scornfully, and there was something more fearful in her smile than her frown.

The Countess drew a crucifix from her bosom. "By this holy image," she cried, passionately, "I implore you—Ha! she turns away!—Then hear me! I am, before high Heaven, the wife of Glenvin! I yield him up to none! Edward is mine—mine alone—and none shall tear him from me!"

With an energy, the offspring of highly wrought feeling, that defied all fear, the Countess had advanced, and grasped her husband's arm. Adelstane burst into a mocking laugh that rang, like silvery music, through the wood; and Anna shuddered as she thought she heard it echoed by unearthly voices. Then turning to the Earl, Adelstane said scornfully: "Thou art but a cold lover, in sooth, that waverest between two; but it is my pleasure to hold thee bound, and if once thou fail me, thou shalt dearly rue it! For this willful Countess, she shall have thy shadow when thou art with me; and in truth it is worth as much as thyself."

With these words the beautiful wood-witch vanished. Edward rushed from the spot to bide his shame and despair in the depths of the wood. The Countess returned, sorrowful yet hopeful, to the place where Ralph awaited her, and without speaking a word, remounted and rode back to the castle.

At midnight she sat alone in her chamber, strengthened by the prayers she had offered up with fervent, trusting heart. The Earl entered; Anna rose in silence and extended her hand to him. After a long pause he asked—"Didst thou hear Adelstane's threat?"

Anna bowed her head.

"And she will keep her word! Oh, that I had never forsaken thee, mine own true wife, and our son! But I must not, dare not, break my oath!"

The two conversed together till the dawn of day; but scarce had the sun risen in the east, when the Earl started up, exclaiming, "It is the appointed time;" and hastened, trembling, from the apartment. Anna heard the tramp of his horse as he rode away, and flung herself on the couch to weep in bitterness of soul.

About an hour had passed, and she thought with anguish—"Now he is with

Adelstane;" when she heard the door softly open. A dark shadow entered, but it was followed by no living human form. Pale and trembling stood the Countess, as she recognized distinctly the outline of her husband's figure. It moved slowly about the apartment, stood still before her, and then glided to the cradle of the child.

In speechless terror the Countess watched the spectral apparition; till at length, uttering a piercing shriek, she sank to the ground in a swoon. Her brother and the attendants who came to her assistance, saw with horror the pale phantom, as it wandered restlessly through the chamber. It vanished about two hours before the Earl's return.

Day after day the apparition visited the castle, walking by the side of the Countess; and day after day the lady's fair cheek grew paler, and her slight form wasted; while the Earl's mood was one of hopeless gloom. The prayers of the monks and holy water failed to banish the spectral visitor. Still Glenvin went, like one enslaved by a spell, every day into the forest. Yet he loathed the thralldom more and more, and strove, but feebly, to escape.

One morning he refrained from going to the accustomed haunt. But soon had

not passed, ere he was driven, by a stern force he could not resist, to seek the presence of the relentless Adelstane. She received him with scornful laughter. But he had no longer power to flee from her. He did not return that night, but wandered, crushed by despair, through the forest. As he came in sight of the castle next morning, a black flag was waving from its walls. The Countess knelt beside the corpse of her son.

From the chamber, and from the castle, fled the conscience-stricken Earl. Some days after he was found dead in the wood. The wound by which he perished had been inflicted with his own weapon. His family and name became extinct with him.

The Countess retired to a convent. Glenvin Castle was said long after to be haunted by the shadow of its last lord. It might be seen, sometimes at noonday, passing through the deserted chambers, or crossing the park. The most wonderful tales respecting its appearance, and the strange caprices of the wood-witch Adelstane, were current among the country people; and even at this day, among the nursery legends of that part of Scotland, are various versions of the history of "the Shadowless Earl."

PAPERS ON LITERATURE AND ART.*

THESE volumes are interesting to the general reader in many respects, as they show the disposition of the Author, the character of the sect to which she belongs, and the fashion of phraseology and sentiment at present, or very lately, in vogue with those of her persuasion. Independently of these points of interest, they show an unusual degree of practice with the pen, and a great deal of literary observation and experience. They are well, and in parts, handsomely written, but defaced by transcendental bombast, and an outre phraseology. The placing of the words is often far from English, and the lines slip occasionally into a kind of thumping blank verse,

"Beethoven towering far above our heads
Still with colossal gesture points above," †
are written as prose, but have the effect of very heavy verse. Another and principal fault of style we have to notice, is a violation of Aristotle's rule, that a great matter should be plainly worded, a mean matter exalted by a more elaborate phraseology; or, as Coleridge has expressed it, "Works of Imagination should be written in very plain language. The more purely imaginative, the more necessary is it to be plain." ‡ The volumes before us being decidedly works of imagination should have been composed in a less magnificent phrase. But the fashion of the day is otherwise; we prefer an author who *seems* to be possessed

* Papers on Literature and Art. By S. Margaret Fuller. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

† Part II. p. 48 of the Essays.

‡ Table talk, p. 114.

by his enthusiasm, to one evidently possessing and governing it; a fashion which cannot last, as it has the property of wearing itself out. Authors, as well as painters, might be reminded that nothing compensates for great strength and quantity of light except great depth and breadth of shadow; there is an arid excitement spread over every line of these pages, which reminds us of the glare of the desert, but which properly represents the effects of a nature totally given to admiration. The Author's eulogy is unrelaxed and overpowering; she is the transcendental Boswell; of which office, let us be happy to find it fallen where it belongs, upon one of the gentler sex.

"Papers on Literature and Art," is the given title of these Essays; but they are truly "Papers on Literary men and Artists." There is nothing in them of the practical; nothing is said of counterpoint, or *chiaro-oscuro*, subject or composition, style or choice of words; in fact there is nothing critical in these volumes but only a great deal of amateur remark. To include their whole description under one definition would be difficult, but to come near it one might call them, "Eulogistic essays, showing the effects produced upon a feminine spirit of the transcendental-Boswell world, by reading the memoirs of great writers and artists, and the praises bestowed upon them." Such a title would be as definitive as it is clumsy and inelegant.

Miss Fuller, like her English Analogon, Boswell, and the very singular Thomas Carlyle, has the happiness of looking beyond the surface of her hero's actions to his heart, and of there distinguishing that manly quality of self-respect. This is all that the Boswell genus look for. Why Carlyle, Boswell, and our Author, should be possessed with so prodigious an admiration for this very English and very American virtue, the philosophical reader will know, and the shrewd one will surmise: it is a matter which it were uncourteous to explain. As Johnson to Boswell, so is Goethe to Carlyle, and all remarkable men to our Author: the reader has now the key and will be able thereby to understand what follows.

We propose in the shortest limits possible, first to notice the contents of these volumes, with comments on their spirit and purpose; then to give an idea, if possible, of the transcendental doctrine, as we have it from Goethe and the Con-

cord sect; and lastly, to make a few observations on the method of criticism.

The two parts of these essays contain eight pieces each. The titles of those in the first volume are as follows: 1. "Poets of the People;" this is a eulogistic and sentimental notice of the poems of Thom, Prince, and Mrs. Norton. 2. "Miss Barret's poems;" a eulogy on them, in the same strain. 3. "Browning's poems;" a eulogy. 4. "Lives of the great composers;" sentimental eulogies on Haydn, Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, and other musical geniuses; from materials furnished by Bombet's valuable lives, and other sources. This article has a number of interesting anecdotes from Bombet. 5. "Record of Impressions produced by the exhibition of Mr. Allston's pictures in the summer of 1839;" another purely eulogistic article. 6. "American Literature;" qualified eulogies on Bancroft, Prescott, Channing, Emerson, Irving, Cooper, and the rest, with acidulous remarks, judiciously thrown in. 7. "Methodism at the Fountain;" a eulogy on Wesley: and 8. "Swedenborgianism;" a eulogy on Swedenborg.

The second volume opens with a short Essay on Critics, in which the writer's *method* is explained. 2. comes a dialogue between the poet and the critic, in which the former has greatly the advantage but is very unamiable. 3. "The two Herberts;" a transcendental dialogue of the Concord make. 4. "The prose works of Milton;" a personal eulogy. 5. The life of Sir James Macintosh;" in the same strain, but qualified. 6. "Modern British Poets;" eulogies on the nine modern poets of Britain. 7. "The Modern Drama;" eulogistic defence of actors, dramatists, and artists in general, in the same inevitable strain. 8th and last, is another "Dialogue," which is purely sentimental, in the Concord or sub-Goethean manner. A clear statement is half the argument. The Author of these volumes is clearly a eulogist par excellence. Eulogy is her business and profession; for if we except the essay on critics, with here and there a sub-acid remark, there is nothing but eulogy, or eulogistic sentiment to be found in these volumes. The thing is clear; our Author is a genuine Boswell, more genuine in kind than even Boswell himself; for Bozzy was of the male sex.

But there is nothing without an excuse. If family toadyism must be suffered, nay, encouraged, as a part of the

natural system of things, so must literary toadyism be conceded to mere men and women, because of the softness of their hearts. Not that we imagine any true advantage to be reaped from them—but that, like the jail and the rod, the law court and dissecting room, the brandy shop and the fashionable rout, they are great evils endured to keep off a greater.

Literary toadyism, however, so far from being ashamed of its vocation has even made to itself a philosophy, like all the greater sins, and stands defended behind a barricade of unintelligible phrases. It pretends to have invented a new kind of criticism—æsthetic criticism is its name, appreciation of the beautiful its ostensible purpose. It originated in Germany with the Goethean school of writers, and received its finest form from the amiable, but all too reverent, Schiller. Not that æsthetic criticism had not always been practiced in a manly way, by the great writers of every nation, from the days of Horace and Longinus to those of Addison and Lessing; but now it was destined to be set up as an art, and received a new stamp. Winckelmann, in his treatise of ancient art, gave the first idea of it. This author quitted the religion of his youth, and suffered himself to be made a Catholic, in a most uncatholic spirit, for the sake of studying ancient art at Rome, under the protection and patronage of the cardinals. His learned works are composed in such a singularly agreeable and elegant manner, but are, withal, so grossly adulatory of Greek sensuous artists, and works of art, we know not how sufficiently to thank his industry, or despise his meanness. Winckelmann is the type and inventor of the æsthetic method of the adulatory school. Lessing, though the greatest master of true criticism in Germany, was of an English spirit, it is said, and keeps a certain liberty of tone; but Winckelmann's inflated and all too humble enthusiasm, made him the darling of his humble, enthusiastic nation. Nor did Goethe, even, fail to seize the advantage offered by this new method; he affected to penetrate the very spirit of a writer, and, feeling as he had felt, to reproduce an image of his thoughts, not as an echo or a reflection, but as a true analogon, more full and exquisite if possible than the original. The most imitative of writers could not cease from imitation even in the critical office, and would not only reproduce every form of

ancient and modern art, but criticise every form by reproducing it. Goethe's success in this magnificent variety is at present much questioned by the critics, and we shall not pretend to discuss it; what we mean here to call attention to is the effect of his example upon feeble intellects. Goethe, himself a dramatist, might enter in the heart of the English tragedy, and more or less successfully reproduce the Hamlet or the Faustus. But for the perfect irreligiousness of his nature he might even strive with Milton, as he did with Shakspeare and Marlow; but Milton's pride, so like his own, (but brought to a true temper by Christian Stoicism,) was terrible to him. Milton hated and avoided the sensual school of Ovid and the impure lyrists, as much as Goethe admired and approached them. The pride of the German haughtily indulged his appetites and vanities, as the savage Blackfeet approve their sons' passion when they see them strike their mothers. Following his early matured scheme of universal conquest, the German found himself reduced to use a stratagem to hide his defeat when the rival seemed too strong for him; he would then take refuge in this new æsthetic criticism, and if he could not reproduce the work, would at least show the spirit in which it was conceived and executed. Hence originated his famous criticism of Voss's poems, and the no less famous picture of Hamlet, which any one may read and admire in Carlyle's translation of Wilhelm Meister. He attempts, in these criticisms, to separate everything that is profound or elegant in the method and spirit of his object, and to reproduce it in plain phrase. The attempt alone was sufficient glory; he had no need to succeed, nor did he, as we think.

The distinguishing mark of these criticisms is, that they are perfectly free from adulation or praise; Goethe's only praise is silence, his notice is contempt. His notice of Hamlet and Vossius forces us to despise Hamlet and Vossius, while we pity them for being so good as Goethe pictures them. Instead of praising Shakspeare's self, which he dares not do, he endeavors to appropriate him; while at Milton he merely grumbles, and complains that he made him melancholy; indeed, the general haughtiness of the English character affected this vain man so powerfully, he would never go to England (a motive surmised). He even

complains, rather weakly, of the melancholy spirit of our literature, and hints something of the melancholy of Shakespeare as not of the healthiest.*

In such a way did Goethe appropriate the æsthetic method of criticism. Schiller, a humbler man, adopts it also, but in a different spirit. His idea of a review, or criticism, is indeed the same in form with that of his master Goethe; but while he says that the reviewer should take the topic out of an author's hands, and if possible make something better of it, working on the same material in a finer spirit, he was much too humane a critic unconsciously to throw contempt where he offers praise. Satire and ridicule he could use, or give an honest account of an author's true excellencies, wrought in the very best spirit of Longinus or Addison, and with more learning and art than either; but we never find in him the least taste of gall, or haughty admiration.

To Winckelmann, therefore, and to Goethe we owe the suggestion of the modern critical method, in which the haughtiness of the one is assumed without his power, and the meanness of the other without his taste. Critics of this school, of which the Author of the work before us is a fair example, while they fail not to smother the good qualities of what they admire under a torrent of unseemly adulation, yet are careful so to intermix their praises with phrases of patronage and approval, you are led to doubt their sincerity, and cannot determine whether they were affected by envy or by admiration. We wish to warn the unsuspicious reader of this new and most ingenious trick of the old goddess Dullness. Writers of this class read Winckelmann, Plato in German or French, the works of Goethe, Wordsworth, Schiller, Carlyle, Emerson, and their imitators: from these they imbibe a peculiar spirit; but differently according to their proper natures. Transcendentalists of the one class, give themselves over to a peculiar worship, to wit, hero worship; a disease, we opine, curable only by the Pope and the confessional, as Mr. Brownson will testify; he has even publicly advised the author of these essays to a like course with his own, and is ready to swear she is a born Catholic; we defer all to his knowledge and experience: there are

many in Boston and elsewhere, for whom the Convent and the Church waits as for its own. That Germany, the land of humility, should be the native soil of this species of transcendentalists need not be wondered at; it is the characteristic of that branch of the Teutonic stock; no man in England or America could ever touch the height of such a fame and authority as Goethe's, because in these countries the body of the citizens are of a free and proud nature, and would rather remain ignorant than be haughtily instructed.

The other class of transcendentalists, at whose head stands the despot of Germany, are those who collect about them the stray sheep of the Church, and for a time play the parts of Gods or Mediators. It is not necessary that they should have genius or learning, or physical strength, or strong affections or passions, or any great degree of any special faculty; only a vast and overwhelming pride, exalted by meditation into the likeness of a deity or demon; this only is their essential quality, the quality of the true king of weaklings. Add to this all the other qualities of the man; genius, language, grace, strength, ardor, fine perception, everything but piety and humanity, and you have a Goethe: then take away the pride, and in its stead put justice, piety, and a generous mind, and you have a good great man, be he of what nation he may.

To sum up all, the transcendental school embraces two natural orders, the worshipers and the worshiped; neither of these will ever be at ease apart; they are as necessary to each other as master and slave.

When the worshipers imitate the style of the worshiped, as do the imitators of Goethe and his analogons of all sizes, the effect is ludicrous in the extreme. Nor can we parallel it with anything but the motion of a shadow, grotesquely imitating the body from which it falls. As the shadow figure is often longer and more terrible to appearance than the form of flesh, more terrible and odd in its motions, so is it with this Goethean shadow which stretches over New England; but it is like the shadow of the Giant Superstition in one of Goethe's own legends, able to strike down flesh and blood, when the substance that casts it has become inert and powerless.

* See his Autobiography for these and other particulars to the same purpose.

The transcendental school, embracing the new æsthetic method of criticism, which affects to discover and reproduce the veritable spirit of an author or literature, has hitherto signalized itself by the production chiefly of extravagant sentimental eulogies. From the remote ages of Brahminism, to the date of yesterday, nothing has escaped them, they have eulogized everything, from Deity to Devil; even now we are expecting the publication of a promised eulogy, by a certain democratic editor, on the name and hellward career of Maximilian Robespierre; the frightfullest idol whom God ever sent upon men for their sins.

Let it be clearly understood then, that as in the English school of Charles court, ridicule and vituperation reigned supreme; so reigns, in our day, the fashion of indiscriminate and overwhelming eulogy. Some have suggested that this eulogistic tendency is the sign of the advent of a literary millennium, when difference of opinion shall be no more; we would just hint to the body of authors and editors, that such an advent would extinguish them utterly—when all is right all are silent.

Nor should it ever be forgotten that malice and impertinence hide themselves as easily in the folds of a gorgeous transcendental eulogy, as in the armor of a veritable critic. The unfortunate man of genius who falls into the hands of one of these unmerciful praisers, may think himself happy if he escapes annihilation: the thing praised is only a topic, a ball skillfully played with, a horse put through his paces. Noble animal!—how he trots, gallops, canters!—what an eye, and what an elegant tail. A majestic sadness declines his neck, a brave hero-courage expands his nostril—egad! I never rode a better piece in my life!

A thorough-paced eulogist sticks to nothing; even lechery and drunkenness are accessories to heroism, and the sad egotism of a poor child of genius passes for moral tone and a divine consciousness.

With these shrewd enthusiasts there is no greater nor less. If they speak of Moore, he is the wonder of lyrists. If of Pindar, he is the same. If "Southey's muse is a beautiful statue of crystal, in whose bosom burns an immortal flame," eulogy is already exhausted, and nothing greater can be said of Sophocles or Virgil. Scott is perfect in character. Shakespeare is the same. Goethe walks a visible god; so does Mr. Emerson.

Now, be it known to the oncoming generation of critical eulogists, that the English language is quite exhausted. They need not hope to excite the least new emotion in a reader; all the great names are used up; the æsthetic anaconda has slavered them over and bolted them whole; and waits only for the approach of new heroes to serve them after the same fashion. So much for the spirit of these volumes. A word only need be added on their literary merits. Few, if any, of our lady writers discover the practice and literary skill manifested by Miss Fuller in these and other writings. She is not only skillful in the dress and conventionalities of style, but shows an unquestionable acquaintance with the lives and works which she eulogizes. She has read and can use all the finer common-places of poetry and philosophy, and now and then throws out a bit of mysticism of the esoteric sort, betraying hinting if she dared she could say more. Her eulogies are often elegant, and composed in tolerably pure English: we fancy that almost any person of an ardent imagination would find a pleasure in reading them. We were particularly pleased with those upon Southey and Wordsworth, not only as pieces of good writing, but as examples of that all-exhausting style of eulogy which pours all the perfections of a god over the head of one poor mortal. Let them be their own witnesses, but let the reader not forget that, if the praise is great for these authors, it is not much greater than what is given to all the others, in almost equal quantity.

"Wordsworth! beloved friend and venerated teacher; it is more easy, and perhaps less profitable, to speak of thee. It is less difficult to interpret thee, since no *acquired* nature, but merely a theory, severs thee from my mind.

"Classification on such a subject is rarely satisfactory, yet I will attempt to define in that way produced by Wordsworth on myself. I esteem his characteristics to be: of spirit—

Perfect simplicity,
Perfect truth,
Perfect love.
Of mind or talent—
Calmness,
Penetration,
Power of analysis.
Of manner—
Energetic greatness,
Pathetic tenderness,
Mild, persuasive eloquence."

My dear Miss Fuller! hugh! it is a pity so to empty your jewel-box; I approve your generosity, but blame your imprudence. But this is not all. "Wordsworth is emphatically the friend and teacher of mature years." "He delights in penetrating the designs of God." "He scrutinizes man and nature with the exact and searching eye of a Cervantes, a Fielding, a Richter." "He has the delicacy of perception, the universality of feeling which distinguish Shakspeare, and three or four other poets of the first class," &c.

In this her eulogy, as elsewhere, has the good Fuller opened up a not-to-be-too-much-admired harvest of that unendurable, by a sensitive nature, satire. Truly the harvest is great, and we regret our time will not let us reap it; but there is a day for all things: we shall now be content with one more quotation, and the remark, that a reader of a humorous turn will find as much pleasure in the book as one of a transcendental or eulogistic affection; for ourselves, we set a particular value upon it, as standing at the acme of its kind, and serving as the key to a great labyrinth of social and literary fanaticism. The following extract is from the first volume, and to the critical reader needs no comment:

"And thou, Anacreon Moore, sweet warbler of Erin, what an ecstasy of sensation must thy poetic life have been. Certainly, the dancing of the blood never

before inspired so many verses. Moore's poetry is to literature, what the compositions of Rossini are to music." (A Boston remark, take notice.) "It is the heyday of animal existence, embellished by a brilliant fancy and ardent, though superficial affections." What would Mr. Moore think of all this? Let it be known, however, that to a transcendentalist, everything is "superficial" that has signs of reality about it. Coleridge says that love, without a sensuous basis, is fiendish; ergo, this transcendental stuff is fiendish—or how? Again: "All Southey's works are instinct and replete with the experiences of piety." The verses, for example, on an inkstand dried in the sun. "As a scene of unrivaled excellence, both for its meaning and its manner, I would mention that of Florinda's return with Roderic, when they seat themselves exhausted on a bank, and watch together the quiet moon. *Never has Christianity spoken in accents of more penetrating tenderness since the promise was given to them that be weary and heavy laden,*" &c. &c.

The eulogies on Swedenborg and Wesley are done in the same genial style, and with the same irredeemable faults. But more of this at another time. We have not everything censurable to say of Miss Fuller. Her appreciation of the good is worthy of regard, if her too-great tolerance of the bad is to be regretted and condemned.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION: ARTICLE VI—THE JUDICIARY.

[The precedent which New York is creating by the most extraordinary innovation in the greatest department of the State—the department of JUSTICE—a province hitherto, in all civilized nations, the most carefully guarded, is of such vital concern to the nation at large, and is in itself so fraught with danger to the very foundations of Social Order, that we could not refrain in this number from expressing our opinion of it in the fullest terms, though it may be of no avail to avert the evil. We therefore admit a second article, setting forth more completely the innovation, which our leader partly embraces. We design in this Review to avoid local and sectional matters. But this belongs to the whole country, and the people must understand it. As the writer of this article conclusively argues, it is not so great a matter that the highest judges should be chosen by popular election, as that *when chosen* they are to be *turned out again in eight years*, thus subjecting what *no nation* has yet subjected, the high seats of Justice to all those temptations to corrupt action, all the miserable caballing and strife which now pertains to the most petty political office, whose incumbent may desire a re-election. How different would it be, if, when once chosen, in the tumult of a popular election, they could settle down into that calm atmosphere which invests a judicial office whose term is to cover nearly the residue of life? Then what is to be said of the probability under such a system, of possessing in the places of judgment any accumulated treasures of judicial wisdom and experience? All beneficial changes in the Constitution, however necessary and advantageous, are but feathers in the balance against the inestimable evil of this. But we commend the article below to the attention of our readers.—ED. AM. REV.]

“JUDGMENT is what gives force, effect and vigor to laws; laws without judgment are contemptible and ridiculous; we had better have no laws than laws not enforced by judgment.”
BURKE.

“I stand for JUDGMENT; shall I have it?”—SHAKESPEARE.

THE new Constitution of the State of New York is about to be submitted to the people for ratification or rejection, and will soon have passed the popular and final audit from which there lies no appeal. Shall we ratify the proposed Constitution, or shall we abide by that which we already possess, modifying its defects through the intervention of the legislature, or of a Convention to be called hereafter? To deliberate upon and decide this momentous question, the people have had but a few days; about as long a time as is often occupied in trying an Insurance cause in the Superior Court, or a bank robber at the Sessions. Considering that we are a busy, toiling people, submitting to our daily tasks and destiny of labor, we have really but a few hours to revise what the Convention has been many months in doing. Indeed, indeed, “this is a sorry sight.” The reconstruction of the Constitution and political society of a great State; the fundamental law of property and life for millions of men for a quarter of a century; in theory, *the work of the people*; is to be puddered over for a few days, and huddled through; done in hot and indecent haste, without deliberation or scrutiny, or an eye to the careful adjustment of its parts, so as to secure a symmetrical and perfect whole, which a

work of such vast magnitude and fraught with such tremendous consequences so imperatively demands. This is to be hereafter cited against us, and, we fear, cited with resistless force, as one of our examples of our boasted capacity for self-government. A Constitution of government is to be struck out by the people at a single heat—cut out and finished as quick as a tailor could make a decent suit of clothes! Doubtless, it deserves to last about as long; and the people will be wise to begin to think of having a whole wardrobe of constitutions, that they may be the more conveniently cleansed and repatched, as they, from time to time, grow seedy and threadbare.

In the little time that remains between this and the hour of final decision, we mean to free our skirts from all responsibility for the evils we apprehend, and the greater evils which we surely foresee, from the adoption of the proposed Constitution. We owe to the people of this State and nation, to men of all parties and without distinction of party, a fearless exposure of the fundamental errors in the principle upon which it proposes to constitute the JUDICIARY. What is done in the State of New York is not done in a corner. Standing at the head of commerce and opinion on this Western Con-

inent, her example has much of the weight and authority of law to the New World. She has a corresponding responsibility; and her example, pure and elevating, *should be* worthy of universal imitation and praise. Our new Constitution and its issues are to go upon the record, and to become an important chapter in the history of our State and of free institutions. We mean to put upon the same record our earnest protest, and we indulge the hope that the people of this State will place upon it their solemn verdict—against a novelty and heresy in government, hostile to and subversive of the very foundations on which all social order rests.

It will be useful, preliminarily to the discussion of the new Judiciary system, to glance at the Convention and the circumstances under which it was called. We were not of the number of those who looked very confidently to the Convention for any useful reform. We thought, and think, that nothing in so important a thing as government, and more especially a change in the organic laws of society, should be undertaken in haste, or without a definite end in view; and that when undertaken, all the means should bear a natural and just relation to the proposed end. It appeared to us that those who most eagerly advocated a call of the Convention had no definite view, either of a good to be effected or an evil to be remedied, or the means to accomplish the one or the other. With some there was a vague hope that something might be done that would somehow effect good. Others, panting for place and distinction, saw, or thought they saw before them, a long and cheerless vista of exclusion from the honors and emoluments of office. The places of honor, trust and emolument in the State, already filled, were coveted, and a new Constitution was deemed to be the most convenient instrument for vacating them. The "gracious Duncans" were to be "taken off" by constitutional parchments instead of daggers. The objects of this large and most active class of constitutional reformers were quite intelligibly announced in their oft-repeated declaration, that they were in favor of a *new shuffle and deal of the cards*. By means of a portion of the newspaper press, and of political committees, they generated a spurious public opinion; and the love of change, for its mere novelty, is so almost universal a sentiment, that it may be easily stimulated to blood heat with a

little zeal and policy. Public opinion—that overpowering force in a free State—in this way came to be manufactured, and declared in favor of a Convention. But the feeling in its favor was never violent. When the delegates came to be elected, an extraordinary apathy prevailed, as was demonstrated by that infallible criterion, the ballot box. Few public meetings were called, and those were thinly attended and showed little enthusiasm; and the vote polled was very much smaller than is cast in a Presidential or Gubernatorial election—smaller even than is cast in an ordinary local election. The people did not, and could not, be stimulated to feel that the Convention was of any great consequence. This proves that there was no oppressive defect in the Constitution which the people desired to remove; no radical abuse requiring a radical reform of the organic law, or a re-institution of political society.

This apathy operated most disastrously against the character of the Convention. When the people are aroused to dethrone an oppressor, or pluck down a despotism—to pursue any great good, or repel any great evil—they are led by a natural instinct to seek the wisest and ablest men in the country. If the occasion be civic, age, experience, genius and virtue, tried and proved in the public councils, are invoked to meet its exigencies. Comparatively, such an occasion, when the Convention of 1820 was to be convened, summoned our Kents, Spencers, Tompkinses, Van Burens, and others of kindred ability and eminence, to serve the people in the reformation of their fundamental law. If any great work had been called for by the people in 1846, they would have required such men to perform it. This was not such an occasion, and it failed to produce such men. We make a few honorable exceptions, which will readily occur to our readers, to the generality of the last observation; but with these few exceptions, the men who composed the Convention, neither by their age nor their talents nor their weight of character, authorized any just expectation of any great good to be accomplished by it. A large proportion are, or were the representatives of, the *NEW SHUFFLEITES*, eager and panting for a re-cast of the characters in the political drama, a new deal of the cards in the game of politics. The sacred obligation of truth obliges us to declare that, (with the exceptions before spoken of, embracing some experienced minds, and

some young men of great promise,) this was a Convention of shallow men, undistinguished by either great learning or great talents, a profound knowledge of books, or a deep insight into human nature or society. Shallow men are generally extreme in their opinions, seeking to make up in extension what they lack in depth of attainments or character. Such are always the political empyrics, the inventors of universal remedies, and the founders of political Utopias. They are the reformers *par excellence*. Men of this description swarmed in the Convention; and there, in grave council and solemn debate, these Solons and Justinians, these founders of systems and reconstructors of states and dynasties, each in turn proposed his petty scheme for laying over again the foundations of Justice, and rebuilding the structure of Social Order, in an important and powerful State. Such men were to construct an example for the rest of the Union, and a proof of the beneficent operation of Free Institutions. We again declare, what we believe no one will venture to deny, that the body of the Constitution-makers of 1846 are not for a moment to be compared with those who composed the Convention of 1820, either for the integrity and attainments they possessed, or for the solemnity of purpose with which they assembled.

The scene, indeed, exhibited beneath the dome of the Capitol at Albany, forcibly reminded us of another scene which we owe to the great dramatic genius of our English tongue. The wholesome light of the outer world partially illumines the dark cave; a caldron rises as from the depths of the earth; the thunder mutters over our heads; the "secret, black and midnight hags" enter; and we are now prepared for a potent incantation :

1st WITCH.

Round about the caldron go ;
In the poisoned entrails throw :
Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one, &c.

ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

2d WITCH.

Fillet of a fenny snake
In the caldron boil and bake, &c.

ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

3d WITCH.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf ;
Witch's mummy ; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark, &c.

ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

2d WITCH.

Cool it with a baboon's blood—
Then the charm is firm and good.

HECATE.

O, well done ! I commend your pains ;
AND EVERY ONE SHALL SHARE 'T THE
GAINS !!!

ALL.

*Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may !*

What wonder is it that from such an incantation there should go forth a charm potent enough to cause

" Nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sickens ?"

We are not more struck with the immensity, than with the harmony, of the material creation. Designed and formed by one infinite mind, it was launched into the fields of space harmonious in all its parts, and perfect as a whole—amid its alternations of day and night, its changes of climature and seasons, its sunshine and shower and dew,—unchangeable in perpetual change,—still breathing up an everlasting hymn to the all-bountiful and powerful Intelligence, who knew how to work with so complete a wisdom. The most perfect works of man are doubtless but faint copies of the work of the Divine hand. But the absence of all unity of design, and of symmetry of product, is quite too painfully apparent in the Convention, and its labors even for any human work. This is, in a great degree, attributable to several causes already hinted at. If our Constitution had withheld any great natural right, had oppressed any class of citizens, had left our persons or our property without that security which creates the chief necessity for political society, the Convention would have been called with reference to that evil ; and a remedy for that defect would have produced, as to that at least, a united and harmonious purpose. Or if, without any such harmonizing cause, the Convention had been composed of men of profound political attainments, familiar with the history of ancient and modern States, and qualified

by their powers of investigation and habits of thought, to deduce from the experience of the great Past, valuable lessons to guide the great Future, some new and grand reforms might possibly have been made in our system, without destroying its symmetry. Unfortunately, neither of these causes existed to mould the labors of the Convention. It was a revival of the controversy between Anarch and Old Night, where

"Chaos Umpire sat,
And by decision, more embroiled the fray."

Committees were appointed on the motion of everybody, to inquire and report about everything. The Convention was soon swept beyond the old piers and harbors, and places of anchorage, far out on the tumultuous sea of reform; and there was no man of such intellect, or weight of authority in the Convention, as to enable him to control the helm.

Unpropitious as was this state of things, the Convention might still have been turned to some useful account, if any deep interest in its proceedings could have been excited. But the popular indifference manifested at the election of Delegates, rather increased during the Session of the Convention. During the four mortal months, through which the session extended, the people appeared to be indifferent spectators of the proceedings. The press plainly indicated this popular indifference. Short abstracts of the proceedings were published in the newspapers from day to day, and those brief summaries gradually grew beautifully less, until they almost ceased to be. They could not compete for public attention with the money articles or price currents; nor even with the ordinary vulgar newspaper marvels; and seductions, murders, little men and big babies, mannikins and monkeys triumphantly carried the day with the people, against the collective wisdom of the State, assembled in Convention at the Capitol.

We do not mean to deny that the Convention has proposed some useful amendments. It would be wonderful if two hundred men could not, in the space of four months, produce some slight improvement in the mere details of the Constitution. Elections by single districts we regard as a real reform. But the good bears a very small proportion to the evil; and as we cannot have the good without the evil, we shall not take many and great evils for a little good. As we

must take the whole, or reject the whole, we elect to reject. The poison is mingled with the water, and it is better that we should thirst, than that we should drink and die.

The objectionable features of the proposed Constitution are too numerous to be presented within the limits which we have prescribed to ourselves for this discussion. Our special business is with the Judiciary. The changes proposed in our Judicial system are extensive and alarming. The mode of appointment, and the tenure on which the judges are to hold office, are radically changed. Now, the Governor and Senate appoint the Judges: under the New Constitution, they are to be elected by the people. Now, the Judges hold during good behavior, (or until they are sixty years old,) under the new Constitution they are to hold for a brief term of years. This we deem to be the plague spot, the *immedicable vulnus*, of the proposed Constitution.

It is an undeniable fact, that an enlargement of our Judicial system was greatly needed, and that but for this, a majority could not have been obtained in favor of calling the late Convention. We asked for bread, and the Convention has given us a stone. The real and substantial purpose for which the Convention was called, has most signally and completely failed; and the very reason which urged the people to call a Convention, is the very, and most conclusive reason, why the people should reject the Constitution proposed by it. The Convention has given us radical change, but not reform, not improvement. We wanted greater judicial force; they have not essentially increased it. We wanted a simpler system; they have made it more complex and cumbrous. We wanted to preserve, and if possible to increase, the weight and authority of the Courts, and to strengthen their hold on public confidence; they have dragged the Courts upon the political arena, and have devised the most effectual method to destroy the purity and independence of the Judges, and the confidence of the people in the administration of justice. Our Constitution was generally felt to be an excellent instrument, under the administration of which, our State had advanced in a career of unexampled prosperity. There was one vital defect, not original and inherent, but resulting from our rapid growth. It was extensively felt, and especially by the profession most conversant with the

matter, that the number of our Judicial officers, and the arrangements of the Courts for the dispatch of business, were entirely inadequate to the labors which devolved on them. Insufficient force was the evil; an increase of that force was the natural and appropriate remedy. The proposed judicial system will prove entirely inadequate to the administration of justice, without ruinous delays. The names of Courts and officers are changed, but their number is not essentially increased. But while the new Constitution does not augment the judicial force, it creates an increased necessity for such augmentation. Instead of a County Court, for civil and criminal business, in each County of the State, and one Supreme Court, with Circuit Courts held in each County, we are to have eight Supreme Courts. These Courts are of equal jurisdiction, but each confined to its own local district. The decisions in one Court or district, will have no binding force in the others. The laws of property will become more and more unsettled and uncertain. On one side of a line, A, according to law, will be entitled to judgment against B; but by going a few rods to the other side of that line, and into another district, B, upon precisely the same state of facts, will be entitled to judgment against A. The want of a common rule of right, will produce endless uncertainty and confusion, fraught with consequences ruinous to individuals and destructive of the most sacred ends of society. Wretched indeed is the servitude of that people where the laws are uncertain.

The want of uniform decisions and a uniform rule of right, will produce another great evil in the infinite series of mischiefs in this new Pandora's box, without a hope at the bottom, which the Convention has opened to the People. Men will have no confidence in the conflicting decisions of these co-ordinate and jarring tribunals; and instead of appeals, as now, from two high Courts of original jurisdiction, presided over by men of mature years and acknowledged learning and talents, whose decisions have commanded great respect and been generally acquiesced in, there will be appeals from eight Courts. The number of cases appealed from the Court of Chancery, or removed by Writ of Error from the Supreme Court, to the Court of Errors, has always been exceedingly small, compared with the number of cases decided in those

Courts. Not one case out of a hundred, indeed not one out of many hundreds, so decided in the Supreme and Chancery Courts, has been carried to the Court of Errors. A desire for delay has carried many cases to the Court of Errors, where there has been no hope of obtaining a reversal of the judgment, or decree in the Court below. This acquiescence in the decisions of our two highest Courts of original jurisdiction, is no doubt attributable to the confidence universally reposed in the pure and able men who have presided over them. But under the new system, this confidence must, in a very considerable measure, cease, for the reason already adverted to, and for other reasons which we shall present when we come to consider the new judicial tenure and mode of appointment. The want of uniformity in the decisions of the eight independent Supreme Court jurisdictions, and a lessened and ever lessening confidence in the learning, capacity or impartiality of the Judges, will yearly produce a bountiful harvest of appeals. All seasons will be equally seed time and harvest. The consequences are obvious to the meanest capacity. The Court of Appeals will, in a little time, be blocked up with business. It may spend six months in each year in hearing, and the other six months in deciding, causes. It may devote itself with ceaseless toil and unwavering fidelity, to the performance of its functions; its judges may be as sleepless as the tides, with brains and nerves toughened to the hardness of steel, knowing no relaxation, no pleasure, no rest from their Sisiphean labors; and yet the Court will be utterly and hopelessly overwhelmed with business in less than two years. New delays in the dispatch of its business will produce additional crops of appeals for the sake of the delay. That Court will be the final outlet to the tides of litigation, and that outlet will, in a little while, become almost impassable: an overslaugh, over which no keel can pass, until it has lain upon the bottom long enough to rot. Litigants will go in young, and come out of it with gray locks; and appeals, like border fends, will be bequeathed from sire to son, connecting generation with generation of men, by perpetuated legal controversies. The delay is very often the denial of justice. Protracted litigation is a heavy burden for the rich; it is utter ruin to the poor. A long suit requires to be pensioned on a long purse; if the purse be

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very short, the suit dies, and with the suit perishes the right which it asserted. "There is great mercy in despatch," says Lord Bacon; "delays are tortures, where-with, by degrees, we are rent out of our estates." If any man imagines that the new judicial system will lessen the law's delays, he is doomed to bitter disappointment. Here, there has been the most absolute failure of a much needed reform; and to accept of the pretended reform, which the Convention has given us, is to postpone any real reform for an indefinite period.

But the worst feature of the new Judiciary remains to be discussed. Was the change in the mode of appointing, and in the tenure of the Judges, demanded by public sentiment, or can it be beneficial? We answer this question with a downright negative. An elective judiciary is a novelty and a heresy among us. The thing was never entertained in any quarter, until after the Convention had been decided on; and then was not discussed by the newspapers, or in the primary assemblies of the people. The idea was so utterly radical, that no man dreamed that it could be incorporated into the new Constitution; and it were a gross falsehood to pretend that it had become the public opinion of the State. It is very confidently believed, that if that question could be passed upon alone, and disconnected from other things, upon whose popularity it is mounted, the people would decide against the change by a vast majority. We hope that they will, even now, vote against it; and that they may be induced to do so, we shall present the objections against an elective judiciary, more fully and distinctly than has yet been done. The change is desired by Demagogues,—by New Shuffleites,—and not by the People. The people have not asked for, but the New Shuffleites dictate the change. The people have had reason to think well of our present judicial tenure. It is unquestionably the tendency of party politics to produce a large amount of political corruption, and to deteriorate the standards of character and capacity, as qualifications for public office. Where, in our history and experience, have this tendency and deterioration been most manifested? In the judicial, or in the legislative and executive departments of the government? Most unquestionably in the two latter. Every department of government has been affected by the bit-

terness of party strife, but the executive and legislative the most and the worst. In the main, we have had pure and enlightened Judges; the Courts have maintained their respectability; they have deserved and enjoyed public confidence; and, with rare and unimportant exceptions, our citizens have felt that neither their politics, nor the politics of the judges, rendered them insecure in their persons or property, or was a barrier to the effective maintenance of their legal rights. But does this correspond with our experience in respect of the other departments of the Government? Have they been equally confided in, and equally worthy of confidence? Have both parties, have the people, believed them to be incorrupt, or administered with an eye single to the general good? On the contrary, is it not notorious to all parties and all men, that the legislature has acted more as the political committee of the party having the ascendancy in the State, than like the Legislature of the whole State and people? And has not the Governor too often been the worthy coadjutor of a party legislature? Such, certainly, has been our sad experience. The inference is irresistible and close at hand. The mode and infrequency of high judicial appointments, and the independent tenure on which the judges have held their offices, have withdrawn them from close and prolonged contact with political parties, popular elections, and partisan excesses; while the other departments of the government, differently constituted, have been left to the full force of these malign influences. Our history, and the history of all free States, bear a concurring testimony in favor of keeping judicature at the widest possible remove from party influences. No man, or party, felt aggrieved or oppressed by the principle on which our judicial system is constituted, or thought that any useful change could be made in that principle. The Whig party has called for no such change; and it is but justice to the Democratic party, as a political organization, to acquit it of any purpose to effect it.

Amid this general content, the demagogues enter upon the scene. They tell the people that they are unjustly precluded from their natural right to elect the Judges. They could elect everything else, and why not the Judges? Down by the ear of the People, the disgusting reptiles of the political scene,

squat like the filthy toad in the Paradise Lost. The dear people must be flattered ; cozened and deluded by fulsomeness and falsehood. The awful and instructive scene in Eden, rises in our memory : the glorious earth which had not known mildew or blight, and the happy pair in unsinning obedience and blessedness. Of only one tree in that garden of the Lord might they not eat ; or, eating, die. " And the Serpent said unto the Woman, ' Ye shall not surely die : for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.' " Thus tempted, the tree became " pleasant to the eyes " of Eve, " a tree to be desired to make one wise," and she ate of the fruit thereof :

" The fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our
wo,
With loss of Eden."

And in this way, imitating the foul example of the arch-demagogue, the New-Shuffleites have sought to delude the people to their ruin. An elective Judiciary is made pleasant to the bewildered eye, " a thing to be desired," and forthwith the charm is wound up, and the abominable proposition foisted into the new Constitution. We were surprised ; we blushed for Whiggism ; we blushed for the legal profession ; that no voice of Whig or of lawyer was raised in denunciation of this new and foul political heresy. Such a voice on the floor of the Convention would have awakened loud echoes in every county of the State. But those who would have united in such an opposition, felt disheartened and betrayed. We will yield to no such despondency. A good cause is never lost while life and courage are left to fight its battle, even single-handed, against a world in arms. We will strike at least one stout blow for the Judiciary as it is. We lift our voice in solemn warning to the people against this dangerous heresy. We reiterate the unheeded admonition given to our first parents : " The day ye eat thereof, ye shall surely die." There is " death in the pot " of which you are invited to partake ; a murderous dagger lies beneath the pillow on which you are urged to repose.

We want language to express our loathing for the ingrained and thorough demagogue. His daily life is a daily lie. Ever ready to " crook the preg-

nant hinges of the knee, where thrift may follow fawning," he is a swindler by profession, and his mind subsists on the vilest garbage of the political sewer. Selfish, corrupt, utterly base in his means and aims, he is the worst pest of society, and a vile excrescence on the otherwise healthy trunk of the fair State. The character of the demagogue was once drawn in lines of fire by a great Whig statesman, recently lost to his country, who had qualified himself by severe and profound studies in history and political science for a career of the widest usefulness and renown. His worth even far transcended the appreciation of his country, which shed bitter tears over a great man cut down suddenly in the prime of his manhood, and in the midst of public service and honors. " History is written in vain," said the lamented Legaré, " if mankind have not been taught that demagogue and tyrant are synonymous ; and that he who professes to be the friend of the people, while he persuades them to sacrifice their reason to their passions, their duty to their caprices, their laws, their Constitution, their glory, their integrity, to the mere lust of tyrannical misrule, is a liar, and the truth is not in him."

Are the people likely to select more learned, pure or able men for judges than those who have been selected under our present system ? Shall we have Kents and Spencers, Storrs and Marshalls elected ? We are told that " if the people can be entrusted to elect Presidents and Governors, no good reason can exist why they should not elect judges." This short asseveration contains two palpable fallacies. First, it falsely assumes that the reason why judicial officers are *not* elective is, that the people are not thought worthy of being entrusted with their election ; and secondly, that it is expedient to elect them, because the people are worthy. We deny both assumptions. The paramount reasons against making judges elective are, first, that electing them would bring them into too close contact with party excitements and excesses, and tend to impair their purity and impartiality ; and second, that such contact, even if it did not in fact make judges partial and corrupt, would destroy the confidence universally reposed by the people in the courts, and in the pure and impartial administration of the laws. Hence, it will be seen that the worthiness of the people is a point not all involved. Ad-

mitting their virtue, general intelligence and patriotism, as we do most cordially and sincerely, it does not show that the true reasons for making judges non-elective are not absolutely conclusive. It by no means follows that because the people are intelligent and honest, they are necessarily capable of selecting the best men for *all* offices. The people elect the President—but do they elect his cabinet? Do they elect foreign ministers? Does any man of common intelligence suppose, that it would be discreet to make the heads of departments and foreign ministers and consuls elective by the people?

Are the people necessarily able to determine who are the best qualified for high judicial stations? It is doing the people no injustice to say, that the average capacity and intelligence of those whom they elect to high offices are, or should be, greater than their own. The Governor and Senators are, or ought to be (for the people should select no others than) men of the highest talents, character and attainments. If they are not, why have the people, who are so bespattered with praise by demagogues, the power, and the want of intelligence and virtue, to elect them? But if they are, their talents and character have given them an acquaintance with public men, and men of high judicial qualifications, throughout the bounds of the State, which peculiarly qualifies them for making a wise selection. For example, suppose that a Chancellor or Judge of the Supreme Court is to be appointed. The station requires a man of spotless integrity and great attainments in the law. But the most learned and eminent lawyers, pursuing the quiet paths of their profession, do not become much known in political circles, to the people, or to political managers, throughout the State. The people's knowledge of able men, and more especially of those who are not politically prominent, is almost exclusively local; and, as a general thing, the men who are best qualified for judicial offices are the least known to politicians—to the wire-pullers of parties—to the men who, by their tact and activity, obtain a controlling voice in the nominations. Would the people, under such circumstances, be *very* likely to make the best selection of a judge or chancellor? But take the other mode of appointment. The Governor and Senators are in public life; in active correspondence with all parts of the State; in frequent contact with men of command-

ing influence and intellect, of all parties; and have the best possible opportunity to know where the highest qualifications for the office may be found. If the Governors and Senators are upright men, and perform with fidelity the duties of their office, will they not, knowing the best men, appoint the best men to office? If they are corrupt, and will not, we ask again, why have the people been so stupid as to elect such men to the offices of Governor and Senators? Is it not a little absurd to say that the people can (and therefore ought to) appoint good judges, because they cannot (though they ought to) appoint good Governors and Senators, who should appoint good judges?

But supposing, for the sake of the argument, what is utterly false in fact, that the people are as favorably circumstanced as the Governor and Senate to know what men in the State are best qualified for judicial offices, there is yet another powerful reason why they are not likely to obtain the best men by means of a popular election. Many men of the highest ability have little or no inclination for office. They are averse to the crimination and uproar which have become inseparable from political life and popular elections. Such men love their country quite as well as those who make a more ostentatious display of their patriotism wherever they hope to find a good market for it. They would feel constrained by a sense of duty, in many cases, to fill an important public office, if tendered by the appointing power; but they would by no means consent to be run as a candidate for the same office; to be assailed by all the Billingsgate of a degraded political press; to have their life misrepresented, their characters vilified, their secret and most sacred feelings bared to the foulest obloquy, for the chance of being elected over, or, quite as likely, under the pressure of "regular nominations," defeated by opponents in every possible sense infinitely their inferiors. It is a very great mistake to suppose that the best and ablest men are in public life; on the contrary, the people are deprived of the services of many of the very purest and most eminently gifted of our fellow-citizens, by the causes just adverted to.

But if we were to waive these objections, others, much stronger, remain to be stated; namely, the bad effect of such elections upon the judges, the people, and the administration of justice. We may safely assume that no man will take a

nomination for a Judgeship, who does not desire to obtain the office. If a candidate, he will use the means ordinarily used by politicians, to be elected, and to retain his office by successive re-elections. To suppose the contrary, is to suppose the grossest absurdity. If he be a lawyer, as he most probably will be, he will be even more anxious to keep, than he was to get, his place. A lawyer cannot be long from the Bar without breaking up his professional connections and losing his business; and, once lost, they can only be regained by years of assiduity and labor which few are found willing to bestow. If he do not possess an independent fortune, and if, in addition, he have a family dependent upon his official salary for support, the retention of his office becomes a dire necessity. An elected Judge will be nothing more than a man, with a man's frailties. No man can live by politics without living among politicians. No man can live among politicians without acquiring their opinions and habits, their ways of thinking and acting. This is human nature, which will outlast the new Constitution, and the parchments on which many subsequent ones will be written. The political Judge must keep a firm hold upon his place, and upon those party leaders and managers who have the power to keep him in, or turn him out of, his place. He must stand well with them, and with the masses of his party. He must keep popular, that he may continue to be available. A necessity is put upon him to do and to be all this, and it is said that necessity knows no law. Does any man of sense believe that a Judge, so circumstanced, will be any purer than other politicians? In political causes, which not unfrequently arise, and which must arise more frequently under the new order of things, he must, necessarily, and therefore will, incline towards those who hold his place in their gift. He may look like the innocent flower, but he will be the serpent under it. Now, it is precisely in this class of cases that the most dangerous assaults may be made on the liberties of the people. The constitutional guards are those which protect political rights and freedom; and political parties, in high party times, and in the frenzy of political excitements, are most tempted to cast them down. It is then that the citizen flies to the Courts of Justice, as to an inviolable sanctuary; but if a political Judge is the ministering priest at its altars, the place of safety be-

comes a scene of sacrifice. But the evil is not confined to this class of cases. The Judge is constantly solicited and tempted to the exercise of favoritism. His political friends at the bar receive indulgences which are not conceded to others. In the details of practice, in matters of discretion, in cases of doubt upon the law or the evidence, the inclination of the Judge's mind will always be in one direction. If this will be so, with reference to counsel, it will be more so with reference to the litigants. The political friend will have the benefit of all doubts, and his adversary may rejoice if the partiality and favoritism stop there. Lawyers, especially, who know how frequently these doubtful points and matters of discretion are presented for judicial determination, will feel the immense force of these considerations. Subject these views to a practical test, and let any man make the case we suppose his own. A is an active politician; B is equally active and influential in the opposite and dominant party. If an important question, in respect of property, should arise in the Courts, between A and B, would A prefer to have it determined by a Judge appointed in the present mode—a no party and unpolitical Judge—or by one whom B had caused to be elected at the last, and could cause to be re-elected or defeated, at the next, election? Every man feels that the answer to this question is self-evident. Every man feels that the moment party politics are introduced into the Courts of Justice, their sanctity is profaned, and no rights of person or property are safe. Can any man tell us how party politics are to be kept out of the Courts, when party Judges are sent to preside in them? It is the most consummate folly to imagine that the name of an office can change the nature of the man who fills it. The same causes, self-interest and habit, will make Judges as political as legislators; and being political, one will just as soon as the other, lend himself to his party, and to party purposes; to politicians, and to politic considerations, in matters of public and private concern. We deem it to be impossible, in the very nature of things—as human nature and political parties are constituted—for an elected Judge, who desires to be re-elected, (as most Judges will,) to be pure and impartial under the influence of self-interest, and with a party motive to be partial and corrupt.

Under the present system, Judges hold

during good behavior. If political considerations influence the appointing power, they relate rather to the past than the future. But once appointed, the judge no longer depends upon a party; he holds by an independent tenure; his fears, his hopes, his necessities, do not warp his mind. He is not constrained to conciliate the favor of the dispensers of office, or buy the applause of the people, by the sacrifice of his integrity and independence. He little understands human nature, and has mingled among men to very little purpose, who does not see the gulf which lies between a Judge elected for a temporary period, and another appointed for a term closely approximating to the extreme limit of human life. In the one, the virtues and the magnanimity of the man have fair play and development; in the other, they are chained down and crushed by a power against which most men would struggle in vain. Another cause of the greater purity of the independent Judge, lies deep in human nature. He is independent, and therefore supposed to be above sinister influences. Being deemed incorruptible, no man attempts to corrupt him. It is said, if a woman hesitate, she is lost. A woman's strength and safety often lie in the supposed purity of her character. Her chastity being deemed unassailable, it is unsolicited: whereas, solicitation might prove her ruin. An independent Judge, being deemed incorruptible, remains untampered and uncorrupted. But the same law operates with equal force in the opposite direction, in the case of the elected dependent Judge. He is believed to be vulnerable to the influences to which other men, similarly situated, ordinarily yield. He is solicited, and he yields to the necessities of his situation. He becomes corrupt, because men have deemed it possible to corrupt him. As the safety of some lies in their supposed strength, so his overthrow is owing to his suspected weakness. "A popular Judge," says the great Bacon, "is a deformed thing; and 'plaudites' are fitter for players than for magistrates. Do good to the people, love them, and give them justice; but let it be, as the Psalm saith, 'nihil inde expectantes,' looking for nothing, neither praise nor profit."

We have seen how the proposed change will affect the Judges; what will be its effect on the people?

The need of justice is as universal as man. In a state of nature, natural jus-

tice needs political sanctions to enforce it. There, right is grasped, or wrong inflicted, by the strong hand. This creates one of the greatest necessities for civil society and political institutions. The man represented in the scriptures as "sitting under his own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make him afraid," is the very type and personification of a perfect civil state. Politically speaking, a man has no rights, except such as society effectually secures to him by institutions and laws faithfully administered. If our life, or limbs, or reputation, or property, may be destroyed with impunity by any man, or combination of men, because there are no laws, or the laws are not enforced, for their protection, we have no right to life, limbs, reputation or property. A higher sense of property, and better guarantees for its conservation, are among the most powerful causes of human progress from barbarism to the highest civilization. An active and sustained industry, the enterprise which achieves everything, because it dares everything, (qualities which are so conspicuous in the Anglo-Saxon race, and especially marked in its American offshoot,) could not exist if not fostered by laws and judicature. Acquisition is the spur to labor. The well we dig, the hut we rear, the clearing we make in the wilderness, the seed which we sow in hope, trusting to the Lord of the harvest for an abundant increase; whatever thing of necessity or luxury we produce, to supply the wants of our physical, or gladden the love of beauty in our moral and intellectual, natures, become *ours*, by virtue of the labor which we have bestowed on them. In obedience to this great law, the ruder productions and implements of art are formed, and with advancing accumulations of property, spring up in all the paths of social life, poetry, painting, sculpture, the higher orders of architecture, and the refinements of civilization. The sacredness of acquisitions makes wealth possible; and wealth affords the leisure and means for those higher studies which minister to the noblest achievements in art and literature. The operations of this law are everywhere observable in the growth and decay of states. Without the dominion of laws and tribunals of justice, the world would become a jungle, and its inhabitants ravin and devour each other like beasts of prey. Industry is the parent of wealth, and security the parent of indus-

try. Security is scarcely more important than a sense of security. Fear paralyzes the bodies and minds of men. It is the worst of tyrants. Under its iron rule, "all virtue sickens, and all genius dies." It smites the sturdy arm of toil with paralysis, and the teeming earth with blight.

Nor do men labor merely because they love to gloat over the glittering heaps which they accumulate. The sanctities of the wedded state, and the tender love of offspring, are the mainsprings, the vital and perpetual forces of enterprise and industry. We lay up wealth to secure comfort and consideration for our heirs. The house which we rear is to shelter our children after we are gone, and the tree which we plant at our door shall give a welcome shade to the posterity which inherits our blood and perpetuates our names. Nor is this a mere individual concern; for, affecting all men, and in substantially the same way, it affects through their aggregation the whole people and state. It thus operates upon national industry and wealth; visiting every stream, engine, and forge; every forest which resounds to the stroke of the woodman's axe, every field which whitens to the harvest, every road, lake, river and ocean, on which commerce, land or water borne, is busy in maintaining the intercourse of the world, by exchanging the products of every clime; armies and navies—the glories of nations, in literature, arts, and arms, stand in this close relation to industry, and owe a perpetual allegiance to justice.

We thus see the importance of constituting our Judicial Institutions upon a principle which will make them worthy of, and secure to them, universal confidence. It is our boast, indeed it is a noble virtue, that we are a law-loving and law-abiding people. The judge should be the living voice of the law. The judicial is the highest of all magistracies; elevated by its tenure beyond the vicissitudes of other official stations, having no fear but the fear of God, no aim but to administer justice, above all natural and "supernatural solicitings," it strikes the mind with almost the awfulness of Eternal justice. From its high seats upon the Zion of our Constitution, and girt about by all the subject land,* it administers the principles of that univer-

sal law "whose seat is the bosom of God, whose voice is the harmony of the world." Submission to the law, and security under the law, are mere correlatives. Universal confidence alone can secure that universal obedience in which lies our perfect security. Can we have that general confidence, obedience, and security, under a system so necessarily calculated by the very principle on which it is constituted, to make corrupt and vacillating judges, and to excite suspicion against their purity? No character in ancient story makes a deeper or more uniform impression on the mind than that of the elder Brutus. He is an image of stern, inexorable justice. He rises upon the judgment-seat, and with unaverted face, pronounces the death-doom of his son. The heart of the father bleeds, but the stern judge knows no relenting. How many Brutuses will Tammany Hall, National Hall, the Anti-rent districts, or any other districts, give to our annals to interest and ennoble distant generations?

What necessity calls for the proposed change? Have the people lost their confidence in an independent judiciary? Has their independence made the judges tyrannical or unjust? Nothing of the kind is pretended. The reason given, is, that adherence to our present tenure and mode of appointment, violates the principle of representative government. But forms were made for man, not man for forms, and should be subordinated to his best interests. Those interests require an adherence to popular elections as to certain officers, and a departure from them as to others. What the people should desire is, the best means to effectuate the ends of society. Justice is the particular end; by what means can it best be secured? Justice is not a matter of will, of numbers, or majorities. Numbers constitute no element in judicature. The people, through their representatives, make the laws, and will; and numbers, and majorities, enter into that process; but the law once made, it ceases to be a matter of will, and its administration should be sacred from all interference, whether by minorities or majorities. The idea, therefore, is perfectly fallacious and absurd, that the appointment of judges should be brought nearer to the people, and that the judges should

* See Burke's letter in reply to the Duke of Bedford.

hold for temporary periods, to make them dependent on the popular will, because our institutions are representative.

Political judges have always been distrusted and despised: is it wise for us to make them political? To render them objects of suspicion and contempt? Is the character of a Scroggs or a Jeffries so admirable, that we wish to see it imitated in this country? Should the judicial mind be stained with the dust of the political arena, and the emblematic ermine of his sacred office dragged with the filth of party politics? The judge is emphatically the *Ægis* of the Constitution and the rights of the people. He stands aloof from the contentions of parties; instead of representing a faction, he represents the whole people; with a placid dignity he surveys the wide fields of human action: the rich man and the poor, the widow and the fatherless, the oppressed struggling against power, and legitimate authority struggling against popular excess, all appeal to him with confidence. With a voice unmoved by passion, and a heart which renders a perfect allegiance to the law, he interprets the sacred charter, and stands a ministering priest at the venerable altars of the Nation's justice. In this pure and impartial administration of justice lies the sweet sense of security;—life, liberty, reputation, the fruits of our toil, painfully gathered for those we love and who may enjoy them after we are dust, seem to us to be safe. Take away this sense of security, by destroying its best guaranties,—unpolitical courts, unpolitical judges, unpolitical

justice—and life becomes one lingering apprehension, and our death-beds would be tormented with the most agonizing anxieties for the fate of the dear ones who should survive us. We could no longer bequeath our children to the justice of our country, but only to that Eternal Mercy which “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.”

To recapitulate our objections to the proposed judicial system: It will prove inadequate in force to the necessities of the State; it will destroy the independence and purity of the judges, and confidence in the administration of justice; and, destroying respect for the judges, the courts, and the laws, it will tend to overthrow the best securities of life, liberty, reputation, and property.

We commend to the people of this great State, the following observations of that profound statesman, and early, and fast friend of America—Edmund Burke: “It has pleased Providence to place us in such a state, that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation; that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself; I mean justice: that justice, which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us as our guide with regard to ourselves, and with regard to others, and which will stand after this globe is burned to ashes, our Advocate or our Accuser before the great Judge, when HE comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.” J. M. V. C.

PURIFICATION OF WATER.

JENNISON'S FILTER.

THE recent invention of a cheap and simple contrivance for the purification of aqueduct waters in cities, by which the impure element is made to assume in part the properties of spring or natural fountain water, has been noticed by this Review, as an event of universal importance, as it promises an increase of health and comfort to a large part of the human family. By the abundance of good and wholesome water, great cities are made habitable, and from being hospitals of disease, become abodes of longevity. But water is not merely accidental to us, in the matter of health and disease; we

exist in it, and are, in large parts, composed of it. Indeed, during the first nine months of our lives we lie submerged in it; and for a period of twice that length, after our delivery from the home of our genesis, nature provides for us an aliment suspended and dissolved in water. By water alone the liquidity of our mobile organism is maintained, and the parts made pliable, free, and apt for the nutritive processes of life.

To water, then, as much as to the earth and more than to the air, we are obliged for our existence; if the spirit of the nature worship were still in us we might

well revere it as a deity, and crown Neptune the Water, with no less honors than Jupiter, the Air, or Pluto, the Earth.

Mystically, water is the type of purification, and of the genesis, or process of creation. The waters of the great deep, on which the Spirit brooded, represent the incipency of all things, when the universe was in solution, waiting for the creative will to precipitate from it suns and worlds: The blue expanse of ether, a seeming watery floor, represented to the ancient astronomy those waters above the firmament, or crystalline sphere, within which, as in an egg, the world was hatched by the brooding of the Spirit.

From the mystical, it is but a step to the scientific meaning of water; for in science it is the universal solvent, and holds all the simple elements in suspension: Water is the grand material of the chemist; to bring all substances into solution is his art, and by water he does it; for even those famous solvents, the "royal waters" of chemistry, aqua regia, aqua fortis, vitriol, and spirit of salt, not excepting the most potent of all, the biting devil of fluor spar, that digests more than an ostrich, and melts down hard glass like a white heat—owe all their potency to a combination with water, and without it are quite dry and inert.

Philosophically considered, water is the type of the liquid state in general, and by its boiling and freezing points, is the limiter of the conditions of life. Because water is the liquid from which the parts of the bodies of animals receive their softness and mobility, no organism can exist on either side the temperature of ice and steam.

The mechanical properties of all liquids are therefore studied in water, as those of all gases are in air. Though there be no element that is not as capable as water, of the three conditions of matter, the solid, the liquid, and the gaseous; yet because of its relation to organic life, being the very element in which that life originates, and possessing the properties of a liquid in a higher degree than molten earths, or metals, or than condensed gases, and remaining so, within the limits of life, it has the preference; so that to think of liquidity, is to think of the properties of liquid water; as to think of eriformity is to think of air.

It is composed of two elements, one of which is the most active and susceptible,

the other the most passive and insusceptible of bodies. Both are gaseous, at the temperature of water, in their free state; and no one has yet been able to condense them into a liquid; though when united, they form the most liquid of liquids. One of these, oxygen, the nutritive part of the air we breathe, always forms solids when it unites simply with metals, or other bodies, at the common temperature. The other, hydrogen, a gas much lighter and more aerial than the first, always forms, or, if we may so speak, strives to form, liquid or gaseous compounds with other elements; its tendency is aeriform; it has but little affection for heavy bodies; and will hardly join with any of them. It is the least susceptible, too, to effects of heating and cooling, and will not permit itself to be tightly bound to anything; it is very proud, transcendental, airy, cold, thin, and neutral; a demon of the Ariel sort, with great gaiety and spirit, and but little affection.

Now by the marriage of sober, weighty earth-loving oxygen, with light, giddy, and repugnant hydrogen, is formed water; a body perfectly the mean, or midway of these opposites: for its affection for the metals is only equalled by its affection for the lighter elements and gases; it enters into every sort of combination with a ready good will, and a happy adaptiveness, which, though it diminishes our respect for its individuality, excites our admiration for its utility.

That water contains elements of an active, fiery nature, may be easily shown by throwing a few drops of it into a fire of coals; it is converted first into steam, as might be expected; but no sooner is this steam produced, and in contact with the burning coals, than it is separated into its two elemental spirits, or elements. The oxygen discovers his affinity for heavy matter by uniting with a portion of the coal, and adding to the fume of choke damp, or carbonic gas, which ascends the chimney; while the light hydrogen, escaping at the same instant, mingles with the air of the draught, and finding oxygen mixed in it, (as usual,) is instantly married to it again, the heat which they receive from the fire being the ardor which brings them together; for in all unions of *different* natures there is an ardor to be the cause of it; while, in common aggregations of multitudes, there is a mere selfish cohesion, which any mechanical accident may dissolve.

Thus, by a very trifling experiment in

a coal fire, we see a divorce and two material marriages, happening as quick as thought; water is unmade; carbonic gas is made, and water is re-made, notwithstanding all the efforts of high-flying hydrogen to remain a maid; fire has bound them together, the heavy and the light, and only by a fiery opposition and the aid of a third party, can they be divorced.

Chemistry, by the use of certain tubes, bottles, and glass jars, has determined very exactly the quantity of the two elements in a measured quantity of water; this quantity is about 8 of the heavy to 1 of the lighter gas, in pounds or ounces, or any measure you choose to employ. They seem to have no weight, because they are gases, and are buoyed up by the air; but if you will weigh certain quantities of them in bottles, in a space from which all the air has been sucked out by an air-pump, and then weigh the empty bottle, and compare the result, you will find, that all the gas that can be got from 9 grains of water, weighs also 9 grains; and that one of these grains is hydrogen and the other eight oxygen; this proportion never varies—it is fixed, as Lavoisier first proved. Now, if 1 grain of hydrogen is in a bottle, and just fills it, 8 grains of oxygen would only half fill the same bottle.

Chemists have a way of reasoning from a large bulk to a small one; this is the analytic, or scientific method; the reverse is the constructive, or philosophical; that is, from the small to the large; now, reasoning in this former way, we infer, that if the smallest possible particle of each of these elements, (that is to say, an atom of each,) could be measured, the oxygen atom would be only half as big as the hydrogen one, but would weigh 8 times heavier; so, we compare the souls of an airy transcendental and a solid old churchman; one is only half as big to the popular eye, but is vastly weightier.

So much for the unsophisticated element. But this very pure and absolute water, like a faultless character in a novel, is quite insipid and devoid of spirit. It must contain something of the earthy and something of the gaseous, to be sapid and palatable. When pure water, made by a chemical process, is exposed to the air, it is immediately penetrated, and saturated, by it. The gases whose mixture we call *air*—namely, nitrogen, oxygen, and carbonic gas, are

greedily soaked up by the water, as by a sponge; and on precisely the same principle; unless we except the carbonic, which is an acid, and has a chemical affinity for water; tending to form with it a carbonate of water, which is our mis-called "soda-water." Nitrogen and oxygen are soaked up in small quantities; but all together unite in giving the water that lively taste which is so delicious to the palate.

The most perfect contrivance in the world, not even Jennison's filter, though it resemble the head of a metaphysical radical, is not able to exaerate it. Nothing short of boiling can do this.

The points of analogy between Jennison's filter and the metaphysical thing alluded to, may not be instantly obvious, but a careful comparison discovers a wonderful parallelism of properties between them: for 1. The filter is inclosed in a brass case, made smooth externally by a rotating machine; now brass is the emblem of a certain transcendental virtue, and the thory of rotation is, that every man shall be just like his neighbor. 2. The case is stuffed full of a very hard and crude material, resembling live rock; so is the other thing. 3. The water flowing through the case, lets go by all the fine spirit and flavor of the water, but detains every kind of sediment and wriggling impurity; so does the other thing. 4. The filter chokes itself after it has been screwed on a while, and then you have but to turn it, and it instantly is washed clean by the water, and presently gives a clear stream as before; so, the thing alluded to, when it has stood infidel for a time, gets choked with mud and grubs; you have then but to give it an adroit twist, with an eye to utility, when, *presto*, all the trash gushes out, and the stream runs the other way. *Lastly*. The filter is cheap and universal, and does as well by the side of great Lakes, as on the Mississippi, or on an aqueduct; so the other thing, go where it will, is ready for the dirty work of the people, and is cheap and easily fitted to all occasions.

The waters of great lakes, agitated by the wind, become saturated with aerial spirit. Those which drain out of marshes and creep over shallows, have a flatter taste because they lose some of their air by the exposure. The rays of the sun, shooting through shallow waters, heat the soil or sand over which they flow, and this heat is communicated to the water from the sand, and by expanding

and lightening the absorbed gases, causes them to separate and fly off in minute bubbles. These form on stones and roots of water plants, where they may be seen shining like minute pearls.

Turbid waters are more easily injured in this way; for it happens that the sun's rays excite little or no heat in the water they shine through, but only in the specks of impurity which float in it, and in their turn heat the water; as it happens with a head full of blunders and mud, the least ray of critical insight puts it in a heat; it expends itself in a frothy simmer, and tastes all the flatter.

Water drawn from wells, or natural springs, contains usually a fair proportion of carbonic acid, collected by contact with the soluble strata of the earth. Limestones are gradually dissolved by the trickling of underground rivulets, and thus immense caves are worked out, in gradual dissolving of ages, like the Mammoth and Derbyshire caverns. The waters flowing through, or over, lime rocks, or limey soils, prove unhealthy, from

containing carbonate of lime, or limestone, in a soluble state. The excess of its carbonic gas enables the water to dissolve the rock, acting slowly and gradually; as the constant flow of a free and witty spirit gradually wears down the solidest personalities; but when this water is exposed to the air in small drops, or thin layers, it loses its spirit, and deposits a film of lime; forming, by layer upon layer, the beautiful stalactites of caverns; like the bright works of a Burton or a Lamb, dissolved out of the hard masses of a rugged, dark and ancient literature, and deposited in a meditative seclusion, out of the heat and turmoil of the world.

The natural properties of water, placing it in affinity with a great variety of substances, through the single or joint effect of the elements which compose it, enables it to dissolve minute quantities of all the rocks and soils through which it flows. From woods and marshes it takes many kinds of vegetable matters, formed in the decay of leaves and fibres

* Though the American Review is not intended to be made a Record of Inventions, we think it a part of its duty to notice great discoveries in science and art, more especially such as promise an increase of health and pleasure to the Race, or to any considerable portion of it. But of this kind we have met with nothing more ingenious, or more admirable through its simplicity, than the little contrivance for filtering water, invented by Mr. Jennison of this city. If this inventor were a Frenchman, he would probably receive an Order of Merit for his ingenuity, but in America the only order of merit is popular fame. Let the reader observe, that wherever vast and permanent utility is joined with simplicity in the same invention, it is said to be "great," and the inventor becomes famous. Now, here is a little instrument, a brass box shaped like a dish, or flattened spheroid, about six inches in diameter, with a screw-fitted orifice in the centre on both sides; this box screwed by either orifice, to a hydrant pipe, suffers the water to pass through it, but detains all its impurities;—gives it all the properties of rock water; for this reason, and because the material in the box is a kind of hard-pan, or sandstone made by vast pressure, the instrument itself should have been named "the rock-filter," or, the "artificial rock-filter." This artificial rock is inclosed between two diaphragms of fine wire gauze, within the box; through which the water has to pass on entering and escaping; and has been named from this feature, "the diaphragm filter," but the merit of the discovery is not in the diaphragmatic form, but in the filtering material, or artificial rock. When the water has run for a time through one of these rock filters, (which it does under hydrant pressure, with a rapid stream, and not trickling tediously,) by unscrewing and reversing it upon the hydrant, you easily wash out the collected impurities; and presently the water runs pure as before. The impure drainage collected in a glass is discovered to be a perfect menagerie of animalcules and minute crustaceans. It is, moreover, full of vegetable and animal impurities. Whoever, therefore, wishes to avoid the necessity of drinking worms, water-llice, and decayed animal matters, &c., will do well to get one of these cheap and durable filters. They suit all kinds of waters, and where there are no hydrants, can be screwed upon a small forcing-pump. We venture to predict, that the "artificial rock filter" of this inventor (Mr. Jennison is absolutely the originator), will soon become one of the regular and necessary comforts in all regions where water cannot be taken from the live rock, or from deep wells.

We understand that the fostering care of the American Institute, by its encouragement of Mr. Jennison's invention, has been the means of its successful presentation to the public. Two gold medals were awarded for its invention and improvement. Such an institution cannot show the good results to be hoped from it, more than by the encouragement of such discoveries of universal benefit. We have noticed that many eminent physicians and chemists have attested the value of the invention.

of dead plants. From the floating fumes of putrid vapors in the air it brings down ammoniacal matters, and receives that alkaline, or *soft* quality, which makes it easily take up grease and oily impurities from cloth, or from the skin. The *softness* or alkalinity of water is derived from the slate and other rocks over which they flow, as well as from the clouds; but it oftener happens, that the waters of springs and mines incline to an acid or saline quality, which prevents their making soluble compounds with oil or grease; and so, as we say, *hardens* them. River and lake waters are apt to be soft, because they are fed by rains.*

Beside the gases, salts, and alkaline substances dissolved in natural waters, they invariably contain particles of vegetable and mineral matter floating insoluble in them. Thus, in the Croton water, accounted not unusually impure, the quantity of vegetable matter, from leaves and roots decaying in the marshes, is so great as to form a yellow sediment, which easily putrifies on standing. Schuylkill water is still more impure, and has in addition, a quantity of earthy matter suspended in it, which gives it a slight milky color. The Mississippi, the Nile, the Ganges, the Ohio, the Missouri, and Connecticut, are charged with a great quantity of earthy material, which discolors their streams, and even gives them a harsh taste.

All large rivers hold a great quantity of animal matter, from dead carcasses dissolving in them; so that, when taken on ship-board, or allowed to stand in a warm place, they soon putrify and throw up a scum.

But by far the most remarkable contents of natural waters are the animalculæ, who inhabit them in such prodigi-

ous numbers: a single inch of space often contains many thousands. As nature approaches her limits on either side mediocrity, her shapes become uncouth and hideous; minute, no less than huge creatures, are monstrous in their forms, and rare in their lives; but the rarity of the greater kind is in numbers, that of the lesser in duration; the large last long, and are few; the small compose an infinite multitude, but their duration is but for a day or an hour. The multitude of animalcules in all seas, rivers, lakes, and pools, would, doubtless, compose a much larger mass, if brought together, than all the bodies of large animals. Many of the minutest kinds are inclosed in shells, like a crab, or an oyster; but these shells are of pure flint, or silex, separated by organic processes from their earthy or vegetable food. When the animalcule perishes in the water, it drops its shell, and the perpetual shower of millions of these shells, covers the bottoms of rivers and lakes with a fine silicious mud—which, when dried, is an impalpable dust. The existence of these shells in the composition of certain rocks, was first shown by Ehrenburgh, who established the surprising fact, that a very large proportion of the crust of the earth is entirely, or nearly, composed of animalcular shells. Such, for example, is the common rotten-stone used for polishing; and such, in all probability, the fine-grained silicious layers, which lie between and above the coal and iron beds of England and America. Such, too, in great part, are the fine-grained silicious strata of all the formations:—indeed, it is not impossible, that, not only all the carbon, sulphur, and limestone, but that every grain of silica in the earth's crust, has, some time or other, been digested

* The Croton Water contains (in 100,000 parts), of

Common salt, (and a trace of potash,)167
Glauber's salt,153
Chloride of lime, (chloride of calcium,)372
Chloride of aluminium, (clayey matters,)166
Phosphate of alumina, (clayey matters,)832
Common limestone, (carbonate of lime,)	2.131
Carbonate of magnesia,662
Plaster of Paris, (sulphate of lime,)235
Dissolved quartz, (silica,)077
Nitrates and crenates of soda, result of vegetable decomposition, 1.865	
Total of solid dissolved matter in 1 gallon, (after ignition,)	6.660
Cubic inches of carbonic acid in ditto.	17.817

"The peculiarities in the composition of this water are the large quantity of carbonic acid (gas), holding up lime (which is separated by boiling), the large proportion of phosphate of alumina, and the acids formed by decay of plants."—*Report on the Analysis of Waters, by B. Silliman, Jr., from the Report of Boston Water Commissioners, 1845, City Doc. No. 41.*

and exuviated by an animal; a conception much more remarkable than any other in science, for it makes the solid earth to have been a work of minute animals;—the huge lump of this planet has gone atom by atom, through the bowels of worms and little wriggling creatures. Nothing is easier than to be satisfied of this: we have but to examine the residuum, collected in the artificial rock-filter, to find abundant proofs of it. When the stream of rain or river water has run for some time through the filter, reverse it on the hydrant, and the impurity will instantly wash out. Examine this impure water with the naked eye in a strong light, and you will see the small crustaceans and worms, frisking about in it. Under a microscope, a drop of this dirty water will seem perfectly alive with various kinds of minute animalcules. Professor J. W. Bailly of West-Point, has examined their species,* and found the names for them as they were assigned by Ehrenburgh. The water of the Mississippi is quite alive with them. Professor B. remarks, "that the inhabitants of St. Louis consider the water they drink as remarkably wholesome, and are surprised that strangers wish to have it filtered for their use. Whatever its effect on health may be, it is certain that it contains a sufficient amount of animal matter to be somewhat nutritious." The dry dust of the residuum of Croton water obtained by the Jennison-rock-filter, so abounds in shells of animalcules as to be an excellent polishing powder, preferable to emery, or rotten-stone. It resembles an impalpable gray dust, of the color of certain fine layers of silicious sand-stone and gray slates, which line the intervals, between the coarse sand rocks of the coal formation; indeed, there is little doubt, these layers were formed by filtration. They are even now in the process of formation on every rock surface, penetrated by river, or lake water. We have heard of a certain Scotch agriculturist who filters water for his cattle and tenants, by causing it to percolate a basin lined with sandstone, which is only a rock filter in the natural way; there is no question but the surfaces of

the stones in this basin are covered with a layer of this animalcular powder. In this process all the valuable properties of the water remain in it; its gases, and alkaline qualities cannot be separated, but by the charcoal filter and distillation; but rock-filtered water has no animal or vegetable impurities, nor any earthy matter to clog or injure the system. Earths, whether suspended or floating in water, operate medicinally; most part injuriously; some suppose intermittent fevers to be caused by drinking waters that contain vegetable impurities; others, that pin-worms, and other ascarides are introduced into the stomach of men and animals in impure waters. Be it so or not, we may secure ourselves against the chances of such evils, by passing all the water we use, except what is taken from a deep well, through some kind of rock filter. It is not impossible that the use of such a process may add something to the average length of our lives; which, through improvements in medical and other arts, is now considerably on the increase; notwithstanding that the Croaker philosophy represents it otherwise.

There is hardly any use to which water can be put, except brewing and watering of plants, in which it is not improved by natural or artificial rock filtration. Chemists are necessitated to use pure water in all their processes. Bleachers find that rock-filtered waters are essential to giving a whiteness to clothes. Daguerreotypists can use none but spring waters with any success. River or lake water, artificially converted into spring water, is the best for all kinds of washing and cookery; in fine, there is no doubt, that the method of artificial rock filtration, in whatever way applied, will add in a thousand ways, to the health and comfort of the human race. It is to be regarded as one of the great and permanent discoveries of this day, nor was it attained, we may be assured, without great ingenuity, study, and labor, on the part of the inventor; not less, perhaps, than it cost Arkwright to perfect his spinning mill, or than was given by Watt, or Fitch, to the applications of steam.

* See Report of Geological Association, for 1845. Professor Bailly's Paper on Infusoria of Mississippi river. Professor Hare of Philadelphia, on examining the residuum of the Schuylkill water, taken from the filter, states, that what Mr. Jennison considered an embryo leech, resembles more the *lumbricoides*, the name of the intestinal worms in children.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE English papers are full of accounts of disturbances and destitution in Ireland. On the last week of September serious riots occurred at Clashmore, near Youghal, in the county of Cork, and at Dungarvan. At the latter place the military were ordered to fire upon the mob, and several were killed and wounded. The cause of these riots is said to be the discontent among the peasantry respecting the amount of wages of the public works. In the first instance eightpence a day was offered, but the people refused that rate as utterly insufficient. At numerous other towns the peasantry were in a riotous and starving condition; at Crookhaven the misery is described as most appalling. Masses crowded into Golen on the morning of the 25th September, many of whom had been living for some time on one bad meal in twenty-four hours. They however listened to the exhortations of the priests, and dispersed. The operation of the recent Labor-rate Act is represented as unsatisfactory, diverting the industry of the country from the substantial improvement of its natural resources and stimulating those "habits of laborious indolence" which are the disease of the nation. The *Daily News*, after exhorting the government and people of Ireland against giving way to panic, sums up the actual state of available resources and presents the following as a favorable picture of the actual condition of the country. "The stores of food already in the country or on their way to it, are sufficient to feed the people till the next harvest. There is a very considerable amount of home-grown grain and Indian corn in private hands in Ireland. About the middle of August there were in the various depôts 430 tons of oatmeal; 7,500 sacks, 13,000 barrels, and upwards of 5,000,000 lbs of Indian corn meal, besides 8,000 bushels of Indian corn. The stores since that time have rather increased than diminished. The Commissariat sent out large orders for Indian meal and other grain to the United States by the packets of the 4th and 19th of last month, and further orders are to be sent by the packets of the present month; so that large supplies may be expected in the course of six weeks. Commercial letters from New York mention large shipments of grain making there to private account. The military stores in Ireland have been placed at the disposal of the Commissariat. Six government steamers are incessantly busy carrying fresh supplies of grain and meal to the several depôts; and several

frigates are being fitted up as floating depôts."

While government is thus providing reserve stores to meet any possible short coming in private supplies, the arrangement for providing employment whereby the people may earn the means of purchasing the food, are in active progress. There are (including counties of cities and towns) 322 baronies in Ireland. Extraordinary presentment sessions have been proclaimed for 202 of them; and a majority of these have met, passed presentments and voted assessments. The county surveyors and the officers of the Board of works in all these baronies give lists of works which can be begun immediately; and the money is to be advanced out of the Treasury; so in a month or six weeks at furthest, the unemployed destitute may be set to work in every barony where immediate distress prevails in Ireland. Already laborers are employed on some of these works in Tipperary."

It is objected that in some baronies they have presented sums of money exceeding the valuation of the rental of those baronies, and that the kind of labor given to the starving population (that of breaking stones for roads) is not calculated to stimulate them to enterprising industry. Roads are now laid out leading nowhere; works planned which will benefit none but the county surveyors, and the land which pays for all, derives no benefit from the measure.

There has been a general failure of the potato crop and consequent scarcity and privation in the Highlands of Scotland. A Commissariat officer was to be sent there by government to make report of the probable supply of food required. The annual meeting of the London city livery to elect a Lord Mayor took place Sept. 29th, Guildhall: Alderman Thomas Wood had a majority over the other candidates, but the election was not decided. The bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington by Wyatt, was raised to its place at Hyde Park corner. This statue is much ridiculed by Punch and the London press generally. Covent Garden Theatre is to be opened as a rival to the Italian Opera House early in 1847; this novelty in the musical world is said to be owing to a breach between the manager of the latter, Mr. Lumley, and his musical director, Signor Costa, who is to direct the new establishment.

The London papers record the death of the venerable Thomas Clarkson, the Apostle of British Slave Emancipation, on the 26th September, at the age of 87. He pub-

lished a prize essay against slavery so long ago as 1786, and the whole of his active life from that time was devoted mainly to the same object.

The *Spectator* notices as the most recent instance of the progress of International Copyright an Act of her Majesty's Privy Council, dated Aug. 27th, in pursuance of a reciprocal treaty between England and Prussia: it directs that the authors and makers of books, prints, and articles of sculpture, dramatic works and musical compositions, and any other works of literature and the fine arts "first published in Prussia, shall have the same copyright therein as the law assigns in the like cases to the proprietors of works first published in the United Kingdom. The *Spectator* thinks the exchange of a similar treaty with the United States would be an inestimable good fortune, and quotes the *Courier & Enquirer* to show that publishers here have already to some extent, by purchasing of English authors the right of publishing in the United States, recognized the necessity of an International system of copyright.

The Literary Gazette contains full reports of the doings of the British Association for the advancement of Science, at their session this year at Southampton. The invention which attracted most interest was that of an explosive cotton, a preparation of the common article intended to supersede gunpowder; its inventor, Prof. Schonbein, has not divulged the mode of preparation, but the qualities of the substance as tested at the meeting of the Association were such as leave no doubt of its adaptedness for its professed purposes. It explodes at about 400°; it emits no smoke; it leaves not a stain behind; it is not deteriorated by damp or wet; at least dried again it is as readily explosive as at first; a flock of cotton touched by the hot iron explodes, a flash of orange flame is seen, and no trace of gun-cotton or spot is left. The manufacture of this gun-cotton is stated to be cheaper than that of gunpowder, and its force in small charges as two to one; but in larger quantities the difference in favor of the cotton is much greater, owing to the waste of the powder by incomplete combustion. It has been submitted to a board of artillery and engineer officers, who, after a series of experiments and trials of its powers with muskets and rifles have reported most favorably of its value and utility as respects small arms, and recommended that further experiments should be made upon a larger scale, with a view of testing its applicability to heavy ordnance.

The domestic state of France is represented as most distressing. It is said that trade of all kinds was never so bad. Throughout the country the prices of bread stuffs were continually rising. The working-classes begin to suffer severely all over the kingdom. There was a bread riot in Paris, Sept.

30; it was quelled, however, without serious difficulty.

The governments of Baden and Wirtemberg in consequence of the deficient crops, have issued ordinances permitting the free importation of corn. All the crops throughout Europe seemed to have failed except the vine, which is unusually productive.

Our foreign files this month are unusually barren of interesting or important intelligence. Parliament in England is not yet in session. All those questions of difference, which have hitherto created so much and so angry discussion with foreign powers, have been amicably adjusted; the elections in France have re-established and confirmed the power and policy of the Guizot ministry. The new policy of the Roman Pope has hushed, for a time at least, the angry murmurs of his discontented subjects. And the attention of the public in England and France, is divided between the Irish troubles, affairs in the East, and the Spanish marriage. Of these three topics of discussion, the last, and to the American readers, the one of least interest, attracts the most attention. The Queen Isabella is to marry her cousin Don Francisco, and her sister, the Infanta, Maria Louisa, is to become the wife of Louis Phillipe's youngest son, the Duke of Montpensier. The Court of England has been for a long time diligently engaged in efforts to prevent the latter match, and the British press has made it the theme of constant, vigorous, and violent denunciations. Their efforts, however, have been unavailing, and both the marriages have been formally announced to the Spanish Cortez, and the assent of that body has been given in replies to the Queen's address. The response of the Senate was made on the 16th of September, and on the 18th that of the Chamber of Deputies was adopted with only a single dissenting voice. The British minister at Madrid has formally protested against the marriage, and a similar remonstrance has been made by the minister at Paris. The ground of exception to the match is the alleged violation of that article of the treaty of Utrecht, by which the Orleans in common with the other French members of the house of Bourbon, are declared to be disqualified from ever reigning in Spain: it is further said that the proposed marriage is contrary to the terms of an agreement assented to between the English and French ministers, on the occasion of her Majesty's visit to the King of the French, at the Chateau d'Eu. It is said that a reply to this protest has been drawn up by Guizot and forwarded to Lord Palmerston: but its contents have not transpired.

The subject has certainly excited an unusual degree of feeling on the part of England. Should Queen Isabella die without heirs, the Duke of Montpensier would become though not the king, husband of the

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Queen of Spain: and it is this possible union of the Courts which excites the jealousy, and meets the hostility of England. Nothing seems more unlikely than that such a question as this should be permitted to disturb the peace of Europe; and yet many of the most influential journals of London insist that the marriage should, and predict that it will, be prevented by the forcible intervention of Great Britain, if it cannot be done in any other way. Such a result, however, is scarcely possible; and we have no doubt that both the marriages will soon take place, and receive the acquiescence of all the powers concerned.

The English are making rapid progress towards an establishment of their authority and power in the seas around Borneo. Mr. James Brooke, whose adventurous settlement in Borneo has been made known to the world through the admirable and interesting work of Capt. Keppell, is using the power delegated to him by the Sultan of Borneo, with vigor and effect, and has already invoked and procured the intervention of the English in his behalf. A naval force under Rear-Admiral Cochrane was sent out to aid in the suppression of piracy, on the northern shores of the Island. The Admiral succeeded in forcing his boats up the Borneo river, and compelling the Sultan to seek safety in flight. There is little doubt that the English will take possession of the island of Labuan, situated a little north of Borneo, and make it a naval depot for their trade in the Eastern Archipelago. This must inevitably lead to increased intercourse with that region of the earth,—to the settlement of Australia, and the opening of trade with the Empire of Japan, which hitherto has repelled all attempts of the kind, chiefly, as is believed, through the predominant influence of the Dutch. The *Times* is already calling upon the government to take

some efficient steps to destroy the monopolizing supremacy of the Netherlands in that empire and pronounced Mr. Brooke "one of the greatest Englishmen of this century," for the truly wonderful results which he has achieved in the Island of Borneo. "The unexampled energy of a single Englishman," says that journal, "has already gone far to make our name respected, and our intervention welcome, and if our projected occupation of an island near Borneo should issue in a more familiar intercourse with it and with Japan, both at present, probably misinformed of our character and intentions, it will be a result as favorable to the natives of these mysterious islands as it will be gratifying to the curiosity of all the historians and philosophers of Britain."

Of literary intelligence there is none. The first number of *Dickens's* new novel has been issued and is said to be worthy of his fame in its best days. Several American works are very favorably noticed in the London Critical journals. Miss *Fuller's* 'Papers on Literature and Art' receive very warm commendation from some of the ablest and best of them; and Hawthorne's 'Mosses from an old Manse' are also heartily praised. The *Athenæum* reviews the books of GILIAM & THOMPSON on Mexico, and has a brief notice of WAYLER's Ecclesiastic reminiscences of the United States. SOUTHEY's 'Life of Wesley' has been republished, with notes by COLERIDGE, which materially enhance its value. It will undoubtedly be reprinted here, as it is one of the very best productions of the age. COLERIDGE's notes are characteristic and instructive. The *Athenæum* notices the 'Story of Toby,' which has been published as a sequel to 'Typee,' and says of it that it does not essentially confirm the suspected truth of the original work.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Etchings of a Whale Cruise, with Notes of a sojourn on the Island of Zanzibar; to which is appended a brief History of the Whale Fishery, its past and present condition. By J. ROSS BROWN. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The little narrative put out some years since by Mr. Dana, entitled "Two Years before the Mast," was read as widely, perhaps, as any book ever written by an American. It deserved its popularity, for it had uncommon characteristics. Most writers, with the various opportunities which Mr. Dana had for ambitious description, would

have made great efforts for eloquent and poetical outbursts. By a happy judgment, or a no less fortunate carelessness of producing any great effects, the writer of "Two Years before the Mast" made use of a perfectly straightforward, simple, unornamented style, as if he were relating his two years life to a fire-side companion. There was present in the book the evidence of a fine imagination—but no display was made of it; and the humanity imbuing the narrative was a charm superior to all others. In brief, the book was found to be, like Beauty, "when unadorned, adorned the

most." This narrative of a Whaling Cruise, by a young man of the West, appears to us very nearly as clever a book as that of Mr. Dana. It is not in any respect modeled after it, and does not treat of any similar scenes, except those in which the ill-treatment of sailors is painfully exhibited. But it has nearly the same simplicity of style, directness of remark and earnest spirit of humanity, with a decided though never boisterous vein of humor, of which the "Two Years before the Mast" possesses very little. It is, unquestionably, one of the best books of the season, and deserves, as it can hardly fail to have, a wide circulation. It is published in the most elegant style of paper and typography, and embellished with a large number of engravings.

There is a great deal in the book that is really interesting. The writer tells his narrative not merely for amusement but for a purpose. He has, throughout the pleasantries of his wandering descriptions, like Dana, a design to show up the abuses of authority on the sea to which sailors are subject. Some of his censures are perhaps not quite reasonable, but in the main he teaches some noteworthy and painful lessons. The part of his adventures occupied by his whaling experience is amusing, and presents a good many clever scenes. After arriving on the eastern coast of Africa, comparatively unfrequented by vessels of commerce, the adventurer, whose whaling ambition had been quite *tried* out of him, bought off his discharge, and remained several months at the Island of Zanzibar. His descriptions of the possessions, government and character of the Imaum of Muscat are of decided interest. He tells us many things that are new, and our stock of knowledge of the whole eastern coast of Africa is increased. Our readers will recollect that portions of these chapters were published some months since in the Review. He afterwards visited the Island of St. Helena. The volume concludes with a very full history of the Whale Fisheries, abounding in novel and interesting matter. The book is a thoroughly readable one.

Engraving of the Capture of Major Andre, from a painting by A. B. DURAND, in the possession of the Hon. James K. Paulding. Figures engraved by ALFRED JONES; landscape by SMILLIE and HIN-SHELWOOD. Published by the American Art Union, exclusively for the members. 1845. (Size of Plate 18 in. by 13.)

Engraving in this country has not failed to keep pace with other arts: our best line engravings would compare well with the best of Italy and Germany. The excellent work before us, if it be taken as a measure of the public and artistic taste, shows nothing of the weak and superficial handling

of the late English school. There is more of Woollet and of Kilian than of Finden or Bartalozzi in the landscape and figures. The style of its execution leans more to strength and feature than to softness and smoothness: an inclination which speaks well for the rising spirit of the art. The shadows are profound and simple, the distances bosky and varied: the whole has a firm and clear effect, and produces an agreeable impression on the eye; but for its effect on the deeper sense we could find some fault with it. Only one thing strikes us, in the graver's part, as amendable, and that is that the accidental shadows on the figures are hard and patchy. The artist, in his effort after clearness, has fallen naturally enough into hardness—a fault in the present state of engraving which we incline rather to praise than to blame.

A word on the design of this excellent picture, (which we are compelled to judge of through the engraving only.) It strikes our fancy, or our understanding, or both, that the action of the soldier refusing Major Andre's offer of a bribe, is too theatrical. The honest man seems to be acting, in the worldly eye, not as an honest, bluff soldier of Washington's army, but as a *very* honest piece in one of Mr. Coleman's tragicomedies. The Andre looks finished and elegant, has a Washington-like, i. e., first-rate gentleman-like air, which is pleasing enough; but the sitting figure pleased our fancy best. By the by, are the "lights" of the flesh and draperies strong enough?

The Complete Poetical Works of ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D., (late Poet Laureate.) Collected by himself. New York: Appleton & Co.

This is a volume of eight hundred and forty pages, printed in clear and handsome type, on paper of the finest quality, and illustrated with engravings from a variety of celebrated pictures. The publishers deserve much credit for introducing the poetry of this distinguished author to the American public in so beautiful a form. The fact is, the time has now arrived when, in the mechanical execution of a book, our best Houses are getting to feel that they ought not to be eclipsed by the noted Houses of London. This is as it should be: many valuable works published within a few years have been remarkably cheap, but utterly unfit to put into any permanent library.

As an intellectual man, Robert Southey belongs to the race of giants. Very few are the men who, on the whole, have done more to enrich the treasures of polite literature; but on the present occasion we shall only express our opinion of him as a poet. Like all the master-minstrels of the past, he stands alone, and cannot with propriety

be compared with any of his brother poets. In his poetry, we find a most strong yet delicate imagination married to plain practical common sense; and the results of this union are of peculiar value to the lovers of what is true and beautiful in nature and humanity. The prominent feature of Southey's poetry is its versatility. The lover of heroic and historical poetry will find in Joan of Arc and Madoc in Wales the love of Freedom recorded in the most faithful style. The reader who would have glimpses into the inner being of the unfortunate, need only turn to his English and Botany Bay Eclogues, and his occasional pieces, where the pauper's funeral and the sorrows of the bereaved are so truthfully described. He who would enjoy a hearty laugh, can turn to the Nondescripts and the Devil's Walk. If one would participate in the wild and fascinating delirium of an imagination at once grotesque and chastened, he must read the marvelous legends of Thalaba and Kehama, which are enough in themselves to perpetuate an eminent reputation. No library can be considered complete without his poetical works, and no person can understand the full power of a *virtuous* minstrel without reading the poetry of Southey, whose morality is as eminent as his poetic faculty. Southey is not only a fine poet—he is an impulsive yet most rational philosopher; and neither his most charming prose, and almost as charming poetry, have been sufficiently read in this country.

The Jerusalem Delivered of TORQUATO TASSO. Translated into English Spenserian verse, with a life of the author, by J. H. WIFFIN. New York: Appleton & Co.

2. *Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered*, translated by FAIRFAX. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

"IN Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more," (unless you hire the gondolier to sing him;) but the chief effort of the second great poet of Italy will not easily die. "The Jerusalem" is, still, more popular among the Italians, as it has been for the last two centuries, than the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, though not placed by their critics in so lofty a rank, as an original work. It has also been translated into every cultivated language of modern Europe. This has spread widely the knowledge of it, though not, perhaps, its just reputation. If a translation be not very excellent, it inevitably lowers the idea of the original in the mind of the new reader of taste. Whether it is a favor, then, to an author, especially a poet, to melt his fine creations over again in a foreign crucible, depends entirely on the skill of the alchemist. Byron was glad to buy off some am-

bitious Italian from turning his strong English into lame Tuscan; Milton, on the other hand, would very probably be gratified and proud if he could see the version of "Paradise Lost" made, some years since, into bold and sublime Icelandic. Tasso has not been unfortunate in obtaining an English dress. He is by no means so difficult an original as Dante. Not to be measurably successful would be a disgrace. Fairfax's version, of which Wiley & Putnam published some time since an elegant edition, was very rich and felicitous, possessing a fecundity and flow of expression almost Shakespearean. Fairfax, indeed, belonged truly to the Elizabethan age. Dr. Johnson put the wretched translation of Hoole before it; but the Doctor was a follower of Dryden and Pope, and had no appreciation of the riches of that earlier period. We never could get a great way into Hoole; it is very smooth and very dull. The present version, by Wiffin, is infinitely superior to it. In some respects it is better than Fairfax's. It is as flowing and eloquent, but not so richly simple and picturesque—has not so much of the quaint old splendor of adornment, like the illuminations of the Missal and the Gothic window. It has, however, the very great excellence of being more literal; it possesses also about equal strength. It is written in the Spenserian measure. We are not certain but the original octave stanza would have been better. An objection to taking it was, doubtless, that Fairfax had also chosen it. The octave is less monotonous. It is the same with that of Berni and Pulci and Ariosto, and which Whistcraft first imitated, and after him Lord Byron, in "Don Juan." It is ridiculous, by the way, to call it the *Don Juan measure*, as if Byron invented it. The volume is executed in the same beautiful style with the Dante of the publishers. There is in the front the finest head of the poet we have seen—a high forehead, crowned with laurel, and eyes strangely soul-full, but filled with profound melancholy. Poor Tasso! his whole face is as unnaturally sad as that with which "the woe-worn Dante smiled."

Rudimental Lessons in Music, and *Primary Note Reader*: 1 vol. 18mo., pp. 252, and 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 72, by J. F. WARNER, translator of Weber's *Theory of Musical Composition*, &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The former of these two works, namely, *Rudimental Lessons in Music*, contains the intellectual information which is properly concerned with the primary elements of Music, regarded either as an art or as a science, either in its relationship to vocal performance or to instrumental; and it is

intended alike for all persons taking their first steps in musical studies, of whatever description. Its distinguishing properties are completeness, valuable accession of new matter, late improvements in the method of teaching, naturally consecutive order of topics, clear and intelligible style, simplification of musical terms, extended and minute lists of questions, (adapted the more easily and thoroughly to impress the mind of the learner with the material points of the subject, and to facilitate the use of the book by teachers,) equal adaptation to both teachers and learners—to both vocal and instrumental students, and a peculiarly exact and methodical arrangement for the purposes of schools. The work bears obvious marks of proceeding from a master's hand, and of being admirably adapted to its object.

The *Primary Note Reader*, or, *First Steps in Singing at Sight*, consists of a series of note exercises fitted to beginners in vocal music. These exercises commence with the simplest rudiments of the vocal art, namely, with the mere scale, and proceed onward by a gradually ascending course of drills, through all the principal varieties of rhythm, the more common melodic or interval progressions, all the leading keys, both major and minor, the more usual modulations, chromatic progressions, exercises in two, three and four parts, (including pleasant little songs, with words,) passages with ornamental notes, exercises in the *c*-clefs, and vocalizations for the discipline and improvement of the voice. The characteristic peculiarities of these exercises are brevity, gradual progressiveness, intrinsic agreeableness, methodical classification, variety and completeness.

The two works, taken together, constitute a complete set of books for persons taking their first steps in the study of vocal music, and seem very finely adapted to lead the pupil, by a plain path, to thorough attainments.

Combined with the very great simplicity of those works, there is, withal, an elevation of character which entitles them to more than ordinary regard. They hold a marked distinction above most books of the kind which have heretofore been thrown into the market.

The Philosophy of History, in a Course of Lectures, delivered at Vienna, by FREDERICK VON SCHLEGEL. Translated from the German, with a memoir of the Author, by JAMES BURTON ROBERTSON, Esq. Fourth edition, revised. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1846.

A fourth English edition of a very famous book, which has furnished a whole generation of historic dreamers with plastic

notions. The author, one of the most learned and speculative of the conjectural school, entered upon the field of ancient and primeval history, as, in a dream, fancying ourselves kings, we enter and take possession of fairy land. Of all men that ever wrote or speculated on history, he is the most skillful in the use of facts, and out of two or three, will easily build a world, and carry it through a century of events. Particular institutions, the growth of ignorance and necessity, such as that of caste, of monarchy, of hierarchy, &c., have with him the force of divine ideas, and seem to be presiding like demons, or world spirits, over human destiny. The individuality of man is lost; his only merit is obedience; his only wisdom a tradition; all divine knowledge is the precious relict of a primeval communication to first created man. Dreaming happily amid these plastic topics, he seems to delight in the very tenuity and shapeless darkness of the past. He is eloquent amid his phantoms; and, by a copious and powerful style, and a free discursiveness, whirls his reader along with him through the wastes of his dream land. From such writers, as guides and instructors, we pray to be delivered. Let them delight us, and open our intelligence, but we need not too much admire them. Speculative intelligence is cheap enough nowadays: we have a deal too much of it. Meanwhile this writer has the praise of firing many a good intellect into a grander activity. While we deny and doubt him, he exercises us in an admirable manner; but the well-informed will read him with more profit than tyros in history. He stands first among his class.

Scenes in the Rocky Mountains, Oregon, California, New Mexico, Texas and Grand Prairies. By A NEW ENGLANDER. Carey & Hart.

On the whole, a very poor book;—loose observations, loosely put together, intended witty parts utterly flat, and pathetic incidents set forth, often in the worst kind of lymphatic sentiment—a plentiful mixture of bombast and lack of sense. The simple and picturesque language of the Indian, where he attempts to give it—and the attempt is, unfortunately, frequent—is in general thoroughly spoiled by the stilted anglicising of our book-making traveler. What is worse, the volume gives us very little new information—"two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff." He claims, in his preface, to add greatly to our stock of knowledge of these regions; but we have seen nearly the whole of it before. Then the writer must needs take up the idea, that great vigor and rapidity of style is to be gained by mincing the whole up in small paragraphs. More than half the book

is in paragraphs of single sentences. Still, hardly any volume can be written about the wilderness of prairies and mountains in the west, without containing some passages of interest; and it may be affirmed with reasonable safety, that a portion of the book is—worth reading. Several pages together are sometimes narrated with tolerable simplicity—and here and there a new fact may be gleaned. Something good is occasionally said of some animal or bit of natural scenery, when he does not attempt fine writing. For instance, a passage about the mountain sheep;—the fine writing we have “pounded” in brackets.

“The flesh of this animal is equal in flavor to that of the buffalo. It is generally in good order, tender and sweet, and slightly assimilates our common mutton in taste.

“The habits and appearance of mountain sheep resemble those of no other animal.

“They select for their favorite habitation the rugged fastnesses of ragged and inaccessible mountains. In the cold of winter, they descend to some of the numerous valleys that so beautifully diversify the scenery of these regions, where the verdure of spring so rarely fades; and, as the warm season advances, they commence their return towards the lofty snow-peaks, keeping even progress with spring and fresh flowers along the mountain-side.

“[Their is a life of unbroken spring—beauty and grandeur are their dwelling-place—and ‘mid the awe-inspiring sublimity of nature’s works, is their home. They gambol upon the fearful verge of the steep cliff, or climb its perpendicular sides, bidding defiance to all pursuers. There, secure from enemies, they rear their young, and teach them to leap from crag to crag, in mirthful gait, or traverse the dizzy heights in quest of the varied sweets of changeable spring.]

“These animals are remarkably acute of sight, and quick of scent and hearing. The least noise or fainture of the air excites their attention, and places them instantly upon the alert. Mounting upon some high rock, they will stand for hours in the same posture, gazing in the direction of the fancied danger. If fully satisfied of its reality, they abandon their position for another and a safer one, high among more rugged peaks, and often beyond the possibility of offensive approach. Their hue is so near akin to that of the rocks which grace their range, they are with difficulty identified when standing motionless, and the hunter is constantly liable to mistake the one for the other.

“In size the mountain sheep is larger than the domestic animal of that name, and its general appearance is in every respect dissimilar—excepting the head and horns. The latter appendage, however, alike belongs to the male and female. The horns of the female are about six inches long, small, pointed and somewhat flat—but those of the male grow to an enormous size. I have frequently killed them having horns that measured two feet and a half or three feet in length, and from eighteen to nineteen inches in circumference at the base.

“These ponderous members are of great

service to their owner in descending the abrupt precipices, which his habits so often render necessary. In leaping from an elevation, he uniformly strikes upon the curve of his horns, and thus saves himself from the shock of a sudden and violent concussion.

“The color of these animals varies from a yellowish white, to a dark brown, or even black. A strip of snowy whiteness extends from ham to ham, including the tail, which is short and tipped with black.

“Instead of wool, they are covered with hair, which is shed annually. Their cry is much like that of the domestic sheep, and the same natural odor is common to both.

“It is extremely difficult to capture any of them alive, even while young—and it is next to impossible to make them live and thrive in any other climate than their own. Hence, the mountain sheep has never yet found a place among our most extensive zoological collections.”

He tells us some things which we never heard of before;—we doubt if any one else:

“While winding among the ravines and aspen groves, we obtained an indistinct view of a strange-looking, dark-colored animal, that my companions pronounced a ‘carcague.’

“Of the character, or even the existence of such a creature, I cannot speak from positive knowledge—this, if one, not being sufficiently near for a scrutinizing observation, and no other of the kind ever came in my way—but, in answer to inquiries, I am enabled to give the following description, for the correctness of which, however, I will not vouch, though, for my own part, inclined to accredit it.

“The ‘carcague’ is a native of the Rocky Mountains, and of a family and species found in no other part of the world as yet known. He seems a distinct genus, partaking the mixed nature of the wolf and bear, but is far more ferocious than either.

“His color is a jet black, hair long and coarse, and body trim and slender. His head and neck are like those of a wolf, but his tail and feet assimilate to the bear, and his body presents the marked qualities and appearance of both.

“In size, he is considerably larger than the common cur-dog, and is more agile in his movements. Unlike the bear, he will not run from the presence or scent of man, and regards the ‘lord of creation’ with neither fear nor favor. Hence, he is looked upon as a creature much to be dreaded by all who are anywise conversant with his character and existence.

“The representatives of his family are seldom met with, which affords the principal reason why so little, comparatively, is known of his nature and habits.”

He afterwards makes some ridiculous efforts to show that the Sioux had intercourse with the Romans. Thus—*Bestia*, (Latin,) a wild beast; *Beta*, (Sioux,) a buffalo; (!) *Tepor*, (Latin,) warmth; *Tepe*, (Sioux,) a lodge; (!!) *Pater*, (Latin,) father; *Pater*, (Sioux,) fire; (!!!) *Mena*, (Latin,) a narrow sharp fish; *Mena*, (Sioux,) a knife; (!!!!) —a kind of reasoning by which Fuellen

showed Monmouth to be like Macedon; and Adair and Boudinot, that the Cherokees were the lost tribes of Israel.

He, again, p. 199, informs us of the existence, among the mountains, of a colony of *white aborigines*:

"By information derived from various sources, I am enabled to present the following statement relative to this interesting people:

"The Munchies are a nation of *white aborigines*, actually existing in a valley among the Sierra de los Mimbros chain, upon one of the affluents of the Gila, in the extreme north-western part of the Province of Sonora.

"They number about eight hundred in all. Their country is surrounded by lofty mountains at nearly every point, and is well watered and very fertile, though of limited extent. Their dwellings are spacious apartments, nicely excavated in the hill-sides, and are frequently cut in the solid rock.

"They subsist by agriculture, and raise cattle, horses and sheep. Their features correspond with those of Europeans, though with a complexion, perhaps, somewhat fairer, and a form equally if not more graceful.

"Among them are many of the arts and comforts of civilized life. They spin and weave, and manufacture butter and cheese, with many of the luxuries known to more enlightened nations.

"Their political economy, though much after the patriarchal order, is purely republican in its character. The old men exercise the supreme control in the enactment and execution of the laws. These laws are usually of the most simple form, and tend to promote the general welfare of the community. They are made by a concurrent majority of the seniors in council—each male individual, over a specified age, being allowed a voice and a vote.

"Questions of right and wrong are heard and adjudged by a committee selected from the council of seniors, who are likewise empowered to redress the injured, and pass sentence upon the criminal.

"In morals, they are represented as honest and virtuous. In religion, they differ but little from other Indians.

"They are strictly men of peace, and never go to war, nor even, as a common thing, oppose resistance to the hostile incursions of surrounding nations. On the appearance of an enemy, they immediately retreat, with their cattle, horses, sheep and other valuables, to mountain caverns, fitted at all times for their reception—where, by barricading the entrances, they are at once secure, without a resort to arms."

Of course, our philosophic traveler considers them a colony of Romans;—some persons might doubt if the people described exist at all.

The book is, perhaps, worth purchasing; but, with several others that have lately been written about these regions, it quite sinks out of sight in comparison with Fremont's Narrative, some parts of which are almost as admirable as Caesar's Commentaries.

Light in the Dwelling; or A Harmony of the Four Gospels. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a large and finely printed volume of nearly six hundred pages, intended to supply a short homily, to be read at the family altar, for every day in the year. For those who live not in the present, it is a most valuable work.

Chambers's Information for the People. A popular Encyclopædia. First American edition, with numerous additions, and more than five hundred engravings. Philadelphia: G. B. Zeiber & Co.

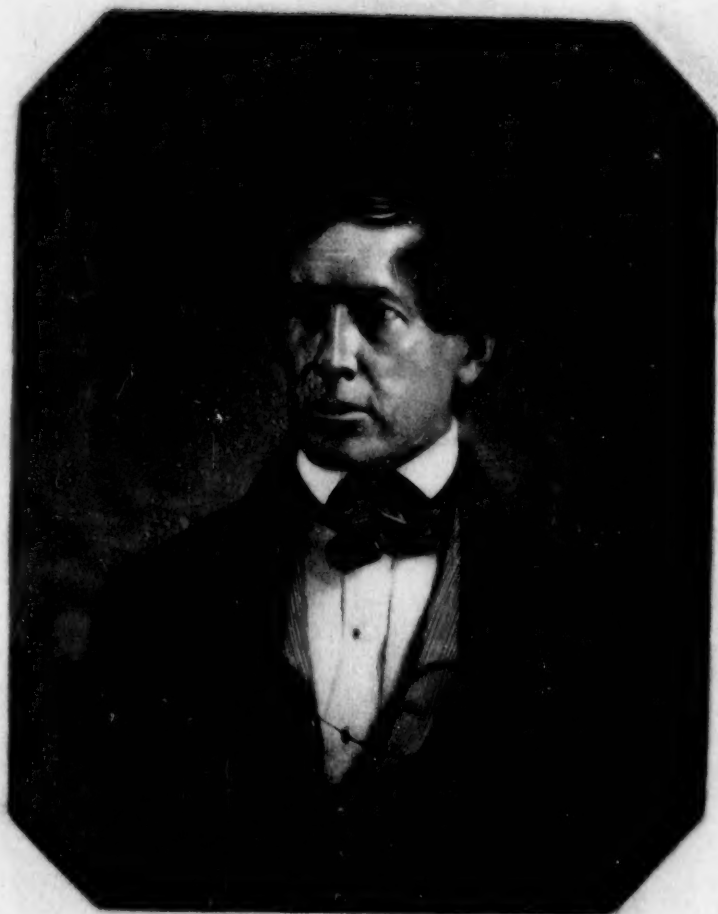
The name of "Chambers"—so long connected with one of the most unaffectedly useful and intelligent journals published in the language—is sufficient to insure for this compilation a general regard. Looking into the work itself, we find it in every way admirable, full of interesting information on a thousand topics, and, what is more, information to be relied on. The articles are, of course, by different hands, as is evident enough by differences in style; but the language employed is generally lucid and flowing, and marked with a simplicity suited to the subject.

Pictorial History of England, Nos. 5, 6, 7. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have before commended this work, as undoubtedly affording more accurate information respecting the early ages of England, especially of the customs and manners of the people, with local annals, incidents, individual characteristics and gleams of biography, than any other history in the language. It has not the originality and polish of Hume, or perhaps the fullness of political changes to be found in Turner; but it is in general respects superior to them both, and is full of interest on every page. It is issued by the publishers with much elegance—quite equal in the main to the English copy, of which it is designed to be a close transcript.

A Text Book of Chemistry; for the use of Schools and Colleges. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This volume contains the substance of the lectures which Mr. Draper has been accustomed for some years to deliver in the University of New York. It is much fuller than any school book on Chemistry yet published, containing, in a popular form, and lucidly arranged, all the modern discoveries in this interesting and important field of knowledge. The illustrations are ample.



Engraved by T. Diney.

J. P. Kennedy

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